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[THE INTRUDER.]

THE STRANGER'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER X.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

It is not daylight; nay, it is not noon.

Facio.

Some purpose guides him though the night,
Makes him outwatch the morning's light,
And draws him to his fate. *Cartwright.*

FAR on into the night—into the grey morning, rather—a light burned in the room in the Manor House which had been assigned to Neville Onslow.

On entering the room three hours before, when the family retired, he had protested to Cheney Tofts that the night was so beautiful that it was wicked to waste it in sleep, and as Tofts never cared for bed, they had sat down by the open window, and now, late as it was, remained sitting there.

The beauty which had tempted them earlier had passed away, but they did not stir. The glory of the summer night was gone, but they sat on, conversing and absorbed in the interest of that which occupied their minds.

Naturally enough, among other matters, they spoke of the extraordinary sight which they had that night witnessed.

Both had seen the apparition in the park. It had presented itself to their gaze at distinct times, and under different circumstances, and they could hardly weary of comparing notes over a matter so strange and startling.

Of the two, Neville had been the more excited over it, had questioned the closer, and had seemed most reluctant to let the subject drop. It appeared to possess a fascination for him, against which he struggled in vain.

Something in the past, something connected with the secret purpose which had brought him to the

Manor House, might have had to do with this. Clearly he had come prepared for mystery, for adventure, for incidents carrying out or realizing some settled purpose, and that night's apparition might have had its bearing upon that purpose. Who could say?

Strangely excited, the youth—for he was still on the threshold of manhood—plunged into the details again and again, eagerly noting the minutest facts, but keeping his conclusions from them to himself.

"The figure was tall?" he asked repeatedly.

"Yes," was the invariable answer.

"And the face dark?"

"I thought so."

"But you saw it distinctly. You were looking hard at it. Could you not tell?"

"I repeat—I think so. But if it were dark, or if it were fair, what then?"

Onslow hesitated a moment, and there was a flush of confusion upon his cheek.

"We are comparing impressions," he then replied, "and it is well that we should do so to the minutest particulars. And now, let me ask you, what was your impression as to the supernatural character of this appearance? We have called it an apparition—was it one? Have we really surprised a real and authentic ghost?"

"If not what is it we have seen?"

Thus Cheney Tofts met one question with another, still throwing on his friend the responsibility of accounting for the visitation they had witnessed.

Onslow thought for a moment.

"There are several modes of accounting for marvels of this kind," he presently said, "but none of them seem to apply to this particular case. It is usual to say that spiritual visitations are delusions of the senses. But could this have been a delusion? Impossible. And for this reason. It was first witnessed by Lord Englestone and myself, and we could not both be the victims of mental delusion at one and the same moment—"

"Clearly not."

"It was then seen by you at a distinct time and place—you being ignorant of what we had witnessed,

and consequently having your mind free from all fear or bias."

"True."

"This seems to settle the question as to the reality of the apparition. It must have existed."

"Jove! There's little doubt of that."

"Good. Then comes the question—could we one and all of us have been the victims of an imposition? Is this a trick, got up with a view to alarm us?"

"It might have been," said Tofts, in his quick, impulsive way.

"No. I think not," was Onslow's answer. "I think not, for two reasons. The first is, that there could be no purpose to serve in such a freak. The second and more important is furnished in your own statement. You say that you fired, and apparently hit this apparition, and that nothing resulted."

"Except a groan."

"Upon which the figure instantly vanished?"

"Instantly."

Onslow rose from his seat, and pressing his hands to his brow, paced the chamber to and fro for a time, in manifest perturbation of mind. His friend watched him with a serious look—a look that was a stranger to his jovial face, but had been called up by the startling conclusion at which they had arrived, namely, that they had in truth beheld some spectral visitant, and by the effect which it was producing on his friend's strong mind.

"I tell you what," he said, at length, "if this sort of thing's to go on, the sooner we bolt the better! Jove, yes! I'm not particular to a shade about the company I met with, but a fellow must draw the line somewhere, you know, and I draw it at ghosts. I don't understand 'em. Don't like 'em, in fact; and if you'll take my advice, we shall quit this 'gay and festive scene,' and these 'halls of dazzling light' by an early train. What do you say?"

"Impossible," was Onslow's reply.

"Ek?"

"I repeat that it is impossible. I have come to this place for a purpose, and that I must carry through, in spite of ghost or devil."

"And I?"

"You will exercise your usual discretion in remaining where you are."

Cheney Tofts shrugged his shoulders, lit a fresh cigar, mixed himself a little brandy and water from a bottle in his friend's dressing-case, which stood on the table before them, and leaning back in the easy chair in which he was sitting, gave up the argument, and became a very picture of resignation.

After a time Neville, too, calmed down, and resuming the seat from whence he had risen, by the open window, leaned his elbows upon the window-sill and looked out.

Before him was the opposite wing of the house, black against the brightening sky, and away to his left stretched the park, swathed in mist, but presenting here and there the bold outline of a tree in the foreground, distinct in the growing light. Birds were beginning to sing, and there was a dewy freshness in the air peculiar to the early morning.

Absorbed in his own thoughts, the young man sat there, silent, the scene growing into distinctness beneath his gaze, yet engaging little, very little of his attention. The events of the night appeared to have taken a singular hold upon him, and it was clear, from his concentrated gaze and the nervous working of his mouth, that he was either trying to reconcile them with some known fact or preconceived theory, or to work out an explanation which would be satisfactory to his reason.

"If it is, indeed, supernatural," he murmured, at length, "it must have revealed itself to me—to me of all others?"

The remark suggested some question, and he turned to put it to his companion.

But Cheney Tofts, comfortably ensconced in his chair, had sunk off to sleep; the cigar, still in his mouth, had gone out, and the full glass of spirits stood untouched on the table before him. Drowsiness had overcome every other consideration, and he slept soundly.

With a view to ascertaining how soundly Onslow proceeded to remove the cigar from his lips. Tofts relinquished it with a sigh, but with no further indication of consciousness, and then his head dropped on to his breast.

"Thank God!" ejaculated Onslow, softly.

Then with a quick, expert, but cat-like movement, he returned to the window, and thrusting out his legs, and drawing his body after them until he hung by his hands, he softly dropped on to the grass below.

No sound accompanied this movement, so cleanly and neatly was it done.

The morning brightened.

The cold grey of the sky changed to a pearly hue.

Silence pervaded all things, broken only by the chirp and twitter of distant birds, and the occasional caw of a drowsy rook.

Cheney Tofts slept on, sinking deeper and deeper into the ample luxuriousness of the chair he occupied, and relapsing at length into a prolonged snore.

So an hour passed.

Four was clanging from the turret-clock as the head of Neville Onslow re-appeared at the window, he having ascended by means of the ivy and the irregularities of the windows below, and he sprang into the chamber.

There was a fierce light in his eyes, and his face had a dead pallor overspreading it as he did so. The emotion which agitated him even gave a tremor to his limbs, and his hands shook as he pressed them one into the other, while he resumed the seat from which he had been so long absent, and struggled to assume an air of composure.

This being partially accomplished, he laid a hand on his companion's shoulder and woke him.

"Come Cheney," he said, in a voice pitched, in his excitement, in an unnatural key, "it's morning; time we were in bed."

"Bed!" muttered the drowsy man. "Jove! I thought I was there already. Dreamt it was cold, too. Why, hang it man, it's daylight!"

He had opened his eyes while speaking, and the grey glimmer of the early morning filled him with amazement.

"I must have dozed for hours?" he added.

"No," replied Neville, hurriedly, "not for long. Not very long. Come, I'll see you to your room."

He rose, and grasping the other's arm, led him toward the door, and so out of the chamber.

This opened on to a corridor, long and wide, and panelled in black oak. At intervals there were doors on either side, leading to other rooms, and between these hung oil paintings in ebony frames, all grim and staid, and growing more and more ghostly in aspect as year by year the colours died out of them. These were the portraits of generations of the Evil Edgecombes.

The corridor was lit from the ceiling by oval lights, through which the early morning streamed in,

leaving intervals where the darkness of midnight still lingered.

To reach Cheney Tofts' room, it was necessary to traverse a great part of this gallery, beyond where the painted staircase rose in the middle of it, and the two friends moved on in silence, till, as they passed under one of the oval skylights, Onslow suddenly stopped, and pointed to a portrait hanging on the wall.

The light was strong there, and fell with a sort of dull glare on the highly-varnished painting, which it thus rendered clearly visible. It was a full-length portrait of a gentleman in a comparatively modern court-suit, with a handsome face, olive-tinted, and lit up with singular black eyes.

Tofts, who was drowsy and indifferent, would have passed it without observation, but his companion clutched at his arm.

"See there!" he said. "Does that remind you of nothing?"

The other looked and reflected.

"No," he replied.

"Not of the apparition in the park to-night?"

"There is a likeness, certainly," he assented.

"A passing likeness? Nothing more?" Onslow demanded. "Look again."

The drowsy eyelids were lifted once more, and Cheney regarded attentively the face of the man depicted on the canvas before him, and which, seen in that light, had in itself somewhat of a ghastly and unreal aspect.

"It is very like," was his calm decision.

Neville Onslow heard it pronounced with a fever of impatience.

"Have you no enthusiasm, man?" he cried, in an excited tone. "Does your blood never warm up? Is your imagination never kindled? By heaven, I am all on fire at the experiences of to-night, and you sleep over them as calmly as if you dined with acquaintances every day of your life, or met them at your club nightly. But I forget—you have nothing at stake, and—"

The creaking of a door down the long gallery, beyond the grand staircase, caused him to stop abruptly.

The sound increased, and they drew back into the gloom, waiting for what might follow.

As they crouched there side by side, silent, but watchful, the door in question slowly swung open, and two persons emerged into view. Two persons whose movements were silent, stealthy, and full of mystery. And yet one of these at least had a right to act as he pleased in that house, for he was its master, Sir Noel Edgecombe.

There was no mistaking the baronet's rotund form, and his companion was still less likely to be confounded with any other living being.

At sight of the latter, Cheney Tofts could not resist a start of astonishment.

"Tis the doctor!" he whispered. "Dorian, by all that's marvellous! And I left him in his own house, not long ago, quietly preparing to go to rest!"

While this passed, the baronet and the doctor approached on tip-toe to the top of the grand staircase, and descending into the gloomy void which it presented at that hour, vanished from observation.

CHAPTER XI.

ENDS IN A SURPRISE.

Thy oath remember: thou hast sworn to do it.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Pericles.

In the dewy freshness of the early morning, the servants of the Manor House were as usual astir.

Those in the house were attending to their duties with that cheerful briskness which seems born of country air and country habits, while a mingled sound of whistling and hissing from the stables showed that the grooms and those employed in that department were busily at work also.

So fresh and bright was the morning, that even Torrens, the housekeeper—who, in virtue of her position and of aristocratic tastes associated with her name, was usually late—had made her appearance, and the bald head of Podwink, the butler, was visible over the top of the blind of the window at which he was in the act of shaving.

Under that window, which was in the rear of the house, and overlooked half an acre of kitchen garden, dividing the servants' offices from the stables, a conversation was being carried on between two members of the household.

One of these was Flora Edgecombe's groom, Luke, who was polishing his mistress's saddle across his shoulder as he loitered; the other was the head keeper, Gidley by name, who had just returned from

his night's watching, and was about to retire to a bedroom over the hayloft, in which he slept the greater part of the day, as soon as he had tied up a couple of dogs who were rolling and tumbling at his feet.

He was a smart, likely young fellow, this Gidley, with blue eyes, and a cheek as brown and with as bright a colour in it as a ripe pippin. His velvet coat, with the great metal buttons, sat well on his broad shoulders; and the knee breeches and gaiters completing his costume, disclosed sturdy limbs such as a man might well be proud of.

"It's a queer business altogether," he remarked to his companion, after a whispered confidential statement, "a right down queer business."

"You saw this—this ghost, as you call it, with your own eyes?" inquired Luke.

"With my own eyes just as plain as I see you now—and while I looked it was gone."

"And you was dumfounded like?"

"Well, for a minute I was. I wasn't as 'twere afraid, jestly; but I stood wi' my mouth open."

"And then it went?"

"Ay, all of a sudden. Before I could make up my mind to have a shot at it 'twere gone. Well, I was after it in a jiffy—no fear—but not a trace of it could I find."

"You saw it no more?"

"I didn't; but I fancy some of my mates must have done, for 'twon't long after when I heard a shot, and as the night was quiet and no poachers out, it's like that somebody was more luckier nor me."

"Well," said Luke, hitching up the saddle, "it's a queer start; but I must go. My lady has ordered her mare, Flick, round at eight. Besides, I shall be in the way."

His last remark had reference to a third individual who suddenly appeared on the scene.

This was no other than the girl Ruth, who came speeding across the garden, her black eyes twinkling in the morning sun, and her pony lips wide apart, disclosing the row of white teeth—like peas in a pod—which they usually hid.

As Luke pointed her out, he nudged Gidley in the ribs and laughed. The game-keeper's face assumed a serious look.

"She's a pooty crochur!" cried Luke, with his head on one side, taking a critical survey of the girl.

"Pooty!" cried Gidley. "Ah, they're all pooty enough while they're a runnin' wild and showin' their tricks. But ketch 'em, and try to tame 'em, and then you'll see."

"Why, you haven't ever tried your hand at it," said Luke, laughing.

"But I've used my eyes, Luke," said Gidley. And as he spoke Ruth joined them, out of breath.

"Here's Gidley waiting to have his dreams found out," said Luke with a merry wink. "I never dream, I don't. Got nobody to dream about."

With this he nodded and winked significantly, and moved off, laughing as he went.

"He will laugh at me because I believe in dreams," cried Ruth, her face beaming on the gamekeeper with a radiance hard for that philosopher to resist; "and I wish I could laugh too, but I can't do it."

"And why do you want to? Have your dreams been very bad to-night?" asked Gidley.

Ruth put both hands on the gamekeeper's arm, and rising on tip-toe said, in a solemn whisper:

"Three nights running I've dreamt of drinking water!"

"Have you, now?" cried Gidley, feeling that he ought to be horrified, but without knowing why. "It would ha' been better if it had been wine, I suppose? Or beer, even, would have been nicer."

"Nicer!"

"To my taste it would," he persisted.

"Ah, you don't know, you can't know," cried Ruth, with pleading earnestness, "or you wouldn't say it. To dream of drinking water denotes great trouble and adversity to yourself and those about you, and that he you love is false, prefers another, and will never marry you."

She relaxed her hold of Gidley's arm with a shudder, and looked up with such a troubled and piteous face, that admiring her in his heart as he did, he could not do less than take her two hands between his brown palms, and try to soothe her as best he might.

In this he was not very successful. Ruth wanted a deal of soothing, perhaps because she found it pleasant to be soothed, and did not often get the philosophic Gidley in the mood.

As it was, when her eyes had begun to sparkle and her face to expand into a smile, she suddenly upset the whole soothing process by starting away from the handsome gamekeeper with a little scream, at which the dogs at their feet set up a howl.

"I'd forget it," she cried out, "and I came o' purpose to ask you. What's happened in the night, John? Anything dreadful? Oh, it must, I know it must."

Gidley looked serious, but shook his head. "What should have happened?" he asked. "Oh, p'raps it isn't human," cried Ruth; "p'raps it's hares, or poachers, or birds wounded, and nothing else."

"P'raps what is?" the gamekeeper inquired. Ruth shrugged.

"Blood on the gravel-path, blood on the steps, and in the hall two drops like penny-pieces on the flags. I see it with my own eyes."

Such was her hurried statement.

Gidley listened to it with an incredulous face; but with real interest.

"Nonsense," he said, "you've been dreaming."

"Of blood?"

"Yes—why not?"

"Thank goodness, no," exclaimed Ruth. "Blood! And after drinking water three nights! I'd better go and drown myself at once and put a finish to my misery."

"Well, well, a few drops of blood out of a dream's no great matter anyway," Gidley replied; "and if you'll take my advice you'll let 'em pass by as if nothing had happened, and say nothing about 'em."

Ruth was surprised. A certain earnestness in the man's tone impressed her strongly, and when she had looked up into his fresh, honest face for an explanation, and had not found it, she promised to follow the counsel given, and then, remembering that she had no time to spare, shook hands and hurried off.

"A pooty crechur!" mused Gidley, rubbing his raspy-like chin with the back of his hand. "But they're all alike—easy to catch and hard to tame. Snakes has a pooty look, too, a lyin' in the sun; but it don't do to nuss 'em in yer bosom. It don't do. No. It don't do."

With which melancholy reflection on fascinating things in general, and Ruth in particular, the philosophic keeper strolled slowly off toward his loft.

His way led by a laurel hedge, stretching the whole length of the garden, and on reaching the end of it, Gidley started on finding himself unexpectedly confronting a stranger—a gentleman with a handsome face and easy manners—who had evidently followed him on the other side of the shining laurel hedge.

It was Neville Onslow.

"One word with you," the latter said, beckoning him aside. "I have accidentally overheard a portion of your conversation with one of the house servants, and I want to ask you a question upon it."

Gidley looked both confused and indignant.

"Understand me," said Onslow, "I assure you, on my word as a gentleman, that what I have heard reached my ears accidentally. And now tell me truly—in your opinion was this which was seen by others as well as yourself in the park last night, a phantom or a human being?"

"Well, sir," replied the keeper, "I'm no believer in ghosts, but raly last night—"

"You thought you saw one?"

"I did."

Onslow drew his hand across his brow as if the admission gave him acute pain.

"And this morning—what do you think now?" he asked.

"That depends, sir," was the cautious answer.

"Depends, I suppose, on that shot in the park, and those blood-stains which have been detected near the house?"

Gidley looked amazed.

"You're a readin' of my very thoughts," he said.

"Because they are my own, perhaps; for I also saw this apparition, I knew of the shot fired at it, and I have seen the blood-marks. My only difficulty is that I know of no person living in the house who would have played such a trick—"

"Unless it was Mr. Gabriel."

"Impossible! He is confined to a sick-bed."

"But he might have wandered in his mind."

"You think that likely?"

"It's possible, ain't it, sir?"

"But you would have known him?"

"I think not: I was a bit timorous like, not being used to such things."

"You have never seen anything of the kind before here?"

"Never."

"Nor any of the household?"

"Not so far as I know."

"Thank you. Good morning."

And without further parley, Neville Onslow thrust his right hand into his breast, and with drooping head and pondering eyes, moved slowly away.

"One point is soon settled," he muttered as he went, "if it was any inmate of the house, Cheney's bullet will have left a mark which will tell its own tale. If Gabriel, we shall not see him for many a long day."

Indulging in reflections on this absorbing subject,

Onslow wandered on, making for the park, and neither, heeding nor caring what direction he took. He was young, lithe, and active, and swung smartly along, getting over the ground in style, and apparently finding relief, in the mere physical exercise thus afforded, from the mental suffering which overshadowed his opening life.

From the abstraction into which he had fallen, he was suddenly aroused by the sound of horses' hoofs, and on looking up perceived that he was walking by the carriage-drive, and that Flora Edgecombe was coming along, sitting her jet mare, Flick, with a matchless grace, and turning toward the young man a face rosy from the wind which was blowing freshly, and had loosened her hair in tangles about her neck.

It was the most natural thing in the world that Onslow should lift his hat to the daughter of his host, and that she should rein in Flick, and acknowledge the compliment with a word or two. Naturally, too, they fell into conversation, about the Manor House, the park, the family, and particularly the invalids.

"It will not be long I trust before I shall have the pleasure of seeing my friend, your brother," Onslow remarked, filling up a pause.

"I trust not," was the sister's reply.

His eyes were fixed upon her face as she spoke, and her eyes dropped and there was a quiver of the lip as she spoke.

"He was not worse last night?" Onslow went on, mercilessly.

"Not worse."

"But incapable of quitting his room?"

"Quite."

"Then it must have been a mere delusion of mine that as I sat at my open window, I saw him passing along through the grounds beneath."

The face and neck of the fair horsewoman crimsoned.

"Impossible," she replied. "You must have dreamt it."

"Or must have seen the Manor House spectre, of which we were talking last night?"

The crimson flush died out of Flora's face and neck as suddenly as it had overspread them, and left her deadly pale.

"Exactly," she replied, with a forced smile.

By this time they had reached the house, and Onslow murmuring something about meeting at breakfast, bowed, and went his way, and soon after the servants came out to attend to their young mistress. Once only the young man paused to look back. It was at the moment the lady was alighting from Flick, and his eyes brightened as he gazed.

"She is beautiful as an angel," he thought, "and sits her horse like—a woman. I feared how it would be. I dreaded to meet her, lest it might unnerve me and shake my settled purpose. I am playing the part of a villain, a wretch. No, no! No, if she were neither fascinating nor beautiful, I should not say so. I should call my conduct an act of duty. And it is—Heaven help me—it is an act of duty!"

What Flora thought of him did not find expression in words, but her face was radiant as she ascended the hall-stairs to her dressing-room. Some reflection of that radiance lingered there also as she soon after entered the breakfast-room.

The next moment Neville Onslow also came in, and she looked toward him; but he did not see her. His glance had wandered in one direction, and he stood with a fixed stare, like one petrified. "He here!" he ejaculated, almost audibly.

Before he could recover his surprise, a young man rose from the table, and advanced briskly and with an outstretched hand.

"My dear Neville," he cried, "I am delighted to see you here."

"Gabriel!" was all the friend could reply in his overwhelming astonishment.

"You are surprised at my speedy recovery?" said Gabriel.

"I am delighted."

He might have been, but he hardly looked it. In fact, this apparition at the breakfast-table startled him more than that in the park over night had done. He had settled within himself, even before the conversation with Gidley, that the supposed ghost who so strongly resembled the Edgecombes, might have been only Gabriel who, probably light-headed, had escaped from his room in his night-clothes, with perhaps a sheet about him, and had returned wounded to the house.

In this way only had he been able to account for the mysterious and secret presence of Dr. Doriani in the house in the early dawn which had so greatly startled Tofts and himself.

But now this idea was out of the question.

And in relinquishing it, he had only to fall back on the belief that the house was indeed haunted, and by an unquiet spirit, at the bare thought of whom his blood curdled in his veins.

CHAPTER XII.

NEVILLE ONSLOW'S VISITOR.

Fair sir, this cataract of courtesy
O'erwhelms my weak and unhabitué ears.

Facio.

I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello.

THE momentary shock of this thought over, Neville Onslow extended to Gabriel an amount of cordiality that might have been regarded as excessive.

His delight at meeting him again seemed unbounded.

And yet they were neither old nor tried friends. They had met on the introduction of a common friend, apparently in a casual way (though, in fact, Onslow had made that introduction the one thought, purpose and business of his life for months before) and had been thrown together in friendly society. This had led to a general invitation to the Manor House, extending to any friend of Onslow's, and that was all.

There is a sage maxim which warns us to suspect a man who is enthusiastic for nothing, and had Gabriel Edgecombe borne that in mind he would have regarded with distrust the over warmth of his friend.

As it was, he was only surprised and pleased, thought Onslow an odd fellow, but suspected nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Having overwhelmed him with congratulations on his recovery, Onslow seized his friend by the left arm to lead him to the table.

At the rough touch Gabriel winced and drew in his breath.

Onslow's eyes sparkled.

"Do I hurt you?" he asked, relinquishing his hold.

"Hurt me? No."

Instantly Onslow clutched the same arm, in the same place with a fiercer grasp, and this time there was no flinching.

"No man with a bullet-wound in his arm could bear this," Neville decided, his face changing at the thought.

The breakfast, thus enlivened by the first appearance of the baronet's son among the guests, passed off gaily. If anything, the vivacity was, like Neville Onslow's greeting of his friend, a little overdone. All present seemed to entertain a nervous fear lest the conversation should drop, or should take an awkward personal turn. Of this, however, there was little fear, for Cheney Tofts, who was always in great force in the morning, undertook to enliven the party, and by means of bad puns, apposite quotations, and unblushing audacity, carried things off with a high hand, to the satisfaction of every one except Lord Englestone, who had not forgotten that overnight remark about his daughter Blanche, and was not disposed to forgive it, and who, in consequence, voted Tofts the most insufferably vulgar bore he had ever met.

It should be stated that during the repast both Sir Noel and his lady regarded Neville Onslow with a furtive attention and close scrutiny, evidently the result of something more than curiosity.

Their eyes showed that they compared his face with that of their son Gabriel, and that the comparison resulted in an uneasy feeling. But this was entirely confined to their own hearts. If Onslow himself had any suspicion that he was the object of particular scrutiny, he wisely kept it to himself, perhaps because it accorded best with the object which had prompted him to get admission as a guest at the Manor House to do so.

Before quitting the table the company were informed that Blanche Selwyn was sufficiently recovered to be able to quit her room for a boudoir adjoining it, and all expressed their satisfaction at this state of things.

Gabriel alone said nothing.

The bare idea of seeing again the object of his passionate devotion, for whose sake he had so lately risked his life, seemed to overpower him. Onslow saw this. His keen, watchful eyes detected that it was only by a strong effort that his friend could master the feeling which was near overpowering him, and seizing his arm—his left arm again—he rallied him on his happiness, and accompanied him to the door of the boudoir, and thereupon precipitately retired.

The fair, sylph-like Blanche was reclining on a couch of amber satin damask as Gabriel entered.

She wore a white morning robe, confined round the waist with a mauve ribbon, and her bright hair was flowing loose about her shoulders.

Illness had wasted her sweet face and fragile form, but had been powerless to impair the beauty of the one, or the grace of the other.

At Gabriel's approach she raised her head, and made as if she would have risen, but had not the power.

"I—I am glad!" she murmured.

"To see me?"

"Yes."

The one word left her lips like a scream.

He was drawing near as she spoke it, and at his every step she shrank and cowered down, yielding to some irresistible impulse which had no name but terror.

Terror!

She could not realise to herself, she would not believe that this was, in truth, the feeling which overcame and paralysed her at Gabriel's approach.

"I love him!" she kept mentally repeating; "I love him! indeed, indeed I love him!"

And yet she could have sprung from the open window to escape him as he advanced!

In the effort to struggle against this impulse she grew rigid.

"You are still ill—still weak!" said Gabriel, noticing this, but wilfully misinterpreting the cause, "I see that in spite of your pleasure at our meeting, my presence conjures up your recent danger too vividly for your strength."

"Yes, Gabriel; I am very, very weak," said Blanche, and she put her hands to her brow and shaded her eyes, as if the sight of her lover's face was overpowering.

"I will not distress you with my presence," said Gabriel, sadly, "until you have the strength to bear it. Then I shall have much to say to you, much that lies nearest my heart, and will have its bearing upon our future happiness."

"You are so good!" cried Blanche, "and I am foolish, most foolish, to suffer myself to be overpowered by idle fancies. To you I owe half the happiness of my girlhood, and now there is added to the debt, the recollection that my life has been saved by your devotion."

Instinctively she held out her hand.

With eagerness and loving ardour Gabriel seized it and raised it to his lips, but in the very act his happiness was dashed, for he could not fail to see that at the touch of his hand a shudder ran through the fair girl's frame, and she shrank as if from some venomous reptile.

"And you," she cried, striving to disguise this feeling, "you have suffered much? Only yesterday they told me that it might be long before we should meet."

"Did my sister, did Flora tell you this?" he demanded, sharply.

"Lady Edgcombe herself—"

"No. Impossible—"

But here he paused as if recollecting himself.

"I mean that it was very foolish. The foolishness of a mother's love, which exaggerates every trifle, and dreads lest the slightest ailment should prove fatal."

Blanche heard, but was not satisfied. She remembered vividly that dream which had so much of reality in it, when she seemed to approach the door of the sick chamber, and when a shriek, never to be forgotten, rang in her ears and scared her senses back into oblivion.

"But enough of this," resumed Gabriel, lightly, a smile lighting up his bright eyes and handsome face; "let us forget the past and think only of the bright, beautiful future. Oh, Blanche, oh, my darling, my darling, only your own loving heart can interpret the happiness of mine in this meeting. From a boy I have loved you with a fearful joy, with a rapture and devotion which has known no drawback, but the fear that some adverse fate might rob me of my happiness, and overcloud the sad remainder of my days. Thank heaven! those fears have been groundless. You are here in the old house, never to leave it, I trust, except to return to it, my own—my own!"

The rapture of the lover's tongue was contagious.

For a moment Blanche forgot her terrors, and thought only how handsome and brave Gabriel was, how true of heart and how devoted to her.

And something expressive of her sympathy in his bright anticipations would have escaped her lips, but at that moment they were interrupted by the entrance of Lord Englestone and Neville Onslow.

"Here is your friend Onslow, Gabriel, dying to be introduced to—"

"It is he!" ejaculated Blanche, unable to suppress an extraordinary emotion at the sight of Onslow, whose face she recognized as that which had constituted the happiness of her dreams.

Gabriel, and Gabriel only, heard the words, and a cloud settled upon his brow.

As to Englestone, he saw the look in his child's face, and it startled him.

"You have met before, Blanche?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "we have been thrown together in society; but so little, that I have not even acquainted with Mr. Onslow's name."

"In that," said the young man, "I had the advantage. It is impossible for Lord Englestone's daughter to remain among the unknown nobodies in any circle."

He bowed.

Gabriel looked from one to the other, and bit his nether lip. There was a joyous sparkle in the eyes of his affianced bride hardly to be misunderstood, while Neville gazed upon her like one yielding to the influence of an overpowering fascination.

How this acted on Gabriel's fiery and excitable nature may be imagined.

"You did not tell me, Neville, that Blanche and you were old friends," he blurted out.

"And I thought it was only your friend Tofts who was acquainted with the little red-haired girl," said Englestone with some bitterness, making matters worse.

Onslow coloured deeply, but there was an open, ingenuous, winning smile on his face as he replied:

"Had I been honoured by her friendship, Gabriel, I could not have failed to confide it to you—to everyone. It would have made me a braggart. But I had not that happiness. We have seldom met, and have never exchanged so many words as I have now spoken."

What could Gabriel do?

He could but express a hope that friendship would add a charm to love; and yet his heart misgave him. Love's subtle essence is like those fluids whose quick changes denote the most transient changes in the temperature of a summer's day. It feels the cloud before it is visible. Its instincts are not to be put to the trial, or exposed to common tests; but they are as true as the deductions of the mathematician.

Thus Gabriel knew that Neville Onslow's presence in the Manor House boded him no good.

And it is possible that this feeling might have found unfortunate expression in words, but as Onslow ceased speaking, the little party in the boudoir were startled by a singular occurrence.

There was a faint click of the handle of the door which caused them to look toward it, and as they did so it slowly and noiselessly opened. Then a head, rough and shaggy, with black spikes of hair resembling bristles, was thrust slyly in, and in due time a wrinkled forehead, villainously low, ferret eyes, small and red, a great mouth full of yellow teeth, a heavy shaven face, a bull neck, a huge pair of shoulders, became, one after another, clearly visible.

Blanche, still nervous and excitable, beheld the apparition with alarm; the rest with astonishment. Onslow alone appeared to recognize the intruder, and uttering an angry cry, rushed toward him.

On this he precipitately retreated.

Without a word of explanation or entreaty, the young man darted from the room and drew the door after him.

There followed a moment of silent amazement.

During this, sounds of a loud and fierce altercation came from without, and words and even sentences could in time be distinguished.

"I tell you," cried a rough voice, "that I must have money down."

"And I reply," returned Onslow, in an excited voice, "that unless you leave this place instantly, quietly, and without altercation or remonstrance, our compact's at an end."

"But I shall be arrested," pleaded the other.

"Be arrested, then," retorted Onslow.

"And you call yourself my son's friend?"

"Friend or no friend, I forbid you to remain here, I forbid you to present yourself before me or my friends personally here or elsewhere. Dare to do it, dare to linger about this place and I—"

The rest of the sentence was uttered in a deep whisper, inaudible in the boudoir.

"Now go!" were the next words distinctly audible.

"No," said the man, "not till I have the money."

"That you will never have," shouted Onslow.

"Not till I've seen my son, then?"

"That I also forbid."

The fellow laughed, a low, rough, coarse laugh, but inexpressibly irritating.

"Forbid!" he cried, in a taunting, sneering tone,

"you forbid? That for your permission or your objecting. I've come fifty mile to this place, and I don't stir from it—I don't stir from the spot I stand on, till I am satisfied!"

It seemed to those who listened that the words were hardly out of his mouth before they were followed by a cry—a fall—and a deep groan.

On rushing out of the room toward the painted staircase, near the top of which it was situated, they saw the ruffianly intruder lying head downwards upon the stairs, having apparently been sent backwards by a blow from Neville Onslow's fist, for the latter stood looking after him with flaming eyes, and his right hand still clenched.

(To be continued.)

"HE'LL NEVER SET THE TEMSE ON FIRE."—Very few know the origin of this common phrase. Many

years ago, before machinery was introduced into flour-mills for the purpose of sifting the flour, it was the custom of the miller to send it home unsifted. The process of sifting was done thus, but principally in Yorkshire. The *temse*, or sieve, which was provided with a rim which projected from the bottom of it, was worked over the mouth of the barrel into which the flour or meal was sifted. An active fellow, who worked hard, not unfrequently set the rim of the temse on fire by force of friction against the rim of the flour-barrel, so that, in fact, this department of domestic employment became a standard by which to test a man's will or capacity to work hard; and thus, of a lazy fellow, or one deficient in strength, it was said, "*He will never set the temse on fire.*" The long misuse of the word *temse* for *sieve*, as well as the superseding of hand labour by machinery in this particular species of work, may possibly have tended to the substitution of sound for sense, in such phrases as "*He will never set the Thames on fire.*"

DEVELOPED CHARACTER.

"CHARACTERISTICS is a pleasant study. I confess to a liking for people who possess them strongly marked. There are a great many amiable souls whose goodness seems to be merely a lack of character. We call them positively good when they are only negatively bad. We esteem them wholly virtuous when they are only partly vicious, and this defect is a constitutional lack of life rather than an outgrowth of principle in the soul. People are so much alike in this humdrum world—especially women—that it is quite refreshing to meet here and there an independent organism. It relieves the monotony to encounter a character cast in a different mould, thinking thoughts independent of the multitude, and daring to act in opposition to established rules and regulations."

Kate Markham paused to breathe, and Mayne Hollingwood shook his head.

"That's too decided for a woman," he said, gravely.

Kate bit her lips.

"And that's too passionate for a woman," he added, pointing to her crimson lips.

Kate did not reply; if she was passionate, she could rule her spirit.

Mayne Hollingwood continued:

"I prefer my wife to have no strongly-marked characteristics."

Kate Markham looked up suddenly, while a crimson flush mounted to her brow.

"I should judge a statue would suit your taste," she said, with sarcasm.

"A woman without satire would suit me better," he answered, coldly.

"You are at liberty to find her," was Kate's proud response. "A woman with satire dissolves her present relations with you."

Mayne Hollingwood looked astonished.

As a huntsman toys with a pet bird, binding its fetters closer, until, with a sudden movement, the bird wrenches itself from his grasp and soars away, Mayne Hollingwood had galled the proud spirited girl beyond the power of endurance, and now she had slipped out of his grasp and stood defiant at the open window.

The autocrat repented, for Catherine Markham was a prize.

"You are not in earnest," he said, in a deprecating tone.

"Do I look in the mood for jesting?" inquired Kate.

"You think too seriously of trifling matters," he continued.

"Matters threatening our future peace" are not trifles," Kate spoke calmly but firmly. "I must have deceived you, or you deceived me, before our engagement. I am not conscious of exhibiting the milk-and-water character you especially admire; but no sooner do I promise to be your wife than I find your ideal woman to be a passive creature, with no tastes or opinions. If she possesses them she must conceal them until no one suspects their existence."

"I think you never loved me, Kate," answered her lover, reproachfully.

"I once did love a thoughtful and considerate friend," was the calm reply. "I never loved the authoritative dictator you have been the past two months. We have both been mistaken, and this is the first step toward rectifying our error."

She drew the diamond ring from her finger, and, laying it on the table, passed out of the room.

Boyd Claverick and I, standing on the small verandah that opened from the hotel-parlour at Malvern, had been unintentional witnesses of this scene.

Boyd was a man with much original thought and strongly-marked characteristics. He had come to me, as I stood lazily watching the pelting rain, with the odd request:

"I have come to petition for a quarrel, Miss Mary. I am surfeited with honeyed words and the pretty amiability of soulless women." He nodded toward the library, where the ladies chatted over their worsteds. "Everything is done according to rule in there. Thoughts, words, and acts are served up in dainty dishes of compounded sweets. Confectionery is to me an electrolyte. I starve to death on such fare. I want some plain, good honest opinions, which shall satisfy me like meat does a hungry man; and if you season them with mustard and sauce, I shall relish them the better."

I had answered: "Foolish young man, to long for the leeks and onions and garlic of past discussion. When the Israelites sighed for the fleshpots of Egypt their request was granted, but they were smitten with a plague. I am ready to quarrel with you on any topic you may suggest."

Just at this moment Kate Markham and Mayne Hollingwood had entered the parlour, and Kate had given expression to the sentiment with which this sketch is headed in answer to her lover's reproof. Escape was impossible, for the verandah had no communication except with the parlour, and we had already heard too much to indicate our presence without mutual embarrassment.

As Kate Markham swept out of the room, Boyd Claverick clapped his hands. "Encore!" he exclaimed, with delight. "There's a woman after my own heart. I thank the Fates for sending some few morsels of high seasoning to flavour the insipidity of Malvern. I like that girl's spirit, and I don't believe she is one whit less womanly for possessing it. The child is father of the man, and Mayne Hollingwood was a tyrant in his youth."

When I entered the parlour that night, Mayne Hollingwood was chatting with Annie Morton, a passive, gentle little creature, and after much persuasion conducted her to the piano.

Boyd Claverick joined me and smiled as he observed Mayne bending over her. "Hollingwood finds the high-seasoned stare to which Miss Markham treats him don't agree with him. He is trying 'cambrio tea'—alias milk-and-water—diet. We will have good music for a lullaby, and everyone will talk. Oh, the monotony of that girl!"

He was a true prophet. Annie Morton played monotonous music in careless time, and nobody listened. Even Mayne Hollingwood must have tired turning the leaves.

Kate Markham entered quite calm and fresh, and Boyd Claverick begged her to play. Without hesitation she complied, and at the first touch of the keys, conversation ceased. It always did, for there was magic in her touch. It was a wild, stormy overture she executed, and she filled it with her own strength and passion; but when Boyd Claverick asked her to sing a gentle melody, she filled that too with a pathetic gentleness which moved every heart that listened.

Mayne Hollingwood said to Boyd Claverick, "Miss Markham's words are like music. It is unfortunate she possesses so little of the gentleness of the last instead of the passion of the first."

Boyd Claverick answered, "The deepest valleys lie between the highest mountains. For mine own part I abhor deserts with their everlasting flatness."

Two marriages followed that season at Malvern. Kate Markham and Boyd Claverick, Annie Morton and Mayne Hollingwood.

Five years after they met at Scarborough. It was in this wise. Mrs. Hollingwood, indolently lounging in an easy chair, was addressed by Mayne Hollingwood, in no gentle tone, "Annie, I wish you would exert yourself and go out with me. I declare, one might as well bring an automaton here and dress it up, as to bring you and expect any appreciation. Where is Katie? Haven't seen her this morning? It is a shame. Lax in your duties as a wife, and lax in your duties as a mother! I could forgive the wrong done me, if you did not fail in your duties toward our child."

He was attracted to the window by sounds of laughter outside. A party of ladies and gentlemen were seated on the hotel-porch, watching a group of little children with their nurses, and commenting freely on their conduct.

"There is the sauciest little minx I ever saw," said one lady, pointing to a little girl striking fiercely at her nurse, who was dragging her to the house.

"What's your name, little girl?" asked a gentleman as she passed.

"Shan't tell you," was the blunt reply.

"It is Mayne Hollingwood's little girl," said the first gentleman. "Her mother is a woman without any force of character, and that child is developing into a little heathen. Mayne had a great admiration for milk-and-water women. He was always confounding amiability with under-vitality, and goodness with stupidity. He made a great mistake, and, I fancy, found it out in less than a twelvemonth. I find the

hardest people to manage are these soulless, senseless, stupid people. Their wills are like so much gutta-serena. They never break, and only yield to fly back into the old place. There is a fine-looking boy, and well-behaved too, for I have watched him all the morning. I warrant you his mother is no tame idler. What is your name, my fine little man?"

"Boyd Claverick," was the answer.

"Aha," exclaimed the gentleman. "There are Kate Markham's eyes. I told you his mother was a woman of worth. Hollingwood threw away a diamond and picked up paste. Claverick was a wise man to set the jewel in his life."

"I think I wear the Kobinoor," said a gentleman, proudly, coming up from behind. "It was Boyd Claverick, senior."

Mayne Hollingwood thought so, too, when they met that evening, and he contrasted Boyd Claverick's wife with his. Five years had polished the diamond and dimmed the paste. In the one was a thorough appreciation and a full participation in duties and pleasures, while the other life was frittered away in selfish indulgence and culpable negligence of the highest duties.

The faults of mismanagement at home brought on a crisis in his business, and, when help failed elsewhere, he appealed to Boyd Claverick.

There was a little irony in the tones of the latter when he said, at the close of the conversation:

"Your wife can help you more than any one else to regain your position."

Mayne Hollingwood sighed: "I must play a lone hand in the game of life, and be beaten at last. It is such wives as yours who assist, and help to win the game."

Boyd Claverick answered: "It is true. Solomon's virtuous woman, whose price was above rubies, was active, not passive; and her virtues were positive, not negative. Of no other can it be said: 'Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.'"

M. C.

BLACK WITH A BLUE VEIL.

A GIRL stood near an open window with her eyes upon the sunset skies. Beside her, on the broad sill, sat a gentleman—a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome fellow—who had assumed that position with the evident purpose of looking into her face.

His large white hand held one of hers, and he was waiting for an answer. Waiting impatiently and hopefully, for his question had been—"Will you be my wife?"

And he believed she loved him.

It was a fitting place for two lovers, that cool and still old library, panelled with darkest oak, with its great bow window opening upon a view of purple mountain peaks, behind which the golden sun was setting amidst clouds of fire, while, in the vale below, a dreamy shadow of the coming twilight lay upon green grass and dark grey rocks, and homeward cows, whose bells made silver music as they went.

And this girl was very beautiful. Her great eyes black as midnight; her cheek a rose; the outline of her face as soft and lovely as that of any child—a lovable face, and as pure a one as woman ever boasted. Harris Brant said so to himself a hundred times, as he waited with that rose-leaf of a hand held tightly in his.

At last he spoke.

"Helen, say yes."

His words broke the spell that seemed to have fallen upon the girl. The dark eyes dropped down upon him and grew dewy.

"You know I like you, Mr. Brant," she said, "but before I say or allow myself to think 'yes,' I must tell you something. It is hard for me to tell it, almost impossible, and when it is told I think you will not ask me for an answer to the question you put just now, but will forget me as I must you."

The bronzed cheek of her listener grew a little pale, but he kept her hand still, and she went on.

"When I came here as governess to your sister's children, you knew nothing of my past life. Mrs. Green recommended me as having been all that she desired during my residence in her family. You heard me play, you saw my embroidery and flower paintings, you asked no more. Mrs. Green was kind. She knew my story and kept it to herself, lest it should hurt me. Listen to it now:

"When our father died, bankrupt and broken-hearted, there were two of us left, my sister Kate and me; we lived together and gave lessons. I thought my sister the best of living women. She was very beautiful, in a style that made me think of queens."

"Accomplished, seemingly religious. Ah, it was so until she knew that wicked man. I can't enter into details, Mr. Brant. My beautiful sister had been introduced to one beside whose name that of Satan appears holy to my ears. He had a wife and two beautiful babes, but even they could not make him forego his

purpose. I watched him. I begged my sister to forbid him her presence, and she promised. Oh, Mr. Brant, even then she had his wicked letter in her bosom, and knew the hour and place where she should meet him, to forsake for ever her home, her good name, and her poor sister! Her trunk was packed, all her preparations made. I learnt it afterwards: Oh, pity me, pity me, Mr. Brant, I am very wretched!"

She broke off, and leant her head against the frame of the oak-cased window, and sobbed like a child. Harris Brant drew closer to her and twined his arm about her waist. In a few moments she resumed:

"One morning I awoke to find her gone. Her place beside me was empty; on the unruflled pillow lay a letter which told me all. She had disgraced our mother's memory, broken my heart, and was lost."

"I did not die, though I prayed to, but there I made a vow that I would renounce for ever all that a woman prizes, and live and die alone."

"I am the only one of Esther's kindred left on earth, and I will link my disgrace to no other life. Harris Brant, the more I cared for you the more I should grieve that any finger might point at you and say, 'the woman who bears his name is Esther Iretton's sister.' No, we must forget each other. It will perhaps be easier for you than for me."

His answer was to clasp her to his bosom and shower kisses on her brow. "Forget you!" he said, "no, Helen, we love each other, and your sorrow only makes you dearer to me. Be your sister what she may, you are pure as new-fallen snow, and I will cherish and protect you until I die, and let those tremble who dare cast reproach upon you for the wrong doing of another!"

Helen Iretton struggled and fluttered for one moment as a newly prisoned bird might have done. Then she stood quite still. Her head dropped upon his bosom, and she wept silently. His dark curls bent lower over her white brow.

"You are mine now. Tell me that you love me." And she answered, "yes, Harris, I love you."

And so they were betrothed.

They were married in a month, and all declared that a prettier bride never stood before the altar of the old parish church. Helen could have told them also, never a happier one. Since her sister's flight she had never known before what it was to have a light heart, or to smile spontaneously. Now her husband's happiness made her life, and though she grieved for her fair, frail sister, even that sorrow was softened.

In the nest Harris Brant had built for his young wife, she lived the happy, quiet country life which best pleased her. She had perfect confidence in his affection. She saw him respected and beloved by all. In time two little ones were sent by heaven to fill her cup of bliss yet fuller, and in the broad pew of that old country church where they were married, Helen Brant could kneel each Sabbath day with nothing but thanksgiving in her heart. "God is too good to me," she sometimes murmured. "What have I done to deserve so much joy?"

Had any one told Helen a change could come, unless death took her loved ones from her, she would have laughed. Yet one morning she awoke, happy as usual, to taste the first sip of the bitter draught which she was doomed to drink to the very dregs.

It had been for some time Mr. Brant's custom to glance over the morning's paper at breakfast, and in a few moments to hand it to his wife, who took the usual interest of her sex in deaths, births, marriages, and advertisements.

This morning he neglected the page graced by its political leaders, and turned at once to the advertising columns.

His eye glanced down the line and stopped at a particular paragraph.

Then his face flushed, and with a hurried glance at his wife, he folded the sheet and put it into his pocket, and began to converse on some indifferent subject with the evident view of covering his singular action.

Helen looked surprised, but at the time she said nothing. Why she should feel troubled and uneasy throughout the day she could not tell. There was nothing for her to fear.

Yet, at her work, in her boy's nursery, at the hour when she awaited her husband's return, she could not shake off a certain inexplicable anxiety.

At supper she said, carelessly:

"Do you know you carried off the paper this morning, Harris? I should like to see it now."

And Mr. Brant answered hurriedly:

"I have left it in the city; how careless of me!"

And to his wife's surprise, he blushed scarlet.

The next day the same thing happened; the next the paper was passed to Helen as usual, and so for a week to come. But on the following Monday Mrs. Brant saw her husband do a very singular thing. He had arisen before her, and as she, in her light morning slippers, came noiselessly into the dining-room, sat in a

chair by the window, with his back to her. On a stand before him lay the morning paper, and from it he was carefully cutting a paragraph. That done, he placed it in his pocket, and turning, met his wife's eye, for the first time cast coldly upon him. Over his shoulder she had seen that the column from which the fragment had been cut was the one in which personal advertisements are usually found.

He had a secret from her. She could never have had one from him. Want of confidence argued want of love; and then, what could it be? She knew his business affairs, the condition of his property, the state of his credit. His friends had been her friends. She had believed his confidence in her complete. What could there be in the advertisements of that paper to interest and agitate her husband?

She asked no explanation, but she gave him her cheek and not her lips at parting, and when she had watched the omnibus, in which he rode cityward, out of sight, took the mutilated paper, and went up into her own room.

With her elbow on her knee and her cheek in her hand, she crouched down on a low stool, and stared at the gap in the column until it swam before her eyes. What was there to be kept from her? What had been printed there? Why had he cut it out?

Again and again she asked herself those questions, and shuddered at the thoughts which flocked across her mind.

Her husband was many years older than herself. She could not be sure what his past life had been. He seemed perfect; but poor Esther had appeared to be angelic, and she had deceived her.

Jealousy—gaunt and green-eyed—began to creep into her soul, and as she recognized this truth, she trembled.

"What am I doing?" she cried, aloud. "I am doubting my husband—my good, true, loving husband! I will prove myself a wicked, foolish woman! I will see this paragraph, and put an end to my suspicions."

This resolved, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and set out for the residence of the newsman who supplied them.

Despite her resolution, she was terribly agitated. Her heart beat furiously, and she turned pale as the simple words:

"Have you a Times of this morning left, sir?" passed her lips.

The man answered: "I have one, and only one," and passed it to her over the counter.

It was an odd little shop, with confectionery and nicknacks of all kinds on the shelves and counter, and Helen stopped and purchased some candy and a rattle for the baby, said a few words to the shopkeeper's bashful daughter, and walked away with the paper still folded in her hand.

She never opened it as she kept on her homeward way. She did not even glance at it as she paused in her own kitchen to give directions about dinner, nor in the nursery, where her purchases gave delight to her little ones.

It seemed to her as though she were delaying some awful stroke of fate.

At last she went into her own room and locked the door, and opened the paper. It lay spread before her, but she could not bring herself to read it.

"Not yet," she said; "in ten minutes."

There was a clock upon the mantel-piece. She looked at the slowly moving hands. They passed the time she had allotted to herself. She said:

"Ten minutes more," and counted them.

Then her eyes dropped upon the column. There was the spot where the words had been cut out. There she read, with burning eyes and aching brain:

"H. B.—Black and a blue veil. Saturday, in the Green Park, at four."

H. B.—her husband's initials, Harris Brant! She would have thought nothing of this at another time. She would never have noticed the fact but for her own singular conduct. But why had he cut that paragraph out unless he were the H. B. addressed?

Black and a blue veil—what could it mean? Was it a repetition of a former advertisement, or an answer?

Fever was in Helen Brant's blood by this time. She was almost beside herself. Resuming her outer garments, she retraced her steps, and once more entered the shop of the newsman.

The newsman shook his head.

"Haven't one left, ma'am," he said. "Very sorry. I can get you one if you like."

Helen hesitated; the suspense was more than she could bear. Just then the man's daughter spoke:

"We've got ours, pa. It's crumpled; but if the lady only wants to read it, it might do."

"That is all," said Helen. "It will do as well as any."

And the girl brought the crumpled sheet with alacrity. They laughed at the idea of receiving pay for it, and were "pleased to oblige the lady."

Helen forced a sort of smile—they little knew what was in her heart. The day before she would have scoffed at the idea of entertaining such feelings. This time she tore the paper open the moment she gained her room. Her eyes darted upon the announcement:

"82, H. B. desires a meeting; state dress and place."

That day's advertisement was an answer to this. This she felt assured her husband had inserted. He was to meet a woman in the Green Park on Saturday afternoon; that woman was to wear black and a blue veil. Could anything but deceit live at the bottom of all this?

"Oh, that I did not know it!" she sobbed. "How happy I have been! How miserable I am! And I trusted and loved him so. My idols are always to be broken; my sister first, now my husband. It is too much!"

Then, in a kind of frenzy, she seized the paper and looked it over. Perhaps there was something on the other side; it might be all a mistake. She went upon her knees and prayed that this might be so.

"I am going mad! I fancy this—I shall awake to find it all hallucination," she repeated, and then crept upon her bed and slept from sheer exhaustion.

When she awoke she could have believed the whole indeed a dream but for the papers at her side, where she read again those words:

"H. B.—Black and a blue veil. Saturday, in the Green Park, at four."

She read the words again and again, and finally came to a resolution. She also would be in the Green Park, at four on Saturday. It was now Thursday.

That evening Mr. Brant found his wife in bed, complaining of headache. The next morning she did not rise. Saturday came—that dreaded, watched-for Saturday; and the husband stooped over his wife's pillow anxiously.

"If you are not better I shall call Dr. X. in tomorrow," he said. "I wish you would have him today."

Helen answered in a strange voice from beneath the coverlet:

"I am better—I shall not need him;" and did not return her husband's kiss.

When he had been gone an hour she arose and breakfasted. Her cheeks burnt, her eyes flashed. Maggy, the nursemaid, complimented her on her appearance.

At noon she dressed with care, kissed her children passionately, and went out.

"The Green Park at four."

Those words were in her mind constantly. She even found herself muttering them over. Every few moments she looked at her watch; she must be there at that hour.

There was plenty of time. It was only half-past one when she entered the enclosure. Then the first thought of the improbability of finding her husband there crossed her mind.

She grew bewildered, and wandered on, jostled by women and stared at by men, all bound for the spot where the band would soon discourse sweet music. Moments seemed hours to her, and hours dragged slowly on. At last her watch told her that it wanted but fifteen minutes of four.

Just then across her path walked a tall woman dressed in black; her face quite hidden by a blue veil. She sat down upon a bench, and seemed to be waiting for some one. Helen said to herself:

"It is she."

Soon a tall figure appeared in the path; she knew it in a moment for her husband. He passed the bench, repassed it and paused.

The woman made a movement of her kerchief. Harris Brant advanced.

"H. B.," said he; "black with a blue veil?"

The lady answered "Yes."

Mr. Brant offered her his arm, and they strolled up and down together, ceasing to speak when strangers approached, and resuming their conversation when once more alone. Helen could not hear a word.

At last, at something he said, the woman burst from him and wrung her hands. She exclaimed almost in a scream:

"Your wife—your wife!" and tried to fly; but Harris Brant restrained her. At first she struggled, then she sunk upon the bench in a passion of sobs and tears.

A long whispered conversation followed. Helen could only hear occasional words. At last the woman said:

"I promise—I will swear it, if you like."

And Brant replied:

"Thank God! you shall be happy, if I can make you so." And they parted.

Helen remained, faint and pale, for two long hours, then she made her way home.

All her love was changed to gall. She hated her inconstant husband. She would tell him what she knew; take her babes and leave him. He had wronged and insulted her too much; he could never be forgiven.

People were discussing some event. She heard some one whisper:

"That is Mrs. Brant;" but never thought why.

But at her own door was a crowd; lights glittered in the windows, shadows crossed the curtains. Something had happened.

She staggered forward. Maggy met her in the hall.

"Oh!" she cried. "Master is killed!"

Helen dropped lifeless to the ground.

When she recovered, a physician bent above her. He strove to comfort her.

"Your husband is not dead," he said, "though his condition is precarious in the extreme. It is possible he may yet recover; at least he will know and speak to you."

Helen's sick heart lay like a stone within her bosom. Even in her new anguish she kept her jealous grief in mind.

"If this had happened while I knew and trusted him," she thought, "how much better could I have borne it. But now it is a double loss. Even if he dies I never can forget my wrong—never, never!"

She went in and sat beside him. Tears swept down her pale cheeks. He lay there like one dead. The husband of her youth—the father of her children; but alas! the man who had deceived her—the false traitor who had wronged a heart that trusted in him so entirely.

Night passed on and dawn came. The day glided by. In the twilight Harris Brant opened his eyes once more. They fell upon his wife, and he said:

"Helen."

Then she bent above him, her love overmastering all.

"I am going to leave you, I think," he said. "Oh, Helen, that is the bitter part of death—to leave you and my children. Kiss me, Helen."

The wife put her arm about him and kissed his brow. And even then it was so strange that she hated herself for it. Those words came into her mind:

"Black, with a blue veil. The Green Park. Saturday at four."

She wept all the more bitterly.

"I am faint," said the wounded man. "I may not be able to speak long. I must tell you something. Oh, Helen, I thought to make you so happy; when I tell you how you will remember me more tenderly, perhaps, for what I have done for your sake. Helen, you will not forget me—you will not love another; promise that—"

"I am constant," she murmured. "Love another—oh, no!"

She thought:

"I have been so bitterly deceived."

Her husband looked at her tenderly.

"My dearest," he said, "you remember our betrothal night?"

"Remember that—ah, yes."

"That night you told me your sister's story. I have often heard you speak of and weep for her. I said nothing, but in my heart I determined to find her, were she living."

"Harris! Oh, Harris!"

Helen Brant's breath came fast. The truth was dawning on her. Her husband continued:

"I have spent money, I have wasted time, without result until about a month ago. Then, unexpectedly, one whom I had set upon the watch found a trace of her. My darling Helen, your sister had fallen very low and was in bitter poverty. I vowed for your sake to save her, but open measures were impossible. She would rather have died than have met you or one belonging to you. I had recourse to subterfuge. I have not strength to enter into detail, but at last I gained my point so far that I inserted in a morning paper an advertisement which I felt confident would be answered. Helen, your sister met me in the Park yesterday. She is saved. I have provided a home for her—one to watch her. She is penitent and broken-hearted. Some day you will see her, and, I know, forgive her. I had hoped to see—"

His eyes closed, and he ceased speaking.

Helen thought him dying, and only her Maker knows the agony of wild remorse that swept across her soul. She had doubted her true, tender husband; she had almost hated him; and wildly, passionately, she besought heaven's pardon, and time to retrieve her fault.

"Spare him—give him back to me!" she moaned. And God in mercy heard her.

The Death Angel passed by the house, and did not enter.

Long after, when health and strength were quite

restored to Harris Brant, his wife knelt at his feet and confessed the great wrong she had done him in her heart, and he knew why of late her love and tenderness and trust in him had been redoubled.

And in her peaceful home another woman, "whose name has been written Magdalen," bows every night in penitential prayer, and asks God's blessing on her sister's husband.

M. K. D.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

THERE WAS a man whose name I shall give as Tim P., who made an honest living by mining in the gold fields of California.

One night, after coming from his work, which was always liberally rewarded with a plentiful yield of gold, Tim sat himself down on his low stool to rest while his pork and beans were warming. He commenced thinking of his past life, and fell into a sort of reverie.

"Well, well," says Tim, here I am, digging and delving into the mud from early dawn to almost dark, for gold. My claim pays well enough, and old folks say, 'let well enough alone.' So far as that is concerned I will. But what is the use of a man working all his life here in the mud by day and then come home at night and cook his grub and eat it alone, with no one to share his joys, none to pity his ills? I'm tired of this single blessedness. I'll get married, that I will. But why will I marry a dirty miner? Let me see, there is Lucy, Jane, Mary and Emma, and many others that I could not enumerate in half an hour. But will they marry a dirty miner? There is Tom, the butcher, married the widow, and I think he is no cleaner than myself. I'll try. Come, Tim, old boy, there's nothing like trying. Take courage, 'a faint heart never won fair lady.'"

So saying, Tim ate his pork and beans and tumbled into bed, to dream of the pretty girls he intended to see the next Sunday at church, and decide which he would select for his companion for better or for worse.

There he lay, tumbling and rolling from side to side, all night, trying in vain to settle his mind and fix his heart on some particular one, until the crowing of the cock reminded him that it was time he was preparing for his day's work.

Tim all that day criticised the beauties and qualities of all that came before his imagination, and for several days, but to no effect.

Sunday came, and Tim put on his Sunday rig, and off to church he goes, determined to select one that day. He was first in church, in order that he might scan each beauty as she made her appearance. First came Lucy.

"Well," says Tim, "she is just the one." Then came Jane. "Well," says he, "upon my soul she has attractions as well as Lucy."

Soon, in trips Mary, and her fairy-like form trips by, and her hoops brushed him as she took her seat in the next pew. There Tim sat gazing at her and expatiating on her beauty and graceful appearance, thinking how happy he would be when he could call her his own. His eyes were rivetted upon her, and he felt as if he wanted then to kneel at her feet and pour forth the full feelings of his heart, when in came Emma.

His eyes caught sight of her dark flowing curls falling so gracefully over her shoulders, her sharp black eyes and her bewitching smiles caused him to doubt which he would prefer. And then in came three or four more together, equally fascinating as Mary and Emma; and, as Tim's eyes turned from one to the other, he became bewildered and almost unconscious of what was going on around him. That night Tim sat by his fire smoking his pipe, and thinking of the beauties, trying to make a choice.

Poor Tim, the more he thought the more confounded he was. At length he said aloud:

"Oh, that it was an age of fairies, and one would come at my bidding and choose, or open my eyes that I might choose for myself. I am confounded, bewildered to such an extent that I am unable to fix my heart upon any particular one."

He was interrupted in his soliloquy by raps at his door. He arose and opened the door, and his blood seemed to chill as he looked upon the object before him.

He reeled, and, staggering, fell to the floor, and was only called to himself by a gentle voice, the tones of which were so plaintive and sweet that he at first thought it must be an angel descended with some good tidings. He ventured to speak, and faltered out:

"Come in, sweet fairy, for I know thou hast something good in store for me, else thou wouldst not be out this cold dark night."

"I am not a fairy," said the voice, at the same time throwing herself into a rude chair, "but a lost wanderer in these hills, and would, sir, be very thank-

ful if you would be so kind as to tell me how far it is, or show me to some place where I can stay until morning."

"Excuse me," said Tim, rising from where he had fallen, and smiling, "I was in a sound reverie when you came, and perhaps I may have been thinking aloud. There is no house for miles either way, and people seldom pass this way. If you will accept of my humble hospitalities until morning I will then convey you wheresoever you wish."

"Oh, sir," replied the lady (for such indeed she was, and of exquisite beauty), "I am a stranger in this country, and know no person, and have no place I can call my home. I have been wandering over these hills and through the brush for several days, and was attracted by the light from your window, and came hither."

Tim was not long in getting the best he had and placing it before her, which she did ample justice to. All this time he was trying to realise whether he was awake or dreaming. Said he:

"Fairy, fairy, sure it must be a fairy—so exquisitely beautiful—such delicate hands—such beautiful arms—such slender waist, and snow-white, heaving breast. Oh! what exquisitely beautiful features, dark, brilliant eyes and raven curls; impossible for such heavenly beauty to be of this earth. When she finishes her meal I am sure she will vanish into the air. How I wish I could keep her—"

Tim started as if he had received an electric shock, for he caught himself talking aloud, and saw that the lady had some misgivings as to whether he was insane or not. Tim excused himself by again saying:

"I assure you, my lady, it seems so very odd that you should be here, that I cannot help thinking you are the queen of the fairies, just come from fairyland at my request, to bring me good tidings, for it is impossible that a being like you should bring evil."

"Pray, sir," replied the lady, "how can I convince you that I am mortal flesh and blood, like yourself?"

"The test I would ask," replied Tim, "is one by which I cannot be deceived; but I know it is forbidden and would not be tolerated by fairies, yet in mortals is one of heavenly bliss. Then be not offended, dear fairy, but allow me to have one kiss from those rosy lips. If thou be flesh and blood thou wilt not refuse; for I cannot realize that such an angelic form should be flesh and blood, roaming these hills, and drop, as from heaven, into my cabin at such a time as this."

"Well, really, sir," replied the lady, "it does seem very strange indeed; but I came cautiously to your door, and when I passed your window I saw you here alone. I hesitated some time, considering whether to knock or not, when you commenced talking. I thought there might be some others here that I did not see when I passed your window, and when I saw you here alone, and stagger as you did, and heard you talk as you do, I thought you were mad, or labouring under some other dreadful hallucination."

"Indeed," said Tim, "it does seem to me yet that I am dreaming, and I cannot tell for the life of me whether I am asleep or awake."

"Perhaps," said the lady, "you will be better convinced in the morning, when you have slept, and find me here when you know that you have awoke from your sleep."

"Perhaps I may," said Tim, yet doubting if he would find her there in the morning.

However, Tim showed her his bed and made her comfortable, then made his own bed at the door, in order that the door could not be opened without his knowing it, determined, if possible, to keep the fairy there all night—for such he still thought her to be.

Tim did not intend to sleep that night, but, in spite of his efforts, he was soon sleeping soundly, and dreaming of travelling through all fairyland.

When he awoke the next morning, the sun was shining through the window into his face. He did not move or stir as usual, although it was very late for him to be in bed.

He was trying to collect his mind, running over the events of the previous day and the dreams of the night, and trying to get at what was real and what was a dream. His mind was confused, and he again fell asleep.

The lady awoke much refreshed, and waited long for Tim to get up; but he was too happy in his dreams to awake.

Finally she arose, and slipped softly through the door, which she could open just enough to allow her to pass.

Meanwhile Tim awoke, and bethought himself that it was time to rise.

He sprang to his feet and cast a look at the bed, and lo! no one was there!

He stood and gazed some minutes at the bed, and then broke forth.

"Fairy—sure it was a fairy that visited me last night, and I have allowed it to escape without knowing for what it came—fool that I was! Never mind,

Tim, old boy," he said to himself, "they say fairies will come the second time, and then I—"

Just then he was again interrupted by the door opening, and he was confronted by the lady.

"Sir," said she, "I see that you will make me something that I am not. I awoke and the sun was shining, and I lay waiting for you to get up; but you slept so soundly I thought you wouldn't soon awake, so I got up and have been looking at your premises, and viewing the scenery, and thinking what a beautiful place it was, and how I should love to live here myself. How pleasant it must be in summer, when the hills are green and the flowers in bloom."

"Oh! 'tis pleasant indeed," said Tim, his eyes brightening with joy as he launched forth in praises of his home. "I have lived here seven long years, alone, and no one to share my joys or pity my ills; and you are the first lady that, to my knowledge, has ever been upon my place, or set foot in my house; and I can scarcely yet think but what you are of some other and better land."

"Indeed, sir, you are hard to undecieve; but I hope you will be soon."

"Unless I am," said Tim, "I shall be more confirmed in my belief, and shall be asking you to tell me of things that I might hope for at your hands."

"As to your hopes, sir, I know not. Yet I would that you may now and for ever be undecieved as to my being a fairy; and if you will permit me to rest here to-day I will endeavour to set your mind at ease on that subject."

"Certainly," replied Tim, rejoiced that she did not wish to leave that day.

"Then, Tim," said she, "be at once undecieved."

So saying, she let fall her disguise, and there stood his old friend, Jack W—

It is needless to add that whenever fairies are mentioned Tim has business at the other end of the town.

W. H. A.

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

THE finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and brightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be received without love.

Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected as from a mirror, by every countenance to which they are turned; but if a winning aspect excites desire, it is but that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object. Among particular graces, the simple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency; so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object; he tells you that it is a something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a claim which is in no peculiar set of features, but is, perhaps, possible to all. This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient suffering, and the glow of filial obedience; in the tender solicitude of friendship, and, in tears, whether of joy, of pity or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

The greatest beauty is in the mind,
Whether of man or woman kind.

J. A.

CALCINED FLINT.—In 1720, during one of his journeys to London, the horse Astbury rode became affected with a disorder in one of its eyes; he, therefore, upon arriving at Banbury, consulted the ostler of the Inn at which he stayed. The man, well skilled in simple remedies, fetched a nodule of the flint common in the neighbourhood, burnt it to a red heat in the fire of the room in which the traveller sat, and after plunging it into water, reduced it easily into a fine powder. A portion of this he blew into the horse's eyes, to their immediate relief and present cure. Astbury watched this process, and being attracted by the whiteness of the calcined flint, and the easy method by which it had been reduced to powder, it occurred to him, by one of those happy inferences which, empirical as they are, have been so fruitful of results in relation to scientific advance, that the same substance might be found useful as a material in pottery. Will-

ing to try the experiment, he had some flints collected and forwarded by wagon to Shelton, where upon his return they were fired in a kiln after the ware was baked, and then pulverized in a mortar. This powder he mixed with pipe-clay and water, and tried it as a wash for hollow ware. The result exceeded his expectations; he eventually introduced calcined flint into the body of his white ware, with the best possible effect, both as regarded a larger amount of vitrification and a purer colour.—*Meteyard's Life of Wedgwood.*

It would seem that there was some foundation for the report of the attack on the Emperor, which startled Europe some weeks since. His Majesty was visiting Relzair, when the whole tribe suddenly surrounded him at the entrance of the village, and menacingly demanded the release of their relatives imprisoned in France since the last insurrection. His Majesty most cheerfully acquiesced under the circumstances, and showed that discretion is the better part of valour.

OATH OF OFFICE.—The following is the oath required to be taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—"You shall serve the Queen our Sovereign Lady and her people in the office of Chancellor or Under Treasurer. And you shall do right to all manner of people, poor and rich, of such things as toucheth your office. And the Queen's treasure truly you shall keep and dispend. And truly you shall counsel the Queen, and her counsel you shall lain and keep. And that you shall neither know nor suffer the Queen's hurt nor her disinheriting. Nor that the rights of the Crown be distressed by any means as far forth as you may let, and if you may not let it, you make knowledge thereof clearly and expressly to the Queen with your true advice and counsel. And you shall do and purchase the Queen's profit in all that you may reasonably do. As God shall help you."

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

[Seventh Notice.]

We continue our illustrations of the more prominent objects of art and industrial manufacture in the Irish International Exhibition; our first illustration this week being a very admirable production in wood-carving, by a native of the sister island, and exhibited by Mr. Johnson, of Surrey Street, Dublin.

CARVED BOOK-COVER.

Few who see for the first time this exquisite work of art, consisting as it does of such a mass of intricate and delicate forms, can readily believe that it is the work of peasant hands, and comes from "up in the mountains." Yet such it is. This, and the elaborately cut toy oak casket standing near it, which forms a present to the Princess of Wales, were carved by an Irish mountain peasant, named Thomas Rogers. He inhabits a romantic spot about ten miles from Dublin, called Glen Aswol, which is Hibernian for the "Valley of the Thrush."

Among the Irish he has already the reputation of being actually unrivalled in style, and it is indeed doubtful if there be such carving in Europe as his. His leaves and fruit are not only delicately and faithfully traced, but all stand out in strong and true relief from their base. It seems as though this worker in tough old oak had determined upon rivalling the greatest of the Swiss carvers, who use a soft and easily-cut wood, very different from the timber of which this book-cover is made, a block taken from the old roof of the library of Trinity College, where it has experienced many a winter's and summer's seasoning.

The design, which is also very creditable, has been furnished by Mr. D'Olier, and the book itself is a pedigree of the D'Olier family, in *fac-simile*, exceedingly well illuminated.

MACHINERY IN MOTION.—COTTON MULES.

Although the department consisting of machinery in motion is, in point of size and number of articles of fresh inventive genius exhibited, much inferior to



[CARVED OAK BOOK-COVER.]

EXHIBITED BY JOHNSON, OF SURREY STREET, DUBLIN.

some previous displays, there are, notwithstanding, crammed into the space allotted so many instances of the marvels of modern mechanism, that it becomes no easy task to select from them one more worthy than the rest of special mention. Conspicuously occupying a large portion of the room, and at once arresting the eye by the beauty of their life-like motion, are several "mules" for spinning cotton. There are whole regiments of cotton-spindles whirling round with surprising order and regularity. These machines are worked and exhibited by their inventors and patentees, Messrs. Dobson and Barlow, of Bolton. This firm supplies machines for the preparation of cotton, from its first "picking" from the plant by the natives, to the complete and beautiful state we find it in as it comes from the "mules," which form the subject of the accompanying engraving. This manufacture of the raw cotton is so interesting, and the facilities for following it through its different stages of preparation are afforded so liberally and completely at the Dublin Exhibition, that it will be as well, before explaining the principles of the "mule" illustrated, to mention briefly the preliminaries.

When the cotton-fruit is picked from the plant, it is in shape much like an apple or orange, and of a brownish hue. The rind is first separated from it and thrown aside; that is useless and done with. Inside is a mass which appears like a veil of wool, of a tolerably white colour. This is composed of sections, four or five in number, like an orange. The first machine process the veil has to undergo is for the purpose of extracting the pipe or seeds which are inside it. The natives have to perform this operation before exporting it, for three reasons:—Firstly, because the seed is of itself of value, and generally of most value where it has been grown; secondly, because the seed forms about fifty per cent. of the total weight of the cotton; and thirdly, because the more the seed is bruised in the cotton the less value it becomes, on account of the difficulty of separating the little broken particles of seed from the cotton. The object of the first machines, called "gins," which Messrs. Dobson and Barlow send abroad, is therefore to extract the seed as cleanly and

entire as possible before it is packed in bales for exportation.

On its arrival in England, it is passed through a "double cotton opener," which reduces it to something like shape and uniformity. Next it is taken to the "scutchers," No. 1, and No. 2. No. 1 forms the cotton into a "lap" or flat layer. No. 2 doubles four of the laps into one and draws it out. After this, the "carding engines" clean out and lay the fibres straight side by side; the cotton at this stage appearing like a broad coarse ribbon. The "drawing frame," which follows, concentrates, lengthens and lays it still more evenly. Finally, the "slobbing frames" round, draw, twist, and wind the thread on a bobbin, when it is ready for use, as shown upon the "mules" depicted in our illustration.

These frameworks apparently consist of two rows of bobbins, containing the cotton, small and large, the large fixed and the small travelling slowly to and from them. Starting with the large ones, which are those we have just followed from the plant, we find the threads descend a little and pass (receiving a slight squeeze) between three double rollers. The first pair merely draw the thread slowly away, unwinding it from the bobbins. The second pair move faster than the first, consequently, as the thread is squeezed through, it is elongated. The thread is therefore already thinner after it has passed the first rollers. The third pair of rollers are a kind of repetition of the second, lengthening and thinning still more. By a reference to the engraving, it will be seen that the threads now cross from the "giving-out" bobbins at the back to those receiving in front. By a most ingenious bit of mechanism, the moveable framework, as it travels back, drawing the cotton off the bobbins, twists it, stops at a given place, stops the giving-out bobbins, returns quickly, and begins again. Were not everything adjusted with the greatest nicety, the threads—which appear indeed to be drawn dangerously tight

would be incessantly snapping. The result attained by the process the cotton has undergone in the machine is that it is far finer rendered and is also twisted.

Messrs. Dobson and Barlow exhibit photographs of all the machines mentioned. Had there been only sufficient space allotted to them, a collection of these all shown at work, would have formed a most interesting and instructive mechanical study.

A machine shown for winding silk is also especially interesting, from the fact that it has immediate reference to a branch of local manufacture for which Dublin is famous, and, indeed, unrivalled, viz. tinsmith. Hard by are wondrous constructions for assisting the carpenter and joiner, grim iron affairs which would need a skilled and cunning workman to say what they would not do in hole-boring, mortising, sawing, with the beautiful little circular saw, and by mere adaptation, performing a score of operations.

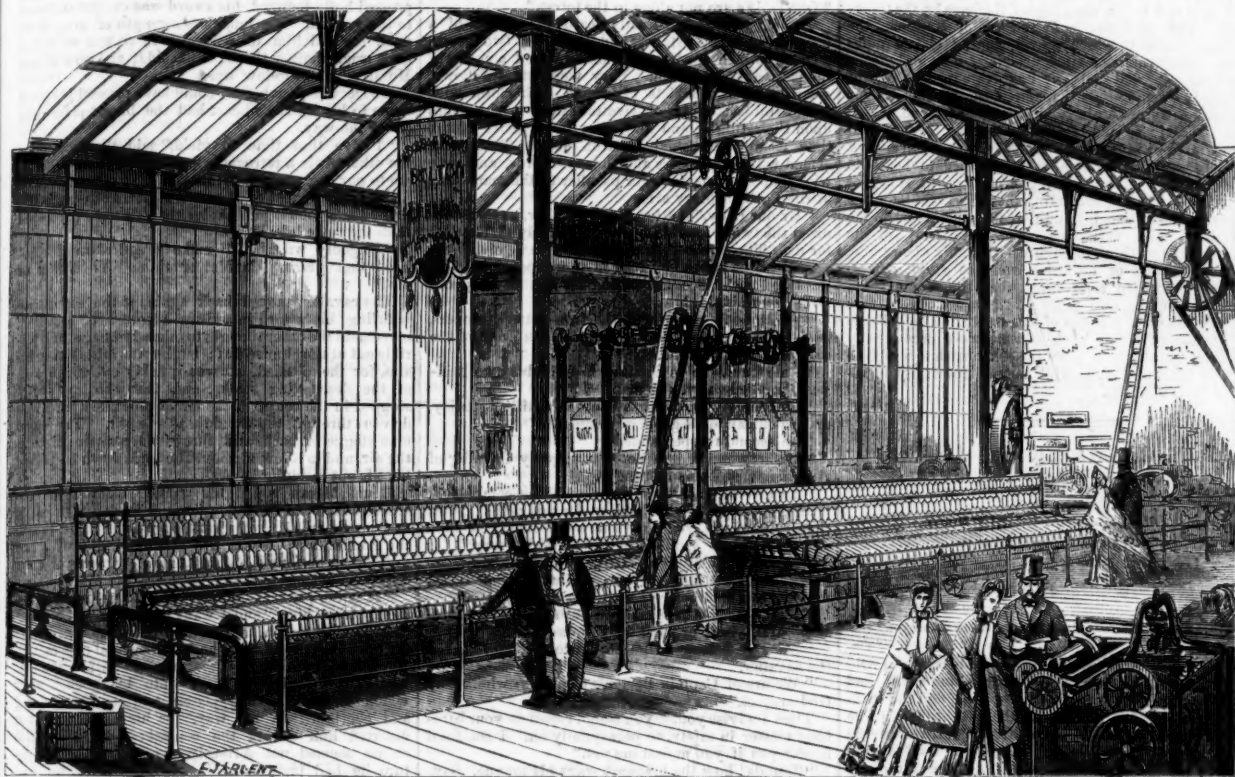
There is in one corner of the room a bullet-making machine, which turns simple leaden wire, run into its mysterious depths from feeding-reels above it, into murderous little bullets of the most varied and approved shapes, at the rate of half-a-dozen thousand an hour. A melancholy interest hangs about this little machine (toy-looking as it is), inasmuch as its efficacy has just been tested in America.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

THE ceremony of blessing the Golden Rose takes place on the fourth Sunday in Lent, which is sometimes called Dominica Rosa from this circumstance; but more commonly "Dominica Letare Hierusalem," from the introit of the mass beginning that day with these words of the Prophet Isaiah.

On this day the altar is more richly adorned with flowers, &c., than on any other Sunday; the cardinals wear rose-coloured vestures, the priests who perform mass are clothed in dalmatics and robes of violet, and the Pope, on his way to the church in which the ceremony is performed, traverses the city on horseback in solemn procession, bearing in his hands the Golden Rose; and, formerly, the rose, with its symbolism, was taken as the subject upon which he preached on this day: a sermon preached by Innocent III. on this occasion is still extant.

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[DOBSON AND BARLOW'S COTTON MULE—MACHINERY DEPARTMENT.]

The following are the principal ceremonies observed in the consecration of the rose:

The Pope, being arrayed in his amice, alb, girdle, stole, pluvial, and mitre, approaches the altar, on which are placed two candelabra, and having taken off his mitre, commences the service with the sentence, "Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini." After the response, "Qui fecit cælum et terram," he continues, "Dominus vobiscum," and this being responded to, "Et cum spiritu suo," he recites the prayer of benediction. This prayer being ended, he anoints the Golden Rose which is on each little branch with balsam, and lays upon it pounded musk, which are severally furnished him by the sacristan; then placing incense in the thurible in the usual manner, sprinkles the rose with holy water and incenses it.

During this time the chaplain of the Apostolic Chamber holds the rose, which he now gives to the cardinal deacon on his right hand, and he again into the hands of the Pontiff, who, bearing the rose in his left hand, and giving the benediction with his right, proceeds to the chapel, the cardinal deacons on every side holding up the border of the pluvial; when he has reached the faldstool, he gives the rose to the deacon, who delivers it to the chaplain of the chamber, and he places it upon the altar.

When the mass is concluded, the Pontiff, having delivered a discourse from the altar, receives the rose again, which he carries back to his chamber; and if there is no one then attending the Court of Rome to whom it has been determined to give the rose which His Holiness has that day blessed, he assembles the cardinals around, and a council is held, at which the reigning sovereign, state, or distinguished personage to whom the same shall be presented is decided upon.

When the rose is presented to any sovereign prince who is staying at Rome, he is summoned before the Pope, who delivers it to him as he kneels before him, saying, "Accept this rose at our hands, who, albeit unworthy, hold the place of God on earth, by which rose is typified the joy of the heavenly Jerusalem and of the Church Militant; by which, to all the faithful in Christ, is manifested that most benedict flower which is the joy and crown of all saints; receive this, thou dearly beloved son—who art, according to the age, noble, potent, and endowed with many virtues, that thou mayest be more fully ennobled with every virtue in Christ Jesus our Lord—as a rose planted by the streams of many waters; this grace may He vouchsafe to grant unto thee, who is Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity, for ever and ever, Amen. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

This ceremony sometimes, however, took place in the chapel after the mass was concluded. He to whom the rose was presented, after kissing the hand and foot of the Pontiff, and returning thanks to him for the honour which he had conferred upon him, as soon as the Pope had taken off his pontifical vestures, is conducted home, bearing the rose in his hand, by the college of cardinals, between two of the older deans, after all the other cardinals, and escorted by the running footmen of the Roman Court, with their staves, and who on this day receive presents from the individual to whom the rose has been presented.

This ceremony sometimes takes place in the Lateran Church, in the Church of Santo Croce; and it is recorded by Peter of Blois that, in 1177, Pope Alexander III., being at Venice, performed the ceremony in the Church of St. Mark, and presented the rose to the then Doge, as a token of the esteem and affection of the Holy See.

IMPORTANCE OF REST.—How much has been written about water, air, food, exercise, dress, and other hygienic materials and influences, and how little about rest! As a remedial measure, rest is of vastly more importance than has been generally supposed. As a therapeutic means, its place is at the head of the hygienic *materia medica*. Very little skill, comparatively, is required for a practitioner. But a vastly greater fund of professional knowledge is required to know when and how to let the patient alone. One half the world is drugged to death when sick, and one-half of the remainder is fretted to death. We have frequently saved life by standing between the patients and their friends. The world has got a bad fashion of making a terrible ado, keeping up a constant consternation, nursing and fussing continually, while anxious relatives, sympathising friends, mysteriously gibbering doctors, meddlesome nurses, and whispering watchers, add their mighty influence to the wrong side, and all because somebody is sick and needs rest. And the whole mischief is traceable to a false dogma in medical science in relation to the nature of disease. The authors teach that disease is an entity, a thing which travels about, pervades the air, penetrates our dwellings, and finally attacks us; and this absurd phantasm is easily transmogrified by the ignorant and unthinking multitude (unthinking on this subject, we mean) into something analogous to a witch, a ghost, a goblin, spook, fiend, or demon, which nothing but the doctor's poisons, dealt out by the doctor's own hand or pen, can assuage, pacify, eradicate, exercise, kill, or cure.

The charms, incantations, and amulets of the ancients were not more silly, and the necromancy and pow-wows of the Indian tribes of the present day are not more ridiculous (and they are predicated on precisely the same false notions of the nature of disease) than are the dosing, and drugging, and slopping, and stuffing, and watching, and fretting of the regular physicians of to-day, and the patrons and nurses of their school. Nine out of ten of all the maladies of all the people of the world would get well in a few hours, or days, if left to themselves, with no other appliances than such as instinct would suggest and common sense employ. Yet in nine cases out of the ten the doctor is called, and if he be a drugopathic doctor, one half his patients are in danger of a protracted illness, and one half of these are sure of a ruined constitution, not because of the disease, but be-consequence of the drugs. When we visit a patient in the country, our greatest difficulty is to keep the friends quiet, when nothing but let-alone-iveness is needed. All are willing to do something; everyone is anxious to lend a helping hand; and people generally estimate a physician's knowledge and skill by the extent or variety of his prescriptions. Few can understand the quietly-working, yet efficient remedial resources of nature when undisturbed.

The death is announced of Sir Thomas Staples, father of the Irish Bar, and who had nearly completed his 90th year. He was the last member of the Irish House of Commons, in which assembly he sat for the borough of Coleraine, and subsequently for Knocktopher, county Kilkenny. He voted against the Union.

THE RECIPROCAL HYGROSCOPICITY OF CHLORIDE OF CALCIUM AND SULPHURIC ACID.—Götz placed weighed quantities of these two bodies in separate vessels and left them side by side in a close tube for several months. In one experiment he used quite dry, and in another moist chloride of calcium. In the former case, the two bodies only removed some moisture from the air; in the second, the sulphuric acid removed nearly two equivalents of water from the chloride of calcium. The author concludes that solution of chloride of calcium containing 73.1 CaCl and 26.9 HO, and sulphuric acid with 74.84 SO₃ and 25.66 HO are equal in their desiccating action. He remarked that after exposure together a trace of sulphuric acid is to be found in the chloride of calcium, which he ascribes to the tension of the hydrated acid.

DIARY DURING A TRIP TO THE HAGUE IN 1827.—We departed in the morning for Harleem by the track-boat. This city stands by the Sea of Harleem, the communication to which is by a canal of eleven miles long. Harleem, once so flourishing, now only contains about 22,000 souls; it has five churches, one of which is worthy of particular remark for its size, for its fine tower, but, above all, for its fine organ, which has 8,600 pipes and sixty-eight stops. We visited this church at nine o'clock in the evening, with a party of Germans who had come some distance to hear the organ played. It was during a most awful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, that the organist commenced to impress his auditory by opening with the "Storm," with variations. The large body of the church was at this time lighted with only one candle, yet the flashes of lightning were so vivid, and so quickly succeeded each other, that the whole space was illuminated, and fitting figures seemed to pass behind the dark recesses of the tombs. The bells, as is customary during such storms, were occasionally ringing, all of which gave the scene such a combination of the grand and awful as will not easily be effaced from memory.

THE CAVALIER OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAVALIER AND THE HERMIT.

Quentinberg.—You lead your son into the secret?

Oscar.—No!

Quentinberg.—

I must perforce

Leave him in wardship to his innocence.

Schiller.

His—

Say,

And speak roundly, what are we to deem you?

Idid.

The times were anything but "merrie" in Old England. Richard Cromwell, timid and weak, had succeeded his father to the Protectorate, and the leading officers in the army were the real rulers. The Roundheads, or Parliamentary troops, were scattered over the kingdom, being themselves divided into several parties, with conflicting interests, and in many sections they had degenerated into mere bands of predatory marauders. The Cavaliers, or Royalists, still held some points, though they enjoyed little peace, and were often forced to submit to the grossest indignities. For a little time the change from the dissolute rule of Charles I. to the stern government of Oliver Cromwell had been a change for the better; but the death of that Iron Man had left the country at the mercy of irresponsible chiefs, and a majority of the people, who longed for peace once more, were ready to welcome their absent prince, Charles II., to the throne.

It was afternoon of a pleasant day in early summer. Upon the southern confines of the old Forest of Arden, in Warwickshire, along a road that wound round the foot of a well wooded hill, rode a single horseman. He was young—not more than four-and-twenty—and rode with that peculiar ease and grace which betokened him well used to the saddle. He was of faultless form; stout of limb, broad and full about the chest and shoulders; and his erect posture, with the head thrown slightly back, was suggestive of strong lungs and unimpaired vigour. His face was somewhat bronzed by exposure to storm and sunshine, but the rich blood, coursing freely through the minutest veins, gave a softening tone to the handsome features, and, take him all in all, he was such a one as a fair lady might love and a foeman fear. His dress was of the style of the cavaliers of the time. His doublet was of crimson silk, the loose sleeves ornamented with knots of blue ribbon; and his boots, of russet leather, with high, loose tops, were armed with a pair of small silver spurs. Upon his head he wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, upon the right side of which was a heavy ostrich feather. His hair, of a rich brown hue, flashing with golden light where it caught the sunbeams, floated far down over his broad shoulders in a glossy mass of luxuriant curls. By his side he wore a long, heavy sword, the solid steel hilt of which betokened it to be rather for service than for show; and in the holsters at his saddle-bow he carried a pair of heavy Flemish pistols.

"Well, well," he said to himself, as his horse came to a walk, "these are dark times for England. The merry days are gone, and the clouds are thick and plenty. And why should I care? What is it to me who rules in the land? What have I in common with my kind? If I live, what shall I gain; and if I die, who shall miss me? Thou, my faithful beast, art my best friend, after all!"

The horse, as though he understood his master's words, threw up his head with a neigh of assent, and started again into a trot. In a very few moments, however, the animal came to a dead halt, with pricked ears and open nostrils.

"Ha—what is it now?" demanded the rider.

"Oho! We are not alone in the forest." As he spoke he distinctly heard the sound of a tramp at no great distance, and ere long two horsemen made their appearance, coming round a curve in the path ahead of him. They were stout fellows, wearing short doublets of coarse dark cloth, with breast and back plates of rivetted steel, iron cuishes upon their thighs, and the open head-pieces of the time usually denominated "iron pots." They were armed with long spears and heavy swords, and rode with that insolent swagger peculiar to the marauders of the Parliamentary army.

"By our Lady," muttered the cavalier, as he recognized the two Roundheads, "here is likely to be work for us. Those rascals know not how to be civil."

And as he spoke he loosened the flaps of his holsters, and with his elbow swung the hilt of his sword away from his thigh.

"What ho!" cried one of the iron-potted troopers, as the two came to a halt within a dozen paces of the cavalier. "Who art thou?"

"I am one who is inclined to mind his own business," replied the young man.

"By the holy rood, but thou art a dashing popinjay, and an enemy to all good government!"

The second trooper added: "Beshrew me, if it is not that ungodly Cavalier of Arden, named Louis Moran!"

"As I live, thou'rt right!" exclaimed his companion. "Our good captain will thank us for this prize. Now, thou child of sin, yield thyself a prisoner, and thou mayest save the spoiling of thy foppish finery."

"If you know my character as well as you know my name," returned Moran, "you will understand that I must be captured before I am a prisoner."

"Knaave, thou'rt preparing an untimely end for thyself. Wilt yield, or must we unhorse thee?"

"Do you belong to Ralph Barton's gang?" asked the cavalier.

"We are of Captain Barton's company, whom may God protect."

Then I advise you, if you would report to your baron's master in safety, to pass quietly on. I shall not hinder you if you molest me not."

"Zounds! how the braggart wags his tongue. Say, thou courtly sprig, shall we send thy bleeding body as a present to the Lord of Clifton, or wilt thou go alive with us to Captain Barton's camp?"

"By Saint Paul!" cried Moran, drawing his sword, and rising in his stirrups, "you can play your own game. Know that I despise and spit upon your whole canting, hypocritical gang of cut-throats!"

With an oath such as Cromwell never taught his soldiers to use, the foremost trooper levelled his long spear, and dashed forward. With an easy movement, the cavalier's horse, of his own accord, leaped aside, and as the spearman sped past, he received a blow upon his shoulder that brought another oath from his lips.

Then, quick as thought, Moran changed his sword to the left hand, while with the right he drew one of his pistols, and shot the second trooper through the neck. The bullet must have touched the spine near the base of the brain, for the man dropped from his saddle instantly, and lay upon the ground without life or motion. His companion had wheeled, and was coming again at full tilt; and this time, to avoid the spear, Moran was forced to slip from his saddle; but before he did so he had grasped his second pistol, which he fired rather too hastily, for the bullet, instead of hitting his enemy, struck the horse just behind the ear, causing him to rear so suddenly that his rider went over backward upon the greensward. The Roundhead, however, was not hurt, and quickly gaining his feet, he drew his sword.

"Now, thou son of Belial," he shouted, "if thine accursed pistols are empty, we'll see how quickly thy ungodly race shall be ended!"

Nothing could have suited the cavalier better than this. His own sword was in his hand, the well-tried blade of which had been thoroughly proved, and he had no fear of the result. The Roundhead was a man of large frame, and he advanced to the conflict with much confidence, thinking, no doubt, to crush his opponent by brute force.

"This for thy gaily bedecked head!" he said, as he made a desperate cut.

But his sword was stopped in mid air, and turned harmlessly away.

"This for thy throat!" cried Moran.

"Ha! thou canst not cheat me so," retorted the Roundhead, seeking to turn away a thrust from his side, toward which point the cavalier's point was really aimed.

Louis Moran quickly discovered that he had to deal with a swordsman who was no novice, and he became more careful in his play. Still he had a decided advantage over his antagonist in freedom of limb, for the iron armour, though it protected the breast of the latter, served to cumber him.

The cavalier moved back a pace, and as the other pressed hotly forward, his sword was caught and bent to the ground. His immense strength of arm, however, enabled him to recover it in season to spring back from another thrust at his side; and now it was Moran's turn to follow up.

Twice the young man could have pressed his point home to his foeman's heart had the breast-plate been out of the way.

"I give thee time to yield," said the trooper, as the other made a retrograde movement. "Come with me to our camp, and we'll make a man of thee."

"I'll make just of thee, thou canting knave! By Saint Paul, thou'lt puff harder than that ere thy sword finds entrance here!"

"Ungodly wretch, I'll make a sad stain of blood upon that glaring doublet of thine. Yield thee or die!"

The cavalier moved back again, at the same time whirling his sword in a circle before him, of which movement the other thought to take advantage for a terrible cut at the plumed hat; but he was mistaken in his aim, for the plumed hat was quickly out of the way of the descending stroke, and the whirling sword stopped in the centre of the circle, and like a flash was driven through the Roundhead's neck. The stout man staggered back, and threw his weapon high in the air, and in a few moments he sank down breathing his life out in bitter curses.

Louis Moran wiped his stained blade upon the coarse doublet of the fallen foe, and having restored it to its scabbard, he set about examining the bodies of the Roundheads. Upon the person of him who had first fallen he found nothing but a few pieces of coin, which he did not take.

"It is the price of infamy," he said, as he cast the money from him, "and I want none of it."

In further search, however, he was more successful; for upon the second body he found several papers, two of which bore the signature of Ralph Barton. These he folded up and put into his pocket, after which he reloaded his pistols, and then remounted and continued on his way, for his horse had not deserted him during the contest; and as he rode on he seemed not seriously moved by the adventure he had just met. In the first place, he had been for some years used to scenes and experiences of deadly conflict; and, furthermore, he regarded these predatory ruffians as a curse to the land, whom to resist was a duty; and, further still, he sincerely believed that there could be no real peace in the realm until some duly recognized head of the government should wear the royal crown.

By and by the cavalier struck the right bank of the Avon, and just as the sun was sinking behind the tree-tops, he pulled up before the door of a small hut which stood in a secluded nook, shielded upon the north by a rocky bluff, with the waters of the river washing the pebbly shore not many yards away. Having dismounted, and hitched his horse, he entered the hut without ceremony.

An old man, past three-score, with flowing hair and beard of a silvery whiteness, and clad in a robe of grey cloth reaching from his neck to his feet, was the only occupant of the place. His form, once tall and powerful, was now bent, and the many deep lines upon the brow and upon the face were indicative of a burden other than that of time.

The only name by which he was known to the people who had occasion to pass that way was Vanderthorpe, and he had lived the life of a hermit in the solitude of the deep forest for many years. Whence he came none living knew, and the curious had sought in vain to solve the mystery of his life.

The young man stopped upon the threshold, and regarded the hermit with a look of most profound veneration and respect.

"Louis Moran, I am glad to see thee."

And as the old man thus spoke, he arose from the wooden bench upon which he had been seated, and extended his hand to his visitor.

"And I am glad I find thee well," returned Moran.

"Not very well, my son, but still I am living. But sit thee down and tell me what there is of news. Two Roundhead lancers passed my door this afternoon, and I judged from their manner that some new plan of depredation was on foot."

"Such may be the case," said the cavalier, after he had seated himself, "but I woe that the two knaves whom you saw will have little to do with it."

"Did you meet them, Louis?"

"Yes, father, and I gave them their quietus."

"How?"

The young man told the story of his adventure, to which his host listened with much interest.

"By the holy rood, my son, but you did marvellously well. These rascals are becoming a pest and a burden. Since the ruling power of Cromwell has been withdrawn, they have taken the reins into their own hands. But, Louis, you have ridden far

and must be hungry. We will sup, and then converse at our leisure, for I trust you will pass the night with me."

While the hermit prepared the meal, Louis went out and secured his horse in comfortable quarters, and carried his saddle into the hut; and when they had eaten supper, the daylight was so far gone that Vanderthorpe was forced to light a candle to enable him to clear away the board.

"Now, my son," said the old man, when he had resumed his seat, "have you seen the Earl of Clifton lately?"

"Yes, father—I left the castle this noon."

"And how fares it with Sir Robert?"

"He is well and strong."

"And what of his brother Donald?"

"I cannot tell you, save that he comes and goes as it pleases him. Sir Robert, I think, loves his brother; but I have no confidence in him."

"And how is it with the Lady Gertrude?" asked Vanderthorpe.

"She is well," replied Moran.

His voice faltered a little, and he gazed down upon the floor.

A few moments passed in silence, and then the cavalier exclaimed, with considerable impetuosity:

"Vanderthorpe, I have left the castle never to return!"

"How, my son?" cried the hermit, with a sudden start of surprise.

"I have left Clifton Castle for good. I can go back there no more."

"Has the earl—"

"The earl has done nothing," interrupted Louis.

"Then why this strange determination?"

"Because I am out of my place there. What am I in the earl's household more than the humblest of his servants? Ay—am I not less than any of them?"

The old man made no reply, and presently the cavalier continued:

"Vanderthorpe, you can tell me some things which I would know. You can tell me who my parents were."

"I cannot, my son."

"Does the earl know who my parents were?"

"I think he does not."

"Some one must know."

"And that some one you have yet to find," said the hermit. "Be patient, Louis, and perform the duties that present themselves, meanwhile trusting that the time to come will yield you the knowledge you seek."

"So I will trust," cried the youth; "but I will be no more dependent upon the earl."

"You are not dependent upon him," said Vanderthorpe, with emphasis.

"But I have been so."

"No, Louis."

"Yes, yes, good father," persisted the cavalier. "Since I can remember I have been a dependent upon the bounty of the earl. Be sure, I have not found a home at the castle, but I have been an inmate of one of his dwellings, and I know that my education is due to him."

"Louis Moran, in the days gone by, Robert Lindsay, now Earl of Clifton, may have been dependent in some way upon your father. Who knows? At all events, I think I may give you the assurance that either to your father, or to some immediate relative of yours, Lord Clifton owes much. And, furthermore, does he not owe something to you? Who has commanded his men-at-arms when danger threatened him? Who has trained those men-at-arms till they have become useful soldiers? Ah, Louis, there is something beyond what you have spoken. Is not Edmund Lindsay at the castle?"

"Yes."

"And you have had some words with him?"

"No, sir."

As the old man now regarded his youthful friend, a new light seemed to break upon him.

"My son," he said, "perhaps I have your secret. Gertrude Lindsay looks with favouring eyes upon her cousin Edmund."

"No, no," cried Moran, vehemently, "I do not believe it."

"Then," pursued the hermit, "Edmund may be inclined to press his suit in that direction."

The cavalier started to his feet as though he had received a sudden blow, he crossed the narrow apartment to the door, and then came back.

"Good father," he said, sinking into his seat, "when I have spoken I beg that the subject may be dropped for ever. I know you will think me foolish, but I cannot help it. Gertrude Lindsay is so far removed from me that I can never hope to be more than her friend; and yet I cannot remain there and see her bestow her priceless love upon another! Nor must I remain where the love I cannot crush can only gnaw more and more painfully at my heart!"

Before Vanderthorpe could make any reply, some

one knocked at the door, and while he went to see who was there, the youth bowed his head upon his hands, murmuring to himself:

"Farewell, sweet Gertrude! May heaven's richest blessings be thine; and may good angels guard and keep thee always! Thou wilt never know how I have loved thee. Never! Never!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ARQUEBUSIERS.

I see with boding heart the near approach
Of an unbiest catastrophe!

German Tragedy.

"It was good Mark Waldron, the woodman," said Vanderthorpe, when he had returned from the door. "He has just come from Stratford, and he says that numbers of the Roundhead soldiers are moving in the forest."

"They are Ralph Barton's men," replied Louis; "and a more rascally set of plunderers never went free."

"They are not all Barton's men," pursued the hermit. "Mark says some of them are from the South; and he thinks they have some marauding plan on foot. 'Did you not find papers upon the body of one of those men you slew?'"

"Yes," answered the cavalier, now effectually aroused from his despondency by this new turn in affairs; "and two of them, I remember, bore the signature of Ralph Barton."

"Have you read them?"

"No."

"Then let us examine them. Papers from the Roundhead captain may throw some light upon the matter."

The papers were produced, and the two men drew their seats to the table where the candle stood. The first document bearing Barton's signature was a simple requisition upon a purveyor in Stratford for certain articles of provisions. The second, however, was of more importance; it ran as follows:

"Chiefs of Sections will be ready to move with us on Friday evening. There is work to be done, so fail not."
RALPH BARTON.

The paper was without date; but it had evidently been recently written.

"That movement," said Louis, "whatever it may be, is yet in prospect, for I know that nothing of the kind has lately taken place. To-day is Thursday. It must mean to-morrow evening."

"Let us look further," suggested Vanderthorpe. "We may find more."

And they did find more. They found one scrawl, bearing the initials of Barton, which read as follows:

"Thomas Harlowe, our trusty leader of Carbineers, will be sure that his men join me on or before Friday, at the setting of the sun. Clifton has held out too long."

"By my life!" cried Moran, when he had deciphered this, "the villains mean to attack the castle."

"There can be no doubt of it," said the hermit. "If they can capture Clifton they will gain a rich prize."

"Mercy on me! have they the audacity?"

"They have the audacity for anything, my son. They think England is at their mercy."

"It is very plain," added Louis, "that Clifton is to be attacked; and if the attack is made at night, and unexpectedly to the inmates, the castle may fall into the hands of the enemy."

The cavalier arose and walked several times across the room.

"The earl has been a friend to me," he finally resumed, stopping near the table, "and I must not forsake him in this strait."

"Especially," said the hermit, "when you are the only one who can convey to him the warning necessary to put him on his guard."

"You are right, good father. I will return to Clifton, for I cannot have it upon my conscience that I forsake a friend in his hour of need. I will remain here to-night and start with the first breaking of day. That, I think, will answer."

"Yes," replied Vanderthorpe, "your horse can take you there in two hours if you go by the forest-path."

"I will do one more battle for my friends," continued the youth, "and then I may leave England."

"Leave England?" repeated the old man. "No, no, Louis, you must not do that."

"And why not?"

"Because England is your home."

"A home without a nook of love which I can call my own," cried the cavalier, with a touch of bitterness in his tone. "Ah, my father, such a home is not for me."

"And if you go abroad, what place will you seek?"

"I will seek Charles Stuart. If he must for ever be an outcast from the realm which is by right his own, I will share the sorrow with him. But I do not believe he will be kept much longer away. The signs of the times are in his favour."

Vanderthorpe shook his head.

"My son, Charles Stuart is not a fit companion for you. I would have you sustain him in his rights, and do what you can towards restoring him to his throne; but for a closer companionship there are others whom you had better seek."

"I do not comprehend you," said Louis. "If Charles is fit to be King of England, why is he not fit for my companionship?"

"My son," answered the hermit, with a look of serious meaning, "because I would see Charles Stuart upon the throne his father left is no reason why I should esteem him as a proper man in all the social relations of life. Before this nation can see peace and prosperity, it must be restored to its legitimate form of government, and that can only be done through the restoration of Charles, as he is the lawful heir. I can see no hope of firm government save in the crown, and to attempt the elevation of another to the throne while Stuart is living would bring more war and bloodshed. The transition must be from anarchy to order, and if the first stage of that transition is not what we would have it, we must submit to partial evil in the hope of ultimate good. I seek to restore the crown to England; and I tell you plainly, were Cromwell living, and were he a proper heir thereto, I would rather a thousand times see him king than that Charles II. should occupy the position; but that is not a question now. Nations, as well as individuals, are the creatures of circumstance, and if unavoidable circumstances are bad, we must hedge them round with the more good."

The youthful cavalier could not well dispute his aged friend, and yet he did not fully sympathize with him. His sympathies were all for Charles Stuart, and he was not willing to admit that the absent prince, so wronged and traduced, could be else than the proper man for king. Still he was willing to promise that he would not leave England without further conference with Vanderthorpe.

"And yet," he said, after he had given the promise, "I am at a loss to conceive why you should take such an interest in my affairs."

"Because," replied the old man, with visible emotion, "I love you. I have allowed myself to watch your course with pride, and while I live I would have you near me. I shall not be here much longer. My days are numbered, and the end is nigh at hand. Remain near me while I live, my son; and, if possible, I would have thee by my side when the last hour cometh. Oh, I would not die utterly friendless and forsaken!"

A tear lost itself amid the furrows upon the hermit's cheek, and his voice was low and tremulous. Louis Moran caught his hand, eagerly exclaiming:

"I will not forsake thee, my father. I, too, love thee; and any blessing which I can bestow is thine."

The cavalier would have asked some further questions, but as the hour was late, and as his host seemed averse to answering, he shortly arose, and having looked once more to his horse, he sought the couch which was always kept in reserve for him in the hut. It was some time before he slept, for a variety of weighty thoughts occupied his mind. He thought much of the mysterious link of love and devotion which existed between himself and the hermit; and he thought of a beautiful maiden who had awakened a deeper and more consuming love in his bosom. At length slumber crept upon him, and by and by he awoke, as from a troubled dream, feeling sure that some one was moving near him. He put forth his hand, and found Vanderthorpe kneeling by his bedside.

"Good father, is this you?"

"Hush, my son! I meant not to disturb thee."

"Arise not. You have some hours yet for sleep."

"But why are you not asleep, father?"

"I have been wakeful, but I shall sleep now. Good night!"

"He has been kneeling here, and praying for me," murmured the youth to himself, after the hermit was gone. And thereupon he fell into another train of perplexing thought, which occupied his mind until sleep once more overcame him.

At an early hour both the cavalier and his host were astir, and breakfast had been eaten before the day had fairly broken, so that Louis was in his saddle just as the first golden beams of the sun were touching the tallest tree-tops.

"Now, my boy," said the old man, speaking cheerfully and resolutely, "go and do your duty, and trust in God and the future. You will take the northern path, and make all haste."

"There can be no need of much haste, good father, for I have plenty of time before me. I shall

reach the castle before the inmates have broken their fast."

"You may if you find a clear road," returned the hermit. "But you will remember that others may be astray, and the sooner you reach Clifton the less likely will you be to meet them."

The young cavalier would have made some light reply to this, but Vanderthorpe quickly interrupted him:

"Beware, Louis, that you do not allow too much confidence in your own prowess to betray you into danger. Remember that the Roundheads are rampant, and that you are well known to many of them; and, furthermore, the garb which you wear is a sign of your enmity towards them. So be careful, and let circumspection keep company with your valour. If you do not reach Clifton before this day closes, the castle may fall; and if such should be the case, woe betide thee!"

"I should be sorry, father; but if it were from no fault of mine, why should I mourn?"

"Louis Moran, the followers of Ralph Barton are low, sensual villains. Would you rest easy if you thought the Lady Gortrade—"

"Stop! stop!" cried the youth. "By the Eternal Heaven! though I may never hope to possess her for my own, yet I would sooner die than that she should fall into such hands. I will make all haste."

"God be with thee, my son!"

In a few moments more the cavalier was on his way at a good round trot.

He did not go back by the same way he had come on the day before, but took another road that led more directly through the deep forest.

At times he was forced to bow his head to prevent coming in contact with the drooping limbs of the great trees; but still he sped on, for as he entered the sombre solitude, and was left to his own reflections, he began to realize how easily he might be intercepted by a powerful enemy.

He had gone some six miles or more, and was descending an abrupt eminence, at the foot of which ran a shallow brook, when his horse pricked up his ears and sniffed the air as though all was not right.

Louis gazed carefully around, but as he could see nothing out of the way, he kept on to the brook, where he stopped to allow his horse to drink. He was thus engaged, when a sound near at hand arrested his attention, and upon looking up he saw two horsemen approaching him from behind a high rock that stood near the stream.

They were Roundheads, clad in breast and back-plates, with the ordinary steel head-pieces, and in addition to the stout swords which they wore at their sides, each had an arquebus slung at his back.

"A fair morning, Sir Cavalier," said the foremost of the twain.

Under existing circumstances, if the arquebusiers chose to be civil, Louis thought it best to be civil also, so he returned the salutation as graciously as possible.

"You are riding early this morning, fair sir."

"As you also seem to be," returned Moran.

"Men that sleep upon the ground in a forest like this have little inducement to lie late abed. You are moving to the westward?"

As the cavalier's course was apparent enough, he could not deny the proposition.

"We go a short distance in that direction," said the roundhead, "so we'll bear thee company, and as we are not so fond of fighting upon empty stomachs, I think we shall have no quarrel."

Our hero would gladly have avoided these fellows, but as they started on by his side up from the brook, he was forced to suffer their company, though he meant to give them the slip as soon as possible; and when he had examined their horses he felt sure that his own could easily outstrip them in a race.

"Upon my life," said the arquebusier who rode nearest to him after they had gained the level ground, "it is a luxury once in a while to travel thus quietly by the side of an enemy—don't you think so?"

"I see nothing particularly disagreeable in it," replied the cavalier.

"Though I suppose, if you told the whole truth, you would prefer to travel alone?"

"I did not say so."

"But we can guess as much. However, every man has a right to his own choice. Perhaps you are in a hurry?"

"I am not riding for pleasure."

"On business, eh?"

"On my own business—yes."

"How far do you travel?"

"I cannot tell."

"If you keep this road it will bring you to Clifton Castle."

"I am aware of it."

"Perhaps your business is there?"

Louis had seen the fellows exchange significant nods, and he began to tire of this questioning. He

did not think their intentions as peaceable as they professed.

"What business should I have with the Lord of Clifton?" he replied.

"How should we know?"

"If I have no such business, of course you cannot know. But of one thing you may rest assured—if I have business, it is on my own account; and I have found it a safe rule of life to attend to my own business in my own way."

"Beslrew me, but your rule is a most excellent one, and I grant that you are right. And now, fair sir, if you are in haste, you can move on at your pleasure. Let us not detain you."

Moran did not much fancy the manner in which this permission was given; but he resolved, nevertheless, to avail himself of it, and without further remark, he put spurs to his horse and rode away. He had gone but a short distance, when a sense of insecurity caused him to turn his head, and as he did so, he discovered that the rascals had stopped, and that one of them was aiming an arquebus at him.

Trusting that if the piece was discharged, the bullet might fly wide of its mark, he plied his spurs anew.

In an instant more the sharp report rang out upon the air, and his horse faltered, staggered, and finally stumbled and fell, the ball having shattered his right knee.

At the first falter the cavalier had cleared his feet from the stirrups, so that he was quickly and safely clear of the fallen beast.

"I beg your pardon, fair sir," cried the roundhead who had done the mischief, as the two rode up.

"That was a cowardly trick," exclaimed Moran.

"But it was necessary," said the villain. "You were far too anxious to take advantage of our offer, so we repented ourselves."

The cavalier drew his sword, and was about to defy the dastard foe, when he saw other men emerging from the wood, and before he had time to think of escape, he found himself surrounded by a dozen armed men.

"What is this?" demanded one who wore the badge of chief of section.

"Here is a gay cavalier whom we picked up in the forest," replied the man who had fired. "As he was on his way to Clifton, we fancied that our good captain might like to see him."

"By the Holy Grail, thou hast done well," returned the chief. And then turning to our hero, he added:

"Yield thyself a prisoner, sir, or it may be worse for thee."

"Wherefore am I a prisoner?" demanded Moran.

"Art thou not a cavalier? And an enemy of our good Lord Protector?"

"I am an enemy to wrong and anarchy."

"Enough. We'll none of thy treasonable prating here. Give up thy sword!"

"Take it, if you want it."

The chief turned to his men.

"Make that popinjay your target."

In an instant a dozen arquebuses were aimed at the cavalier. He saw that resistance would be simple suicide, so he threw his sword upon the ground, and folded his arms across his breast. While the chief picked up the fallen sword, his followers advanced and took the prisoner in charge, and after his arms had been pinioned, one of the arquebusiers, taking pity upon the suffering horse, was merciful enough to put an end to his misery by shooting him through the head. Moran groaned aloud when he saw the deed done; but he was soon recalled to a sense of his own situation.

"Now, Sir Cavalier, you will come with us. It cannot be that you have broken your fast yet."

"Whither will you take me?"

"Not far. I am sorry that duty compels us to interrupt your plans, but in times like these a man must be prepared for any reverse. If your business at Clifton is of importance, we may send a messenger for you during the day."

"I have no business with which to trouble you."

"I am glad of that."

After walking a short distance they came to a small opening where horses were hitched, and as the prisoner was being assisted to the back of one of them, the chief remarked:

"You ought to be thankful that the bullet struck your horse instead of yourself. This forest is a dangerous place for travellers; yesterday two of our men were killed not many miles from here."

As the cavalier was not asked if he knew anything about the death of the men referred to, he was not forced to tell any falsehood.

At an order from their leader, the arquebusiers mounted and drew their reins, after which the party struck off into a path which Moran had never before travelled, and which certainly gave him little pleasure in travelling now.

(To be continued.)

EARL RUSSELL has addressed a dispatch to Sir George Grey, and the other Secretaries of State, informing them that Her Majesty's Government has thought proper to withdraw the order of January, 1862, requiring any ship of war or privateer of any belligerent, to leave a British port within a certain time, &c.

ROSALIE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LOVERS AND THE LISTENER.

FOR a moment there was a silence in the little dell like that of the grave.

Paula had started to her feet, uttering a faint shriek, had cast one quick glance upon her lover's face and into the eyes that had so often beamed so lovingly upon her, and then she nestled, like a weary child, close to his breast.

A few words will explain Paula's appearance in that place.

On returning to the camp, after her adventure with Lorley, she met her guardian, who had begun to be alarmed about her absence. Informing him that she had been further into the woods than at first intended, she passed on to the wagon she made her headquarters.

Determined to carry Mr. Lorley some food as promised, at the end of the time he had stated, she did not care to retire until that task was performed. Uneasy and unhappy, she had resumed her walk about the camp, and had soon presented herself unknowingly to her lover's attention, as we have recorded.

"How blind and criminal I have been!" were the first words of Champney. "What wrong I have done this noble heart! But I have come back to you, darling, with a heart full of love, and will never leave you again—never, never! Forgive me, dear Paula—look at me; say that you will pardon me for the past, and again give me the chief place in your heart!"

The happy girl gave him a glance which left no necessity for words. Her joy was even greater than her surprise, as sudden and unexpected as had been his appearance.

"Oh, can it be possible, Edward, that I see you again? Yes, yes—as thin and haggard as you are, I can see the old smile upon your features, the old look of love in your eyes! Where have you been all this while, and what have you been doing?"

"Don't ask me now," he replied, again pressing her to his breast; "it's too long a story. I can think of nothing but the great joy of the present—the bliss of seeing you again!"

"How did you know that I was here?"

"Mr. Dickson wrote to me lately that you were about to start for San Francisco by this route, on a visit to your brother."

"And hearing this, and presuming that I was here, you had love enough for me to come and find me? Oh, Edward, what joy to see you again! But where are you living?"

"I have a sort of rancho up here in the woods," he replied, "where I have been playing the hermit on a new plan."

"And I drove you to this wilderness—I, by my foolish—"

"There, there!" he interrupted; "do not speak of those mistakes now. We were both to blame, perhaps—I particularly at fault, for it was my privilege and duty to have commenced the work of reconciliation. Let all be forgotten, or remembered only as a lesson for the future."

They seated themselves upon the grass, under the shade of the trees, and conversed upon the various topics that lay nearest their hearts. They were so occupied with each other—so totally oblivious of all around them, that they did not notice the intruder who was crouched in the long grass within twenty feet of them, and listening intently to everything they said, and observing their every movement.

The intruder was Mr. Lorley.

In pursuance of his avowed purpose, he had been prowling in the vicinity of the camp ever since he had restored Paula to her liberty, and placed himself on the watch. He had even been among the wagons and camp-fires, sauntering carelessly about as many of the travellers were still doing, and had watched the movements of Paula as closely as he could without exposing himself to her notice.

His watching had brought forth fruits.

He had not only seen Champney on his approach to the camp (he having been the mysterious old man our hero had seen and followed), but he had also noticed the approach of Paula towards the spot where her lover was reclining. Believing that they were both acting under a previous understanding, the disguised watcher regarded them with the most eager interest, creeping up as near his presumed rival as he could. The

result was that he had been favoured with a view of the whole meeting between the lovers.

"So this is the explanation of her inability to answer my questions," he thought, as his eyes flashed menacingly upon the couple. "Fool that I was to be caught by her shallow trick."

A single one of the many sentences he had heard them utter, or the least glance of love they exchanged, was sufficient to inform him that all his schemes of winning Paula by fair means were useless. The great gulf between her and himself now dawned before his mental vision in all its length and breadth and depth.

"Well, darling," finally said Champney, "shall we commence our new life under the same conditions that existed at the time of our misunderstanding? We were then engaged to be married—shall the same engagement exist now? Shall we be married at the first convenient moment?"

At this juncture Mr. Morris made his appearance, walking to that direction, and the lovers hastened to meet him. A few words from Paula explained Champney's presence, and a glance at her smiling face sufficiently explained the nature of his reception.

"What, Edward!" exclaimed the astonished man, "is it really you?" And he shook him warmly by the hand. "You are the last person in the world I should have expected to meet here! Suppose Paula and I call you to account."

"I have done that already," the blushing girl replied.

"Add what does the runaway answer? Is he ready to ask your forgiveness?"

"Oh, it's all settled already," Paula hastened to say, as an unusual rosy tinge tinged her cheeks.

"It is? Very well, you can remember that I am duly authorized and qualified to take part in the proceedings."

The reverend gentleman turned away, pleasantly observing that he would not intrude upon them, but would content himself with seeing Mr. Champney when he should conduct his ward back to the camp. As he returned towards the waggon, Paula took the arm of her lover, and they walked up and down in the edge of the forest conversing lovingly with each other.

"Since Mr. Morris is here," said Champney, "what is to prevent us from being married to-morrow? I will then take you under my care, and join you in the visit you are intending to make your brother. I cannot bear the idea of your journeying on alone to your destination—I cannot think of allowing you to remain a single day from my sight."

"All shall be as you think best after consulting with Mr. Morris," replied Paula, a vivid blush suffusing her cheeks. "Under ordinary circumstances, I would prefer, of course, to be married among my friends, but placed as I am, in a wilderness, unable to go or return without protection and assistance, I shall be only too happy to become your wife, and to live and move in your care and keeping from this time forward for ever!"

"Thanks, dear Paula! We will ask Mr. Morris, and be guided by him. In the meantime, let me tell you how happy I am, and how bright life has become. Never again shall a cloud come between us, darling! If Mr. Morris should approve of the step, we will be married in the morning. By the way, there he is," he added, as they saw the reverend gentleman walking between them and the camp, "and we may as well ask him now."

The result of the application to Mr. Morris was favourable to their wishes. Under the circumstances, he thought nothing could be more proper than the proposed marriage.

"In the morning, before we renew our journey, I shall be at your service," was his concluding observation.

"By the by, Mr. Champney, where do you live? Playing hermit or hunter? Will you accept our hospitalities for the night?"

Mr. Champney hastened to explain that his residence was not far off, and that he was intending to return home.

"Very well," Mr. Morris rejoined.

And the lovers went away, and were soon in the place where they had first met.

Mr. Lorley, in the meantime, had been watching and listening with all the interest the circumstances created, and had worked himself up to a most fearful state of excitement. More than once he was tempted to rush from his concealment and assassinate them both on the spot, but a wholesome respect for Champney's commanding form and evident ability restrained him.

"That, then, is settled, darling," he overheard Champney observe to Paula, as they drew near the disguised watcher's place of concealment. "I will pay a visit to my castle, get my money and valuables, and then I'll shut it up for the season. I wish you could see the place, dear Paula; it is so unique and

romantic. Perhaps we will pass a few weeks there next summer, if the Indians remain friendly."

Mr. Champney further explained to Paula that he had a few friends in the neighbourhood, telling her about Ellington, Rosalie, and Selden Graham.

"I think," he added, "I will go back to Mr. Ellington when I leave you, and invite them to our wedding. It is even possible that Rosalie and Graham may be inclined to be married at the same time."

A little reflection convinced Champney that his friends would be happy to avail themselves of the presence of Mr. Morris, and he mentioned his convictions to Paula, informing her that the nearest resident authorized to perform the marriage ceremony was the chaplain at Fort Laramie, sixty miles distant. He told her that he would row up to Mr. Ellington's before he went home, and learn their views on the subject.

All these affairs being thus satisfactorily arranged, the lovers resumed their expressions of endearment, and the interchange of their sentiments—to all of which Mr. Lorley gave his undivided attention.

But as every season of happiness must end, Mr. Champney, with many a warm farewell and loving embrace, finally took his departure, after escorting Paula to the camp, and proceeded in the direction of the spot where his boat was lying.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRAP WAITING, THE VICTIM READY.

MR. LORLEY had kept his hands from violence, as sorely as he was tried by the parting scene between the lovers. Still disguised as Mr. Ellington, he remained motionless and silent in his concealment until Paula had joined her guardian and his companions around the camp-fire, and until Champney was two-thirds of the way to his boat. The watcher then started to his feet and ran riverwards, in pursuit of her hero, shaping his course in such a way as to intercept Champney's progress about the time he reached the river. In fact, they met on the shore near the boat.

"What! is that you, Mr. Ellington?" exclaimed Champney—for it will be remembered that the villain had donned Mr. Ellington's long coat. "I thought I saw you when I first landed."

"I presume you did," replied Lorley, looking searchingly around. "I was there!"

"Ah, I see, there's a mistake. May I inquire your business? You are not my friend Mr. Ellington?"

"No," responded Lorley, "I am anything but your friend, as may attest this blow!"

With a stone he had picked up by the way, the murderous ruffian aimed a blow at Champney, which would have felled an ox. Our hero parried its worst effects, breaking the shock with his arm, but he nevertheless received such a blow that he reeled and fell. Before he could arise or take any measures to defend himself, another blow laid him prostrate and unconscious.

"That is my business with you—and that, and that!" exclaimed Lorley, as he repeated the blows. "I'll see if your sweet dreams do not have an ending different from that you have promised!"

A few unconscious moans escaped Champney, and then all was still, while Lorley looked apprehensively around. Seeing that no one had observed his acts, however, he instantly recovered his self-possession, and commenced looking for a place in which to dispose of his victim.

The result of this search was not very satisfactory.

"I never saw a bank more destitute of hiding-places," he muttered. "There's not so much as a rock! I cannot run the risk of having him found here before I have time to seize the girl. Ha! I have it. I'll send him adrift in his own boat!"

He lost no time in placing the insensible form of Champney in his canoe. The more he reflected upon this disposal of his rival, the better he was pleased with it. Once, for a minute, he stood over the unconscious man with a knife in his hand, debating within himself whether he should kill him or not, but the temptation passed away, and he muttered:

"There's no necessity for it. Far better to bind him hand and foot, and let him take his chances on the river!"

There was a fiendishness in this idea that harmonized very well with Mr. Lorley's character, and he began immediately to put it into practice. Unfastening the rope which secured the boat to the tree, he bound his insensible victim very securely, particularly his legs and arms.

In addition to this rope, he used a handkerchief and a stout cord for the same purpose, finishing the job by tying Champney's hands strongly together.

"There!" he muttered, "he'll never utter that. This is a far better plan than to kill him. Possibly he may remain insensible only a few moments, but at the best he will find himself in a pretty tight box when he

awakens! Possibly he may escape with his life—but I shouldn't care to take the chance. A man might descend the river from here to Fort Kearney without meeting a single individual, and what's of more consequence, without being furnished with food."

He laughed over the presumed fate to which he was devoting Champney, and again looked in the direction of the camp to assure himself that his wickedness was not being observed. Perceiving that all was quiet in that quarter, and feeling that Champney was now to be effectually removed from his path, he could not refrain from some expression of his satisfaction as he took his seat in the centre of the boat?

"I'll see him fairly started on his way to the Pawnee nation," he thought. "Once get him below the junction and there is little likelihood of his being seen. It may be a month before another train comes up the river."

He seized the oars and rowed rapidly down the creek to the junction of the two rivers, and then proceeded a quarter of a mile down the Platte. Here he effected a landing in the bushes and sent the boat adrift, wading out some distance and pushing it towards the middle of the stream. He continued to watch the boat until it was to his sight merely a dark spot on the water far out from the shore and drifting rapidly on the current, and then he took his way toward the camp.

"That clears the field for ever of him," was his significant soliloquy, as he reached the spot where he had taken leave of Paula. "He may escape, and it is easy to say that I did not kill him; but if he gets anything to eat to-morrow or next day, or if he meets anything in the shape of a human being in that time, I hope he'll let me know it."

Again the heartless miscreant laughed exultingly, as he fixed his attention in the direction of the waggons. He saw Paula seated by one of the fires, and engaged in conversation with Mr. Morris and several of her friends. He knew that she had not forgotten her promise to bring him food, and rightly suspected that she was waiting for Mr. Morris and the waggons to retire to their blankets before she made him the visit.

"All goes well," he muttered, as he fixed his blazing eyes upon the motionless figure of the girl. "The whole question of her seizure is resolved to the simplest form possible—will she keep her promise to bring me food? There is only one way in which this question can be answered. She will! She will come here as certainly as she lives, just as soon as she is free from the observation of those fellows around her. Her generous womanly heart couldn't think of allowing me to pass another night without food after having been starving for two days. Ha, ha! that was a happy thought of mine—a glorious inspiration! Nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, ha, ha!" and he laughed till he was hoarse.

"She is thinking of nothing but my famishing condition all the while she sits there—ha, ha!" He continued to keep his eye upon the camp for a few moments longer, and then he soliloquized:

"Those waggons, now, are telling a terribly long story, of some kind or other, or else her reverend friend is holding a regular camp-meeting. I mustn't sit here like a mummy. My point is to go down to that old fellow's stable, secure my horse, and bring him up here, and have him in readiness for business. Just so sure as that girl brings me the food, as promised, just so certain is it that she will never return again to that camp, or see her reverend guardian!"

He further assured himself of the permanency of the circle about the camp-fire, and then set out for Mr. Ellington's cabin. He had no particular adventure on his way to the little shed in which he had put his horse, but he was astonished on his arrival to see the cabin brilliantly lighted, and to perceive Mr. Ellington seated in the doorway, with a young lady and gentleman near him, all conversing as quietly and pleasantly as if nothing had occurred.

"Ha! here's something not down in my programme," he muttered, as he halted in the shadow of the forest, where those he was regarding could not see him.

"Well, well, the only thing I can do is to take what belongs to me and go on my way rejoicing. My saddle-bags are somewhere in the cabin, but I shall have to go my ways without them. Lucky that I can get into this shed without being seen!"

He saddled and bridled his horse, and lost no time in leading him away from the stable. He was not a minute too soon; for, as he was retreating through the clearing in which he had cut grass for his steed, he heard Mr. Ellington call to his daughter to light a torch, that they might go and examine the villain's horse. Mr. Lorley very well understood that he was the villain referred to, and that the old man had been narrating the adventures which had befallen him, and the incident served not a little to expedite his departure from the scene.

"There's a moral warning to me in the view I've

had of that young fellow and that girl," was Lorley's thought, as he mounted his horse. "A warning to clear out. If I hang around here too long I shall get into trouble. My plan is to seize the girl, and rejoin my boys beyond Fort Laramie. I must beat a hasty retreat in that direction to-night—yes, the very instant the girl is in my power. If I've used my eyes and ears to any advantage, there is a fund exceeding fifty thousand pounds in the hands of these Mormons, beside a great amount of valuable property, and I am resolved to have it!"

Any one who could have seen him at the instant he pronounced these words would have felt how much the character of an honest merchant of St. Louis was unlike him, and how much his appearance would become such a man as Strope, the prairie bandit—the far-famed robber of the Platte Plains!

A quiet and thoughtful ride along the edge of the forest, and Mr. Lorley arrived at the place where Paula had engaged to meet him. He saw that the circle around the camp-fire was broken up, and that neither Mr. Morris nor the waggoners were visible.

The dark eyes of Mr. Lorley gleamed with a look of joy and triumph.

"Not a moment is to be lost," he muttered. "She is getting the food and will speedily make her appearance! I will just put the horse beyond sight and hearing, in the woods!"

He rode into the woods, concealed the horse, and came back, looking again in the direction of the waggon, watching eagerly for Paula's coming.

"She won't fail me—I know she won't!" fell involuntarily from his lips. "How blessed it is to have such a serene confidence in virtue and goodness!"

He now saw a light in one of the waggon, and then beheld the reflection of a woman's figure on its canvas covering.

"Ah! there she is, hunting after provisions among the barrels and boxes!" he ejaculated. "She'll soon be here!"

He waited another moment in silence, almost holding his breath, and then the light was extinguished, and a figure was seen proceeding from the waggon towards the spot where Mr. Lorley was in waiting.

Another instant, and Paula was so near that he could see the basket in her hand.

"Mine, mine!" he whispered to himself, "she's fairly in the trap!"

(To be continued.)

FRENCH PRISONS.

It is a melancholy reflection that so much of the history of Paris—that is, of the history of France—is associated with the prisons of the capital. The very names of the Bastille, the Grand Châtelet, St. Germain-des-Près, the Abbaye, the Grand Force, and the Conciergerie, recall the most striking events of centuries—from the time when Hugues Aubriot, the Provost of Paris, laid the first stone of the Bastille in 1369, to the 14th July, 1789, when De Launay surrendered it to an infuriated populace.

Those who find pleasure in reverting to the feudal ages as the period when the nobler virtues were called forth, and form their opinion on the romantic stories of knights and dames, of courtly pages and brilliant tournaments, would find, if they ever visited some of these prisons, good reasons for mistrusting their undue appreciation of the grand old past, the very records of which, now that many of these prisons have ceased to exist, make us tremble at the horrors which they must have witnessed.

We read of dismal cells called "Vade in Pace." The appalling names alone express all the terrors of the sufferers. The Basses Fosses and the Oubliettes, the iron cages, such as that in which Guillaume de Harancourt, Bishop of Verdun, was imprisoned, too plainly indicate by their designations the uses to which they were appropriated. The Châtelet, where members of half the historic families of France have been from time to time confined, was originally divided into eight prisons; they were called Le Berceau, Le Paradis, La Gourdaigne, Les Puits, Les Chaines, La Boucherie, and Les Oubliettes.

In 1425 these prisons were subdivided again, for in the superior cells the prisoners were charged very high for the luxuries they enjoyed, but they occupied La Fosse, Les Puits, Le Berceau, Les Oubliettes, and Entre-deux-Huis (doors), at a very small charge.

Such was the aristocracy of misery. In the refinement of cruelty which the Grand Châtelet represented, there were horrible dungeons, even lower than the Oubliettes, La Fosse, into which the victims were lowered by brass pulleys; La Chausse d'Hypocras, an inverted cone, where the prisoners could neither stand upright nor lie down; and still another, the Fin d'Aïse, which seems to have contained all the elements of horrors which men's depraved ingenuity could devise.

But of all the prisons the Conciergerie, if not the worst in condition, is that which possesses the greatest

amount of interest, from the circumstance that the Queen Marie Antoinette was confined there for two months and a half previous to her execution. It is, besides, the prison in which the interior arrangements have undergone little or no change since the fatal 26th October, 1793.

The building, although much improved without, still retains within all the hideous character of the feudal times. The Tour de Montgomery, in which Seigneur de Montgomery, Philippe de Comines, Ravallac and Damiens were confined, has been much altered; but the Préau, or great court, a hundred and eighty feet in length by sixty broad, communicating with all the cells by a gallery, is unchanged. It serves now, as it did in the dark and terrible days of the Reign of Terror, for the prisoners to take exercise in. Damp and gloomy, indeed, it is. Sunken ten or twelve feet below the level of the street, it looks into the damp and fetid cells, consecrated by the blood of many martyrs to a great cause—consecrated most by the martyrdom of the widowed queen herself. It is a relief, after visiting this prison, to step again into life and light, and seated in a pleasant, sunny, bright spot, surrounded by the perfume of flowers—for close by is the Maché aux Fleurs—to contrast the sadness and sorrow within with the brightness and joy without. It suggests another contrast—that of Marie Antoinette when she entered Paris, and when she issued forth to meet her terrible fate.—"Historic Pictures." By A. Baillie Cochrane, M.P.

HADASSAH.

CHAPTER X.

There's no such thing as chance.
In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel! and now, no word more!

The Piccolotink.

THE morning of Gerald Churchill's trial dawned, not with blue sky and balmy breezes, but grey and dismal, while dense mists hung damp and heavy over the great city. The clouds which wrapped the heavens like a pall, and the homeless wind, sobbing through street, square, and alley, increased the depression Madeline had felt since her interview with the Lord Chief Justice; and both she and Mrs. Harris realized that human aid would be of little avail.

At the appointed time they followed Robert Thornton into the court-room, and sank into the seats to which he led them. As he turned from them, he wrung Madeline's hand, and whispered:

"Take heart, child—we may be able to clear him."

The girl's brain reeled, and for a few moments she was deaf, dumb and blind with anguish. When she had in some degree regained her self-possession, she looked around her. The formalities with which English courts are opened had begun; the Lord Chief Justice, wearing his gown, wig and peaked hat, and with a sterner face than he had worn the previous night, had taken his seat on the bench; and other dignitaries occupied their accustomed places. A grave official was reading the indictment, and as he concluded, the Chief Justice rose and said:

"Prisoner at the bar, you hear the charges brought against you—do you plead Guilty or Not Guilty?"

With what keen anxiety Madeline listened for Gerald Churchill's answer! Drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed:

"Not Guilty, your lordship!"

As he spoke, his fearless gaze, his serene brow, his lofty mien, confirmed the truth of his assertion, and a low murmur, almost of applause, ran through the throng.

"Who appears as the prisoner's counsel?" asked the Chief Justice.

"May it please your lordship," cried the deep bass voice of Robert Thornton, "I have volunteered to defend him," and a tall, gaunt form stalked forward and joined the lawyers near the bench. The Lord Chief Justice seemed astonished, the opposing counsel stirred uneasily in his seat, and for a few moments the false witnesses cowered beneath the old man's searching eye. The stir occasioned by this announcement was beginning to subside, when a startling cry rang through the court-room:

"Hold, hold—the trial cannot go on—Gerald Churchill is an innocent man! I—I—Lenore Duncan, am the murderess! With the aid of a woman, who has been in my father's family for years, I have twice attempted the murder of Madeline Verne!"

And the India merchant's daughter, with her half English, half Hatanese beauty, appeared.

"Make way—make way for this new witness to pass," shouted Robert Thornton, waving his brawny arm; and the crowd surged back on either side, like the waters of the Red Sea before the fugitive Israelites.

"You say," he continued, "that you are the real

criminal; you have come just in time to save an innocent man from ruin."

The low murmur of the throng burst into a shout; sturdy working men, merchants who had transacted business with the banker's clerk, and those whom he, with his slender means, had kept from the workhouse, were gathered there, and their hearts beat as one heart now. There was a grand uprising of the people, and when the Lord Chief Justice observed:

"Mr. Thornton forgets that he cannot summon his witnesses till the counsel for the crown opens the case and calls in his own evidence," the spectators rose en masse, and a stentorian voice cried:

"Hear me, my lord! This is an extraordinary case, and warrants extraordinary measures! We cannot stand idly by and hear the false witnesses, whom somebody's gold has bribed to testify against the prisoner at the bar."

"Ay! ay!" growled another, "we'll strip the mask from some black-hearted wretches here."

It would be impossible to describe the scene which ensued; the Chief Justice tried to restore order, but in vain; and the officers of the court seemed paralyzed. In the midst of the tumult Robert Thornton's tall form was once more seen towering upward, and the sight of his face, so calm, so resolute, worked like magic on those with whom he had always been a favourite.

"Friends," he exclaimed, "do not interfere with the course of justice. As counsel for the prisoner, I implore you to cease your threats, and let the counsel for the crown proceed with the trial after the accustomed usage. See you not that my client's triumph will be the greater when he comes forth from such an ordeal unscathed? For my sake and for his, I ask you to maintain a respectful silence during the examination of what you have called false witnesses."

"We will—we will," was the response that rose from the assemblage, and the trial went on.

Berthold Gascoigne, under the name of Hermann Rudenstein, was the first to testify, and was succeeded by Janet, Madeline's French waiting-maid, the physicians who had been summoned by Churchill, old Leopold Verne, and the recruiting officers, who declared that his anxiety to leave the country, and never see it more, had aroused their suspicions. This farce over, Robert Thornton had Lenore sworn, and there, in the presence of men and angels, the guilty girl laid bare her wayward, passionate, and hitherto revengeful heart. Her evidence was scarcely concluded, when Hadassah came in with the ayah, whom she had lured into the court-room by stratagem, but now charged with being the most guilty of the two, and when the terrified Prue was told that by a full confession she could save her own life, she corroborated Lenore's statement. Mad Hadassah added her testimony, and an officer was dispatched to old Mordecai's shop with orders to arrest the goldsmith and search the premises. A secret conservatory, filled with poison-breathing flowers, was found, and the villainous Jew dragged to the court-room. He, too, was offered the opportunity of turning king's evidence, and gladly accepted it.

Gerald Churchill sat speechless, as Lenore's evidence was given and confirmed; he cast a reproachful glance at the murderess, and then fixed a long, eager gaze upon one whom, despite her shrouding veil, he knew to be Madeline.

At the sound of Lenore's voice, she had started and leaned forward, listening with intense interest to all that passed, and when the prisoner's innocence was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, her veil was flung back with a sudden movement, and flushed and radiant, her beautiful face beamed on her lover. Mrs. Harris turned to her and whispered tremulously:

"Madeline, our prayers are answered, heaven be praised!" And away amid the crowd she caught a single glimpse of the idiot boy, with his hat crushed down over eyes that were brimming with tears, and his usually stolid countenance kindling with an expression which quite transformed him.

In a few moments more Churchill heard tones which he could never hear unmoved, murmur:

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald, you are safe! The long, long night is over—the morning has dawned—thank God—thank God!"

"Madeline, dear, dear Madeline," rejoined the prisoner, "my heart warmly responds to your thanksgivings. How astonished and pained I have been to-day at Lenore Duncan's guilt! I thought her good and pure even when I had no love to give in return for hers—I never dreamed of the storm I had aroused, nor the horrible revenge she had, with old Prue's assistance, planned."

"Fool, guilty, despairing girl!" exclaimed Madeline, "what misery her crime has brought upon her as well as upon us! I shudder when I think of the poisonous flowers and the flaming torch, and yet in this hour of happiness, of triumph, I can forgive her!"

"I forgive her too, dearest; once it would have been hard, but my sufferings have wrought a change;

I trust I shall henceforth be a better and a wiser man."

They were interrupted by Leopold Verne. He was very pale, his hair had been pushed back from his brow in damp and tangled masses during the excitement of the trial, and he leaned heavily on his cane, which his recent accident had rendered indispensable.

"Good heavens, Madeline," he exclaimed, "I have searched for you everywhere, but in vain! I assure you, I had resolved to storm when I did meet you; but I am so glad to see you safe, and know that my once valued clerk is innocent, I cannot find it in my heart to upbraid you." Then turning to Churchill, he continued:

"Well, boy, you have come off bravely. May I, dare I, ask you to forgive an old man's folly?"

"Ay, sir, I grant you full and free pardon. Madeline is my witness that I have borne you no ill-will."

"Yes," responded the girl, "when I visited him in his cell, he declared the blame should not fall on you, but the secret for who forged that letter?"

"Villain, villain," muttered the banker, "what with the letter and the false tale Hermann Hadenstein told me, and repeated to-day upon oath, a pretty farce has been acted. It shall not end here, however; no, no! 'tis no light thing to perjure one's self, and he shall be arraigned for bearing false witness. Imprisonment or transportation is too good for him—the penalty should be death! But this is not the time nor place to talk of it, for the formalities of the trial are not over—the Lord Chief Justice is rising."

As Leopold Verne passed, his lordship said: "In the present state of things it has been decided that there will be no need of the usual arguments from the learned counsel, and I therefore commit the case to the jury."

There was a hurried conference, and the foreman of the jury rose and exclaimed:

"May I please your lordship, we have come to a decision without retiring from our seats. Our unanimous verdict is, that the prisoner at the bar is Not Guilty!"

Again the crowd surged to and fro, hats were flung up, and wild, jubilant cheers rang through the courtroom. Friends and acquaintances pressed forward to congratulate Churchill, and foremost among them was Robert Thornton.

"Young man," said the great barrister, "I know not how to express my pleasure at the termination of the case."

"Oh, sir," replied Churchill, "words are too weak to give an adequate idea of mine, or the gratitude I feel toward you for appearing as my counsel."

"You must thank Miss Verne," replied Thornton; "she has acted most nobly, for since you had refused to accept counsel paid by her father's gold, she, like the heroine she is, resolved to appropriate a little legacy, left by her grandmother, to this purpose."

"And he," observed Madeline, who stood near, "he would not touch a penny of it—would not be rewarded for his generous deed."

"Upon my word you astonish me," cried the young man; "I had not dreamed of such generosity; but—but," and his tones grew tremulous, "I shall never forget it; and some day, I trust, I shall be able to offer you a slight token of my gratitude."

There was a suspicious moisture in Robert Thornton's eyes, as with the warmest wishes for his client's welfare, he left him, and moved through the motley assemblage.

And Victor de Vaudreuil, where was he while Churchill's innocence was being established?

Our readers will recollect that on the night rendered memorable by the receipt of the deadly bouquet, De Vaudreuil had been invited to dine with the Vernes, and met the clerk, and the physician whom he had summoned, as they were entering the house.

After the young man's arrest, the banker had held a conference with Victor de Vaudreuil relative to the affair, and asked if he had not noticed Gerald's strong emotion. But it suited De Vaudreuil's purposes not to rank himself with his rival's accusers, and he played his part well. To the old gentleman's inquiry, he replied:

"No, no, my dear sir, I was so bewildered and shocked, that I did not pay any particular attention to him. I always thought him a grave, quiet, well-disposed youth, and cannot believe him guilty. Prepossessed as I am in his favour, you see I could give no evidence that would have a feather's weight—I wash my hands of the whole matter."

"By my faith," rejoined Leopold Verne, "you are more magnanimous than most of our sex! He is really in love with Madeline, and yet you will not, like other men, take advantage of his situation."

A smile curled his companion's well-cut lip, as he said:

"Perhaps if he were my equal I might grow jealous; but I am a De Vaudreuil, and too proud to regard a base-born clerk as a rival."

Thus the subject was dropped, and Leopold Verne effectually blinded as to the villain's agency in the arrest. But when the day of the trial came he was present, watching and listening with breathless anxiety.

What was his horror when Lenore's cry came echoing to his ear, and Mad Hadassah appeared with the vile ayah! While the poor vagrant was giving her evidence, he felt as if a volcano was about to engulf him in its billows of flame; and for a instant his heart stood still when she paused before him, and whispered:

"Guy, your hour has come! Already I have begun my work! Aha! You may thank me for opening Churchill's eyes with regard to you. I thrust a tiny note through a crevice in the prison wall, and he understands you now!"

"Woman," hissed De Vaudreuil, "how dare you defy me? Did I not tell you to remember and beware? Look you!" And the maniac caught the gleam of a slender weapon.

"You—you would not kill me, Guy?" gasped Hadassah.

"Yes, as quick as I would a viper that had fastened on me!"

The poor woman attempted to speak, but the words died upon her tongue, and paralyzed with horror, she fell, and would have been trampled by the crowd, had not a stranger lifted her, and borne her to the open air. Kitt, who had been lurking in the court-room, now made his way out, and drew her into an enclosure in the rear of the building, where he kept a faithful watch beside the unconscious woman. So absorbed had Churchill, Madeline, her father, and even the other spectators been in the result of the trial, that this little by-play had been unnoticed, save by the idiot boy, and De Vaudreuil began to breathe more freely.

"Egad," he muttered, "I must offer my congratulations. Churchill was rather grim when I visited his cell, but perhaps he will think better of me now."

As the young man moved to the door, followed at some distance by Madeline and her father, the arch hypocrite advanced to meet him, and exclaimed:

"To triumph, allow me to congratulate you on the happy turn affairs have taken," and he extended his hand.

"Monsieur de Vaudreuil," rejoined Gerald, "I have no confidence in your friendship. I cannot take your hand!"

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated the Frenchman, "you wrong me, Churchill; but one day you will regret it."

"I loathe, but I do not fear you," said the young man; "your threats cannot intimidate me, neither can your professed sympathy make me your dupe."

"Parbleu, I did not intend to threaten, but merely to assure you how unjust you have been, and still are! Here comes Miss Verne—we will not quarrel in a lady's presence!"

He bowed profoundly to Madeline, made some graceful allusion to her having endeavoured to befriend one who had twice saved her own life, and discussed the trial with ease and tact, but the girl's manner lost none of the frigid reserve it had assumed when she first saw him approaching.

When they emerged from the court-room, the crowd which had gathered in front of the steps parted, and a superb white steed, with housings of purple and gold, were revealed.

"Gerald Churchill shall be borne homeward in triumph," cried one of the warmest of his friends.

"Ay! ay!" responded hundreds of voices; and after much solicitation, the now released Churchill was prevailed upon to mount the horse and ride through the streets to Lindall Row. There Mrs. Harris, Madeline, and the banker met him, and amid the rejoicings which ensued, Gerald Churchill said to her who had proved the depth and sincerity of her love:

"Dearest, there is but one cloud to dim to-day's sunshine."

"And that—whence comes it?"

"From the thought that I cannot give my hand to Victor de Vaudreuil."

Madeline was about to reply, when they were interrupted by the neighbours, who came flocking in to rejoice in Churchill's joy as they had sympathized in his sorrow. There were old men and women, whose heads had blossomed for the grave, leaning over their knotty canes; matrons who had brought their children to prattle their delight at the prisoner's release, and young mechanics whom his example had taught habits of diligence and thrift. Madeline's eyes were dim with tears as she gazed, and the banker looked on well pleased. That night he was once more the kind master Gerald Churchill had found him for three years past; his heart had softened, and if the truth must be told, he wished there were no obstacles to an alliance with so brave, so chivalrous, so noble a man as his former clerk.

CHAPTER VIII

Like the new moon thy life appears,
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night,
The shadowy disk of future years.

Krrr, the idiot boy, was still bending over Hadassah, when he heard footsteps, and a sweet voice exclaiming:

"This way, this way, mamma!"

The next moment a child, who might have counted eight summers, emerged from an alley leading into the street, followed by a slender, delicate woman. The little girl had a face like one of Guido's cherubs; and the hair, which floated over the shoulders, was a shower of rippling gold; her eyes were of a deep violet blue; her figure grace itself; and her movements had the wild, free grace of a young fawn's. She wore a blue dress of some rich fabric, a fleecy scarf, and a straw hat, trimmed with broad azure ribbons; her white neck was enriched with a curious amber necklace, from which drooped bunches of quaint charms, and a bracelet to match, clasped one dimpled arm.

The child's mother had the same style of beauty, the same classic chiselling of feature, the same violet eyes, but there was no bloom upon her cheek, and the tresses which the wind blew about that face had not so deep a tinge of gold, but were pale and soft as silk. She was simply but elegantly clad in a dress of silver-grey satin, that fell in lustrous folds round her fragile form; her shawl and bonnet were also grey, and their hue accorded well with her faded loveliness. A single glance would have told that she had suffered, but there was a patient expression about her sweet mouth, and in the sad violet eyes, which spoke more eloquently than words, of victories gained, of triumphs achieved. Whatever she might have endured in the past, it was evident she was at peace now, and gazing at her heart would have thrilled, as it may have done when you looked at the calm, serene faces of the saints, as portrayed by the old Italian masters.

As Kitt perceived the lady and child, he lifted his hat, bowed, and stood regarding them as if they were denizens of another world.

"Oh, mamma," cried the little girl, "here is Kitt."

"And who, pray, is Kitt?"

"Why, I told you about the boy I met in the street, who played the flute so sweetly—this is he!"

"Ah! I am glad to see you, my little friend!"

And the woman laid her hand on the lad's uncovered head, and looked down at him. What was it that sent such a thrill through her frame, and for a time riveted her eyes upon him?

He was, as Lillian whispered, an idiot—a poor, ragged, and it must be confessed, repulsive boy; but there was something in his countenance that stirred Mrs. Thorne's heart to its profoundest depths, and recalled memories which had once scorched and blackened her life.

Wan and wasted as the face was, it bore a resemblance to one who had been called a fine specimen of manly beauty; but the likeness was only such as an inexperienced artist's copy of Rembrandt's masterpiece bears to the great original. Still, it was sufficient to send a thousand wild thoughts through the woman's brain, and she grew giddy, and staggered back against the court-house wall.

"Are you ill, mamma?" asked the child, skipping to her side.

"A sudden faintness has seized me, Lillian; but I shall be better soon."

"Won't you sit down here, ma'am?" asked Kitt, making room for her on the broad step where Hadassah lay, with her head pillowed on his old jacket.

"I cannot walk alone—come and help me lad."

Kitt obeyed, and with one hand clasping Lillian's and the other the boy's, she tottered to a seat beside Hadassah.

"Is this your mother?" she asked.

"No, no, she's a poor crazy creature that I've made friends with in the street; she's apt to have fainting fits, and I'm going to watch by her till she comes to. As for my mother," and a spasm of sharp pain convulsed his features, "she's dead—dead."

"How long since she died?" queried Lillian.

"It is six years since she was murdered."

"Murdered!" and the girl drew a quick, gasping breath.

"Yes, murdered in cold blood," exclaimed the boy, while hot tears gushed into his eyes, and he shook like a reed in the wintry blast.

"But have you no father?" continued the child.

"Don't mention him," retorted Kitt, dashing away his tears. "He's worse than dead—for if he wasn't he wouldn't let his boy be an outcast, and grow up ignorant, and ragged, and miserable as I am."

During the conference between the two children, Mrs. Thorne's cheek had blanched to a still more deathly pallor; the words struck upon her ear like



[KITTSURPRISES HIS NEW FRIENDS.]

fiery arrows, and the gilded flacon, which she had drawn forth in the hope that the aroma of the salts it contained might revive her, fell from her grasp and was shivered to atoms.

"Oh, Kitt," shrieked Lillian, "mamma looks so pale, so ill—I fear she is dying!"

"Don't be alarmed, there's no cause for it, Lillian," faltered her mother.

"Shall I run into some of the shops and get a glass of water for you?" said Kitt.

"No, lad, I must go home; if you will call a coach, I shall be greatly obliged to you."

Kitt hastened to do her bidding; and in a few moments returned.

"There's a carriage at the end of the alley, ma'am. Do you think you can get to it, if you lean on me?"

"Yes," and rising with extreme difficulty, Mrs. Thorne moved to the spot where the hackney-coach stood. The coachman lifted her in, and as she sank wearily upon the cushions, she perceived Kitt and Lillian standing side by side on the kerbstone. There could not have been a greater contrast than the two formed—Lillian, with her dazzling, blonde beauty, and an air of refinement, which told she had been "carefully watched and tended," and the idiot boy, a filthy, ragged, little vagabond, whose face seemed to have lost all traces of childhood.

"Poor boy, poor boy," murmured Mrs. Thorne, "how unlike what even strangers call my fairy Lillian!" Then addressing the lad, she continued: "I have felt a deep interest in you, Kitt; I always pity the lonely and destitute, and shall be glad to hear how the world goes with you. Will you not sometimes come to our house with your flute?"

"If you wish it, ma'am—where do you live?"

"At 9, Levison Square—inquire at the door for Mrs. Thorne."

"Ah, I shall not forget! Good-bye, ma'am—good-bye, fairy Lillian."

The lady smiled sadly as she said:

"Who taught you that name, my boy?"

"I heard them call her so, ma'am, in the street—poor people she'd been kind to, bringin' 'em oranges and jelly, and the like, when they were sick and hungry, told me she was one of the good fairies."

Once more Mrs. Thorne smiled, a bright, genial smile, and Lillian's laugh rang out like the chime of silver bells, as she nestled to her mother's side within the vehicle.

"We must leave you now," resumed the lady, "but remember you are not alone—when father and mother forsake you, God will take you up."

As these words of cheer passed her lips, the coach

drove off; and after watching it till it was lost to sight, Kitt rejoined Hadassah. She had awakened to consciousness, and was gazing round the enclosure with her great, dark, Oriental eyes.

"Where am I?" she moaned; "I—I cannot collect my scattered senses."

"You fainted in the court-room when you had told your story," said the boy.

"Ay," and she shivered as if in an ague-fit, "I recollect—the whole flashes back upon my brain. There, in the crowd, I met Guy Falkner, and threatened to unmask him, but he did not quail, except for a single moment. The gleam of the poniard he drew forth, and his cruel, cruel words froze my blood, and I fell to the floor."

"A bystander lifted you and carried you out into the open air, and I followed."

"Faithful little Kitt!" ejaculated the Jewess, "I know not what makes you my friend, but you say I shall yet."

"Yes, in good time, and the day may not be far off. But we mustn't talk much more now, for you're too weak. Come—come home."

And he led her away, choosing the quietest streets, and growing really majestic in his indignation when the boys jeered at Mad Hadassah.

The meeting of the young outcast with Mrs. Thorne and Lillian was a new era in the lad's life. The lady and her beautiful child had won an enviable fame among the poor of London; no alley was too dark for them to thread, no dwelling too cheerless for them to enter, and they did indeed seem like angels of mercy. Heavy eyes kindled, parched lips parted with smiles of welcome, and pale faces flushed with pleasure, at the sound of their voices in the dismal attics and cellars, where the sick lay dying for want of care.

Such were the acquaintances the idiot boy had formed, and the impression they produced was almost magical. As he trudged along with his wares for sale, he thought of sunny-eyed, sunny-haired Lillian and her gentle mother; when he saw them at a distance his whole face would light up, and his slumber by night was haunted by radiant visions.

They appeared so far above him that he yearned to be something nobler and better than he had hitherto been; strange dreams and aspirations were beginning to stir in the heart of the outcast boy. An irresistible impulse drew him to their home, and, flute in hand, he was ushered into Mrs. Thorne's parlour. Everything around, like her own dress and Lillian's, bespoke quiet elegance, and Kitt felt abashed as he entered. The welcome of his hostess and Lillian was well calculated to reassure him, and when he began to play he

forgot everything in the music which filled the room. The lady gazed at him in wonder, for of late he had never worn a filthy or ragged garment; his hair no longer hung in elf-locks; and he seemed a different being from the lad she had met three weeks previous. Besides, the strains which floated around her brought back, as his face had done, reminiscences of her youth, and when he paused she said:

"Who taught you to play, child?"

Kitt hesitated an instant ere he replied.

"I—I can hardly tell you, but I can just recollect a time when I was happy—as happy as fairy Lillian! I must have been at sea, for I remember lookin' out of the cabin window at the water, and hearin' a man, who must have been my father, play a flute. I used to beg for it too, ma'am, and was never so pleased as when he let me take it."

Mrs. Thorne's lips parted, but she could not articulate a word, and she fell back on the sofa where she had been sitting, unconscious.

Twice she had fainted in Kitt's presence, but he knew not that he was the cause of her emotion.

At Lillian's request, he rang a bell that stood on the table, and a servant appeared. As his hostess was borne from the parlour, he took his flute and said:

"I had better go, Lillian."

"But you will come again when mamma is better?"

"Oh, yes," and they parted—Kitt returning to his humble lodgings, and the angel child following her mother. Three days afterward the idiot boy met Lillian in the street.

"Why, Kitt," she exclaimed, "mamma sent me to find you."

"Is she well again?"

"No, she is quite feeble; and Dr. Bell says she must go to the sea-side."

"And so you are to leave Lon'on?"

"Yes, we shall go to a place called Eagle Cliff, on the Plymouth coast."

"Ah! I know; I've been there in my wandering life."

The child clapped her hands, and resumed:

"How glad I am! for mamma wishes you to come to the sea-shore as soon as you can. She told me to give you money to pay your fare in the stage-coach."

And the little girl produced a tiny purse, and shook its contents into his hand. Like one in a strange dream he accepted the gift, and promised to join the Thornes at Eagle Cliff; but why he had been solicited to do this was a mystery.

(To be continued.)



[MAXLEY AGAIN OUTWITTED.]

THE MAID OF MONA.

By LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER LI.

THE COUNTESS AVOIDS HER ENEMY.

Oh, such a day,
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cesar's fortune. *Shakespeare.*

As the Countess of Rathsmere and her companions heard the fearful crash of the barricade they had so carefully erected in their sitting-room, they were momentarily paralyzed, and could only crouch in the shadow of the ruins, holding their breaths to listen.

Her ladyship was the first to recover her self-possession.

"We must fly!" she whispered. "We are at his mercy here. While he is examining the chambers, we must get away!"

"Oh, my lady," returned Clarkson, "he'll be sure to see us if we run away. Let us go back into the secret passage, and hide there till he's gone off to look for us. We can then go off in the sloop!"

This counsel seeming wise to the countess, she requested Barney Flanigan to conduct them into the secret passage. He did so, and they had hardly concealed themselves when they heard Maxley enter the ruins.

He stormed about, peering into every nook and corner, overturning piles of stones and bricks, and uttering curses, finally exclaiming:

"They're not in the ruins! I believe they were here when I looked out a while ago. How did they get out? The windows are too small. The doors were locked. I'll solve this mystery, and treat the countess with more harshness. As to the maid, I'll tie a stone to her neck, and sink her in the sea!"

The women shuddered on hearing these threats—Maxley's tones were so full of rage, so fiendish.

"While I am dawdling here," he cried, stamping about and peering into every shadow, "they have got off in the sloop!"

The listeners could not hear the remainder of the sentence, for Maxley had hurried from the ruins.

After awhile, hearing no sound above them save the noise made by the rooks Maxley had startled, they lifted the block of stone, and crept back into the building.

They were just in time to see Maxley coming up the ascent from the water.

He had been down to the sloop.

They watched him anxiously, fearing his return to the Tower, but he sped along the narrow road that led inland, and was soon out of sight.

"He thinks we have started for the nearest village," cried the countess. "He will soon discover his mistake. Meanwhile, we must take possession of the sloop, and get beyond his reach. Come!"

They left the ruins, and sped across the gardens and lawn, soon gaining the path that led downwards to the little inlet. Without looking behind them, the trio rushed down this path, out upon the rocks, and gained the sloop!

"Let me pull up the anchor," cried Barney, seeing Clarkson attempting it. "We've beat the old fellow, after all, and it's glad I am!"

He drew up the anchor with ease, and the countess then took his hand, saying:

"You must go ashore, my boy. I cannot thank you enough for your brave and good conduct to me this night, but here is a part of the money I promised you, and as soon as I get home I'll send you the rest."

She drew out her purse, and placed it in his hands. "And this," she added, taking a diamond bracelet from her arm, "will sell for more than a hundred pounds. Keep it till I send you the money."

But Barney rejected both purse and jewels.

"I'll go with you, my leddy," he said, earnestly. "Keep the things, and when we reach your house, you can give me the money, if you like. I've no need of them now."

"But you can't go with us!" remonstrated Lady Rathsmere. "Your mother will be alarmed about you—"

"Deed, an' she won't," interrupted the boy. "I wander about the country for days, and she never minds it!"

The countess used further persuasions to induce the lad to go ashore, but he doggedly insisted on remaining with her, and she finally acquiesced in his decision. Replacing her purse and bracelet, she turned her attention to setting the sail.

In a few minutes they were moving slowly away from the land.

"Look there! look there, my lady!" cried Clarkson, in an agony of terror, pointing towards the summit of the hill.

Lady Rathsmere looked, and shuddered.

Upon the edge of the path, his form outlined against the night-sky, stood Maxley, with one arm outstretched as if in imprecation.

Even at that distance they fancied they could hear the outpourings of his fearful wrath.

The next moment he darted down the path with the utmost velocity, rushed out upon the rocks, and again extended his arms as though he would reach the sloop, which had now taken the breeze, and was moving rapidly away.

For several minutes he stood there, and then he ascended the path, and stood on the summit of the hill, watching their course.

"We've outwitted the old miscreant again!" cried Clarkson, in a transport of joy. "How pleasant he must feel at this moment! Oh, you darling boy!" she added, turning to the half-witted lad, who was regarding her ladyship with a look of adoration. "You have saved our lives, and there's nothing I wouldn't do for you, you precious creature!"

In her delight, Clarkson embraced him fervently, kissing him repeatedly. The lad bore these tokens of her gratitude with a look of resignation, but his face became absolutely radiant when the countess laid her white hand in his dirty brown palm, and thanked him earnestly for his bravery and goodness.

"Oh, I wish I didn't ever have to leave you!" he exclaimed, holding the small hand of the lady in a tight grasp. "Oh, if you'd only take me to wait on you—to be near you—I'd be so happy!"

The countess was touched at this expression of the lad's admiration, and said:

"But you couldn't leave your mother to live with me, my boy—could you?"

A shadow passed over his face, and it was evident that a struggle was going on in his narrow mind as to whether he should cling to his mother or the lovely stranger of whom he knew so little.

"I'll live with you," he decided, at last, "and come home to see my mother once in a while. She's got others besides me!"

The poor lad seemed quite triumphant at the result of his attempt to reason, and the countess replied:

"If your mother consents, Barney, you shall live with me. I will take her into my service also, if she would like to enter it!"

The boy's delight was beyond expression.

"Which way shall we go, my lady?" asked Clarkson. "The wind isn't strong, and what there is of it seems to be against us—that is, if we go home!"

"Which we must do!" declared the countess. "We are again free, and our first movement must be to return to Captain Leslie, and search for my daughter. Every minute will seem an hour until that object shall be accomplished!"

"We can tack, I suppose," observed Clarkson, suiting the action to the word. "I don't believe that

this little tub will stand much sea-weal, and I do pray that we shall have pleasant weather. It is enough to scare one to death, my lady, to make such a long journey in so small a vessel and with no little boat to use in case of need. Heaven be with us!"

Maxley's figure, still standing on the summit, erect and motionless, soon faded from their view, and the fugitives began to breathe freer and realize that they were indeed at liberty.

It was a delicious sensation, after their late captivity, to feel that, if they liked, they could run north, or south, or east, and there was no one to dictate otherwise.

"Markington has over-reached himself," said Clarkson, in sudden delight, as she recalled Maxley's words of the previous evening. "Do you remember, my lady, the old reprobate said that there were no neighbours within miles? So, you see, he can't get any boat to follow us in until we are a long way beyond his reach!"

"Yes, we are quite safe now," returned her mistress. "My only anxiety now is to see Captain Leslie, and tell him my discoveries at the Isle of Man, and institute a search for my child. How surprised Captain Leslie will be to learn that the supposed honest fisher, in whose house he left me, was the very enemy of whom we were in search! What the captain thinks of my singular absence I cannot tell. Perhaps he thinks me dead?"

"Oh, no, my lady!" cried Clarkson. "Why should he? He'll be sure to suspect the truth, for I'm missing, too, and so is the fisher! Three persons disappearing, without a trace, will be sure to set Captain Leslie thinking. Now Barney," added the maid, addressing the lad, "you just take hold of this thing here, which they call it the tiller, and steer the vessel till I return!"

She yielded her post to the lad, who seemed proud to be made of service, and went into the cabin, whence she soon returned with her arms full.

Laying the things she had brought upon the deck, she proceeded to arrange the fishing poles as Maxley had done, and after some trouble succeeded in getting up the yellow awning.

She then spread under it the mattress and linen belonging to the cabin-birth, and said:

"Here, my lady, I've made your bed all nice, and if you can only get a little sleep you'll feel quite right in the morning. There being so little wind, and the air so hot, I thought you'd enjoy your rest more up here in the open air, instead of in that close cabin!"

The countess thanked her servitors for her thoughtful kindness, and took possession of the couch placed for her, and soon went to sleep.

Clarkson and Barney sat at the helm, engaged in discussing the goodness of her ladyship, and the maid dilating upon the grandeur of Rathsmere Park and its furniture and adornings.

"And I'm to live there!" cried the lad, in delight. "Ah, won't it be grand? And shall I see all the pretty things, Miss?"

"Certainly," said Clarkson. "The very servants there live better than some gentry I know of!"

"Hush!" exclaimed Barney, turning his head towards the awning. "You'll waken the lady! How came she to live at the Sea Tower, and she with such an elegant place at home?"

Clarkson replied by telling him that the countess had lost a daughter many years ago, supposed to have been stolen by an enemy, and that in searching for this child the enemy had carried her off against her will. The maid interlarded the narrative with many ejaculations against Maxley, which were repeated by Barney with even greater fervour.

"Let me get hold of him once!" cried the lad, doubling his fists. "I'll teach him manners, the wretch!"

For hours the couple sat side by side conversing, or rather, Clarkson talking and Barney listening, the lad's range of ideas being so limited; and during that time the maid taught him how to do the simple managing of the little craft, so that, when necessary, the task might be delegated to him.

Just before daylight, Clarkson dropped off into a brief slumber, and the lad proceeded to act upon his instructions, highly delighted at the responsibility devolving upon him. He tacked several times, and finally, the wind shifting, turned the vessel's head towards the south, and they sped on.

In an hour or two Clarkson awoke, and expressed her pleasure at his movements but added:

"The wind and the tide are both against us. The Isle of Man, at this rate, is a long distance from us. There is always a strong current in these waters, so Markington said, and if the breeze continues so light, we shall certainly see trouble!"

She mused a moment, and then added:

"I am as hungry as a wolf, Barney, and I dare say you are. As soon as my lady wakes up, we'll have breakfast. Ah! she's awake now!"

CHAPTER LII.

DANGERS AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink.

Coleridge.

LADY RATHSMERE had awakened, and she now arose, and Clarkson hastened to her side.

"Did you sleep well, my lady?" she asked, smoothing her mistress's glossy tresses, and removing her rumpled collar, which she exchanged for a fresh one from the travelling bag.

"Very well indeed, thank you, Clarkson," responded her ladyship. "You may remove the mattress—or no—perhaps it would be better to leave it to sit upon. Where are we?"

She stepped out from under the awning, greeted Barney kindly, and then surveyed the scene around them.

To the west lay the Irish shores like a bank of blue clouds. On all other sides lay a wide, watery waste. The Sea Tower was nowhere in view.

"We have left our place of imprisonment behind us," she said, with a bright smile. "We have advanced somewhat on our way home, despite the feeble breeze. And the morning is very lovely. Ah, Clarkson, we are favoured by Providence in making our escape!"

She leaned over the water, her mind busy with blissful dreams.

"Would your ladyship like breakfast now?" observed Clarkson, after a respectful pause.

"Breakfast! Why, is there anything to eat on board?"

"I suppose so, my lady. Markington had a great supply of food on board, and he couldn't have taken it all ashore. I think it likely, my lady, that we've run off with all his nice provisions!"

Clarkson laughed with glee at the thought.

"I'm afraid not," said Barney. "The bad man sent me to take them all ashore. I took them up to the Tower, every scrap I could find—water and all!"

Clarkson's countenance fell.

"Taken everything ashore!" she exclaimed. "Why, then we shall starve to death! It can't be possible! I know I shall find something in the cabin," she added, summoning up her courage. "At any rate, I'll give a thorough search!"

She went into the cabin and made a rigid examination of the locker.

Barney was right.

Not a crumb of food nor a drop of water was to be found!

With a sinking heart, the maid returned to her mistress and informed her of the state of affairs, adding:

"Oh, my lady, I don't know what is to become of us! By the time the sloop reaches Liverpool or the Isle of Man, we shall all be dead! If one of us should happen to live, it would only be to suffer terribly! What shall we do?"

The countess smiled.

"I thought, Clarkson, that you had more courage," she said. "We are in no such peril as you predict. When we get very hungry, we can run ashore and get food. I have money to pay for it."

"But Markington, my lady! He knows we have nothing to eat, and will think we'll put to land. Like as not he'll be on the look out for us! He'll take into account the currents—the light winds—"

"What boggles you make for yourself, Clarkson," smiled the countess. "Markington will be apt to pursue us in some vessel which he has doubtless procured before this time. Besides, I shall be careful where I stop, so you need have no more fears!"

Clarkson was silenced, but not convinced.

The thought of landing anywhere on the Irish coast sent a thrill of terror through her veins, and yet there it was in sight of them.

Maxley had inspired her with a thorough fear and detestation of himself, and in her unreasoning dread she believed that the moment they set foot upon the adjacent shores they placed themselves in his power.

With a deep sigh, she quitted her mistress and hastened to relieve Barney from his duty.

"Walk about and rest yourself, my lad," she said to him. "Don't get to thinking how good a drink of water or piece of bread and butter would be, for if you do we'll have to go ashore and will all be kidnapped! I shan't think of anything to eat or drink, and I only hope her ladyship will manage to stand it as well as I shall!"

Instead of walking about, Barney threw himself upon the deck and fell asleep.

The sun arose in undimmed brightness, and the breeze grew very light. The glaring sunshine was reflected upon the waves, and the heat soon became intense.

"Oh, my lady, please go into the cabin!" exclaimed Clarkson, regarding her mistress, who stood under the awning, looking upon the shining water. "You'll be sun-struck—indeed you will!"

Her ladyship aroused herself from her reverie, and

carried one of the small blankets to Clarkson, endeavouring to fix it over the maid's head. This she soon accomplished by means of a couple of chairs she brought from the cabin. The blanket was stretched from the high back of one chair to the other, and secured. She then secured another blanket over the sleeping lad, and returned to her own awning, saying:

"It is certainly very warm here, Clarkson, but we get more air here than we should in the cabin. We are getting on, although not very swiftly, so let us take heart. When the sun sets we shall probably have a breeze."

Silence fell upon the sloop, the thoughts of both mistress and maid being busy.

Despite her resolutions to the contrary, Clarkson could not help thinking of food, and wishing she had something to eat. She had always a good appetite, and that sense now acquired a double strength when she knew that it was impossible to gratify it. Her very endeavours to think of something else only set her mind the more firmly upon the subject she wished to avoid.

"I wish I had some shrimps," she muttered, her imagination picturing the desired dainty; "some potted shrimps, and a cup of tea, and a hot muffin! Oh, dear, I am so hungry! I suppose my lady is half starved—she is so used to luncheons and frequent meals. Well, if we do starve to death that Markington'll have to answer for it!"

Her eyes followed the graceful form of the countess as she sat under her scanty awning, and she noticed the smile that curved her sweet lips with a sort of envy.

"My lady isn't afraid of meeting Markington on shore," she thought, "but then he didn't say that he'd tie a stone to her neck and sink her in the sea! I know he'd keep his word by me if he had the chance—the wretch! He isn't on our track; at any rate, no vessel is in sight. I wish I had a bit of toast and some cold water."

"Let me take your place, Clarkson," said her ladyship, approaching her. "Go and lie down on the mattress. You look tired and worn."

"No, no, my lady. Work isn't for such as you," replied the maid, grasping the tiller more firmly. "I'm not very tired!"

"Your lips look parched. Are you hungry?"

Clarkson was tempted to reply in the negative, but the truth came to her lips quicker than the falsehood, and she said:

"Yes, my lady. If I only had a dry crust and a few drops of water, I should be thankful! I am more thirsty than hungry. Do you think there'd be any danger in going ashore?"

"None at all, Clarkson. If there is, we may find help to meet it. I begin to feel thirsty too—the air is so dry. Let us make for the nearest shore and get supply of necessary articles."

The sloop was headed for the land as nearly as possible, some tacking being required to reach the coast.

Barney awakened from his slumbers, and was made aware of Lady Rathsmere's intentions, and insisted on taking Clarkson's place at the helm.

It was noon when they approached the land, a bold, rocky shore, with only one dwelling in sight. There were trees in the background and immense rocks in front.

The dwelling was a rough cabin, evidently occupied by a fisher, for a little sloop lay at anchor in the foreground, and its decks showed that it had lately been covered by the flimsy treasures.

The rocks jutted out much in the same way as those at the Sea Tower, and the countess had no difficulty in running near enough to them to effect a landing from the bowsprit.

"Stay on board, Barney," she said, springing lightly upon the natural pier. "Don't let any one go on deck, if any fisher should want to. Clarkson and I will run up to the cabin and get some water. I hardly think that we shall find anything to eat here!"

"Please don't go up then, my lady," cried the maid. "I can get the water as well as you can."

"Don't be so fearful, Clarkson. I would like going up to the cabin. Give me your hand. Spring out—so! Now come."

The mistress led the way up to the cabin.

A man sat on the door-step mending a net. He arose as he beheld the countess, and pulled his forelock, exclaiming, as he turned his head towards the cabin:

"Judy, darlin', kim here. Here's a leddy as does us the honour—"

Before the sentence was finished, a very tidy-looking young woman made her appearance on the threshold, and regarded the strangers with open-mouthed wonder.

"Judy, woman!" said her husband, reprovingly. "Don't ye see the leddy?"

Thus admonished, Judy made a deep curtsy, but whatever she might have said was anticipated by the countess, who said:

"We have just landed here from a sloop—"

"I saw yes!" observed the fisher, attentively.

"We are out of provisions," continued her ladyship, "and would like to purchase something of you. We would also like to get a few bottles of fresh water."

"I'm afraid we've nothing good enough for a lady," said Judy, blushing. "The likes of us don't be having dainties. Water we have, and good too. I'll fill some bottles directly. Will yeas come in?"

The countess and Clarkson accepted the invitation and entered the humble dwelling.

Though small, its interior was faultlessly clean. The floor was nicely sanded, and the deal furniture, gilded of paint or varnish, was very white. A bed stood in one corner, a fireplace was opposite, and a long wooden shelf above it was laden with brightly scoured tins.

The woman wiped off a couple of the chairs with her apron—an act entirely unnecessary—and handed them to her visitors.

She then took out some clean bottles from a small cupboard and disappeared with them, soon returning with them filled with clear water and corked.

"I got the water at the spring, ma'am," she said, delivering the bottles to Clarkson.

"Can't you sell us something to eat?" asked the countess. "I see you have something cooking over the fire."

"'Tis only fish and pratees," was the reply.

"Can you spare them—if I pay you liberally?" and the countess displayed a gold piece.

"Take them up, Judy, girl!" cried her husband, eagerly, his eyes brightening at the sight of the coin. "If the lady wants fish and pratees an' is willing to pay for them, she's welkin. We've more!"

Thus adjured, Judy took them out, laying them upon a cracked blue platter and heaping around them a goodly supply of smoking potatoes. These she surrounded by a black-looking loaf.

"Pepper an' salt, Judy!" said her husband.

Judy produced pepper and salt, mixed together, and laid a small pile of it on a piece of bread, having a hole scooped out in the middle.

Clarkson's fears and uneasiness had returned, and she arose and walked to the door, impatient at their prolonged stay.

The countess paid Judy the gold coin, and the fisher said:

"I'll carry it down to the sloop, mistress, an' much obliged to yeas for coming to us. If iver ye pass this way again, we'll thry to have a betther dinner for yeas!"

The countess smiled and arose.

At the same moment, Clarkson reeled on the step, and cried, in a voice hoarse with terror:

"Oh, my lady, my lady! There he is! There's Markington!"

The countess ran to the door and looked in the direction to which her maid pointed.

Sure enough—there was Maxley!

He was coming along the road on horseback at a leisurely pace—and coming directly to the fisher's cabin!

CHAPTER LIII

DOOMED!

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

Shakespeare.

THE sight of her enemy did not affect the countess as it seemed to have done Clarkson. On the contrary, she turned to the wondering couple, and said:

"I must go now. Bring the food immediately. Come, Clarkson!"

She drew her maid along after her, and they rapidly descended to the sloop, followed by the amazed fisher, who was disposed to inquire into the cause of their sudden excitement.

They reached the sloop, took the platter from the man's hand, and the countess said:

"Quick, Barney. Push off at once! The bad man is on the shore and will capture us!"

The anchor had not been dropped. The sail was soon set, and they moved away from the land.

"Thank God!" cried Lady Rathsmore, her face blanched to a death-lue. "What a narrow escape we have had—if indeed we have escaped! Oh, Clarkson, I owe this second escape to you. That poor fisher up there couldn't have protected us from Markington!"

As they moved away under the freshening breeze, they saw the fisher return to his cabin, saw Maxley ride up, saw him catch sight of the sloop and leap from his horse, saw him gesture, as if talking, and then saw him rush down the bank to the fisher's sloop, while the fisher evidently strove to prevent him.

"He is going to pursue us!" exclaimed the countess, in despair. "He is so used to these little vessels that he will soon overtake us—he can manage them so much better than we can!"

"No, he won't!" cried Barney, his wild face lighted up with joy, as he saw how swiftly they began to move. "I looked at that craft while I was waitin' for you, and it can't compare with this! It leaks, and the sail is torn, and the bottom hasn't been cleaned in an age. We're sure to beat him!"

The countess and her maid began to take hope and courage.

The pursuer struck out boldly after them, and they distinctly heard Maxley's words as he shouted to them to heave-to, or he would have a fearful revenge when he should catch them.

They made no reply.

"I'll soon overtake you!" they heard him cry, in hoarse tones. "The longer my chase is, the worse shall be my revenge!"

"Do you think, Barney, that he'll overtake us?" asked Clarkson, appealingly, as if the half-witted lad could prophecy.

"No, indeed, miss," was the earnest reply. "Not this week in that crazy craft. That sloop ain't worth a brass farthing. See how she staggers! And the breeze is coming on beautiful. I'm sure, the lady is safe!"

The breeze was indeed growing stronger, and the "Jolly Herring" made better progress—so much better that Lady Rathsmore insisted that she and Clarkson should eat their dinner, and that the maid should then take the helm while Barney ate his meal.

Clarkson had little appetite now, but she ate a little of the fish and a potato, and then relieved Barney, who had a keen relish for his dinner. The fish were nicely boiled, and the potatoes were cooked in the very best manner, being white and mealy.

The water was especially good, and there being no tumblers, each took a bottle for her or his particular use.

The pursuer took the increasing breeze as readily as the pursued, although not quite so soon, and despite the unseaworthiness of the former vessel, it seemed to gain upon the "Jolly Herring!"

Then followed a lively chase.

The countess took care to keep her sloop before the wind, so as to lose no time in tacking, and on came Maxley in her wake, shouting imprecations that were most horrible.

The countess grew paler as she saw the distance between the two vessels slowly lessen, Clarkson groaned in her anguish, and even the hitherto hopeful Barney ceased his efforts to reassure his companions.

But none of the three could fail to notice how the pursuing vessel pitched and staggered like a drunken man, although its occupant was too absorbed in watching his speed to notice it.

"We're lost!" cried the maid, sinking upon her knees and watching the pursuer. "We are lost! Heaven have mercy upon us—upon me! for my time is short!"

"He shall not injure you, Clarkson," cried her mistress. "I will protect you while I live!"

"I believe he's gaining on us!" shrieked the maid, unheeding her mistress's words. "Oh, what shall we do?"

Maxley heard her shriek, he being now only a hundred yards astern, and he called out:

"If you yield now, I may be disposed to grant you some mercy. Will you yield?"

"Never!" cried the countess, her eyes flashing, and she drew her slender form to its utmost height. "I shall never be in your power again, Mr. Markington! Your pursuit is vain!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Maxley, his face glowing like a demon's. "I'm gaining on you now, my beauty. A few minutes more and you are mine—mine—mine!"

He dwelt on the words with savage emphasis, and uttered another strange, jubilant laugh.

"I'm afraid he speaks the truth!" said her ladyship, her sudden enthusiasm disappearing, and the woman reigning in its stead. "Oh, if there were only some other vessel in sight! If we had only some one to look to for aid!"

She scanned the sea with eager, anxious gaze, but not a sail dotted its surface.

She then looked upward, as if seeking aid from Him who holds the earth in His hands!

"How did you get out of the Tower?" yelled Maxley, who seemed unable to keep quiet. "Ah! I see the housekeeper's boy on board with you! I'll soon settle with you, my lad! You got 'em out, did you? I'll pay you for it, my hearty!"

"You'll be killed too, Barney!" said Clarkson, tearfully.

But Barney paid no attention to these words; he was looking at the pursuing sloop with a strangely intent gaze.

"About five minutes more!" cried Maxley. "Just

a little five minutes, and you will again be my prisoner, sweet countess. Ha! ha!"

Barney leaped to his feet, wild with excitement.

"See! see!" he cried, pointing to Maxley's vessel.

"I thought so! I was sure of it! Oh, look—look!"

The pursuing sloop, under the pressure of the wind on its sail, had remained quite steady, but now it lurched heavily, and reeled to and fro.

Maxley noticed that the fugitives were strangely excited, and his sloop then lurching more heavily, and Barney's finger pointing at it, he suddenly became conscious that something was wrong with the vessel.

A minute or two he waited, and then disappeared from sight, evidently looking into the interior of the craft.

He suddenly reappeared on the deck, his face of a ghastly paleness, and shouted:

"Help! help! I am sinking! Oh, help! Have mercy upon me!"

"Don't, don't, my lady!" implored the maid. "You saved him once, and see how he rewarded you! You surely won't save him again to repeat his wickedness!"

"Help! help!" again cried Maxley, his tones almost unrecognizable from terror. "Oh, I beseech you, take pity on me!"

The countess hesitated not an instant.

"Clarkson," she said, her sweet face all aglow with the holiest and purest emotions of which the human soul is capable, "we must forgive our enemies ninety and nine times—"

"But, oh, my lady, if you save him, you rush upon certain death! Don't save him—"

"Help! help!" yelled Maxley, wild with horror, his vessel lurching convulsively to and fro.

The countess directed Barney to steer the vessel towards Maxley, and said:

"I must save him, Clarkson. I am not He whose prerogative it is to bid His creatures live or die at His will! Neither am I a human judge to say whether he merits his life or forfeits it! I am an erring mortal like himself, and I must save him!"

"Help! help!" came in a wild, gasping cry from the sinking sloop. "Oh, heaven! too late! Mercy! Oh, God! mercy!"

That prayer was the last that ever came from Maxley's lips!

The sloop made a final lurch, and went down with Maxley on her deck, clinging frantically to her side!

Although they waited and watched for a long time, he did not reappear, and they concluded that he had never relinquished his frantic death-grip on the bulwarks, or that he was in some way entangled in the wreck.

"Dead! drowned!" said Lady Rathsmore, at last, sinking upon the mattress. "And what a death! Heaven have mercy upon him! May his last words have been heard!"

"Dead!" gasped Clarkson, a great weight lifted from her soul. "God has punished him. He struck him down at a moment when his wicked soul was exulting in cruelty! What an awful time to die! I don't like to be so un-Christian as to say I'm glad of it—but I'm not sorry!"

Barney's relief was as great as Clarkson's, but it did not express itself in words.

He took his place again at the helm, mentally congratulating Lady Rathsmore on being freed for ever from her dangerous enemy, and they sped on their way homewards.

The horrible and unexpected death of Maxley threw a sort of shadow over the little party, and not much was said for some time.

The countess did not pretend to a grief which she did not feel at the event. On the contrary, she felt relieved by it. When she made up her mind to rescue Maxley, she had no mistaken ideas that her generosity would move him to repentance. She determined to save him, realizing that she would be but warming a viper to sting her; but her noble heart and womanly soul would not permit her to suffer him to perish without stretching forth a hand to save him.

And now, when she knew that he was dead, she felt safe.

The afternoon wore on, and a second meal was made from the fish and potatoes, and Clarkson said:

"The last food is gone, my lady. We've nothing more to eat."

"Is there any water?" asked the countess.

"Yes, my lady, three full bottles, besides yours, which isn't more than half gone."

"We can bear hunger better than thirst, Clarkson," said Lady Rathsmore. "With the water we have, it will not be necessary for us to procure provisions before to-morrow noon. By that time we may encounter some vessel. I hope we shall, for we shall have to go out of our way to land, and we shall lose so much time in doing so. We are making very good progress now, Barney?" she added, addressing the lad, who had resumed his place at the helm.

"Yes, my lady," was the reply. Lady Rathmore laid her delicate hand upon his bloodied head and said:

"You look tired, my boy. You must go to sleep to-night, and so must Clarkson, while I attend to the vessel!"

"Do you think I'd sleep, and let you work?" cried Barney. "Never, my lady—never!"

"Then you must sleep now, so that you will feel strong to-night," observed her ladyship kindly, as she turned away. "Oh!" she added, drawing a quick breath, as she gazed eastward, "I see a sail! a sail!" Clarkson echoed the words, and the trio watched the sail, rapidly increasing in size, for some time in silence.

"It is a large vessel!" declared the countess, in eager accents. "It comes this way! Oh! if we might only attract its notice. Clarkson, hoist a tablecloth as a signal of distress. I saw the cloth in the cabin."

Clarkson obeyed. The cloth was hoisted, and they waited in speechless suspense. The vessel came nearer, nearer, seemed about to tack, when the "Jolly Herring's" signal was discovered, and then the stranger came on like the wind to the rescue of the countess and her companions.

(To be continued.)

THE NABOB.

"Feb. 20, 18—"

"DEAR SISTER.—After an absence of twenty years, passed in a land that possessed no charm for me, save in the pursuit of the object that took me thither (the acquirement of wealth), I am happy once again to set my feet upon my native soil, and to realize the bright anticipations I have so often indulged—to be surrounded by dear friends, and to feel I am not entirely alone in the world.

"Presuming upon the happiness it will afford you to meet an only brother after so long an absence, I shall take the liberty of calling upon you on Thursday next, and, if agreeable to you, will make your house my home, at least for a short time.—Your affectionate brother,

ROBERT SOUTHDOWN."

Mrs. Wilford, having read the letter, called to her daughter, who was just passing:

"Matilda, my dear, just step here for a moment, I've such a surprise for you! Guess who has arrived!" and Mrs. Wilford, her face all aglow with pleasing emotions, paused for a reply.

"Dear mamma, you are always propounding problems and riddles to me, as though I was a machine made expressly to solve them. Guess who has arrived, indeed! A pretty occupation I should be engaged in truly. But, perhaps, 'tis the Czar of Russia, or the 'man from the moon,'—or possibly both;" and Miss Matilda threw herself laughingly into an easy chair.

"Not quite so grand a personage as either of those whom you have mentioned, my dear," replied Mrs. Wilford. "It is no less a person, however, than your Uncle Bob."

"Indeed!" observed the young lady, partially rising, and sinking back in the easy chair again.

"Yes; I have just received this letter from him. He has just arrived in London, loaded down with rupees, and rich enough to buy the whole city, I dare say."

"Dear mamma, your imagination must be very fertile, or does his letter really state that interesting fact?"

"Well, no; his letter doesn't exactly say that. It merely announces his arrival, and states that he will be with us on Thursday next. But then it's quite certain that he's very rich; people don't go off into an outlandish country and stay twenty years for nothing."

"No; I dare say not, if they can better themselves," observed Miss Wilford. "But even supposing him to be the rich nabob your fancy pictures him, of what benefit will all his wealth prove to us?"

"My dear, your comprehensive faculties seem unusually dull to-day. You are aware your Uncle Bob—or it would be more politic to call him Robert now—never married, consequently, we are now his only near living relative."

"You forget Alice."

"True! I had quite forgotten her. However, the fact of her existence will not alter my plans in the least. Your Uncle Robert proposes taking up his residence in this house, so we shall have plenty of opportunities to embitter him against your cousin Alice. And it will be our fault if we don't make something out of his vast wealth. And as these Indian nabobs seldom live long after leaving that peculiar climate, to which a long residence has accustomed them, it would be well for us to shape our tactics to secure the bulk of his property when that interesting—I mean deplorable event takes place—I mean his death."

And Mrs. Wilford, with an affecting sigh, left the room, leaving her daughter to indulge in anticipations of future glory and greatness.

Mrs. Wilford occupied a handsome and commodious house situated in the beautiful village of Oakfield. This property, with about ten thousand pounds secured in two or three different stock company concerns, was left her by her husband at his death, which occurred about three years previous to the opening of our story. Mr. Southdown and Mrs. Wilford were half brother and sister. Mr. Southdown, sen., had been twice married, the issue of the first marriage being Robert and Alice, that of the second, Agatha. Robert had scarcely attained his majority when his father died, and the duty of providing for the family then devolved upon him. In a few years, however, Alice and Agatha were married; the former to a Mr. Worth, a young lawyer, who, whilst on a visit to the village, became enamoured of and married her; the latter to a Mr. Wilford, a sort of stock-jobber and gambler.

Arrived at his thirtieth birthday, Robert, who was of an ambitious turn of mind, accepted a situation on board an Indian merchantman, and set out for the land of precious gems, jungles and wild beasts.

About five years after his arrival, he received a letter announcing the almost simultaneous death of his sister Alice and her husband; and a short time previous to his return home he had also heard of Mr. Wilford's death.

CHAPTER II.

THE little village of Oakfield was in a commotion. A grand party was to be given in honour of the great nabob, Mr. Robert Southdown. All the grand folks of the place had been invited to participate in the festivities, and the poorer class were all on the *qui vive* to obtain a glance at so great a personage as an Indian nabob, for Mrs. Wilford had assiduously circulated throughout the village that the nabob, as she now called her brother, had returned home immensely rich.

Towards evening a carriage drew up in front of the Wilford mansion, and a short, dumpy sort of personage, with a remarkably sawlike cast of features, alighted from it. A moment later and Mrs. Wilford and her brother were clasped in each other's arms. The first ebullitions of joyous congratulations over, Mr. Southdown was conducted to a room which had been previously prepared for him, where he might enjoy a short repose and enable him to make a fresh appearance when the guests should arrive, who had been invited to honour his return home with their presence.

At length the guests arrived, and shortly after Mr. Southdown was introduced by Mrs. Wilford, and was received by the guests with the warmest expressions of friendly sentiment. Mr. Southdown seemed extremely pleased at this proof of sisterly regard on the part of Mrs. Wilford, and the friendly interest evinced towards him by all the guests. The night was spent in joyous festivities, and all passed off as "merry as a marriage bell."

The next evening Mr. Southdown, Mrs. Wilford and her daughter were seated in the spacious parlour where Mr. Southdown had been amusing them with stories of his Indian life. Having exhausted all the incidents his memory could suggest, he reverted to a subject they had been previously discussing.

"So, after her parents' death, the child, at their request, came to reside with you?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilford. "Alice was then but three years old, and Matilda scarcely one, and so you can imagine the burden it imposed upon me; but heaven knows I never murmured, and had Alice turned out different, and become what I desired and intended she should, I should have been sufficiently compensated for my trouble." And giving vent to a harrowing sigh, Mrs. Wilford sank further back into her chair.

"If I'm not mistaken, you wrote me that there was nothing left at her father's death."

"Nothing, save what was realized from the sale of the furniture—a few hundred pounds. You are aware it was the loss of his money, caused by the failure of the concern in which he had it invested, that caused his death."

"True," murmured Mr. Southdown. "And so, under the mistaken impression that she was ill-treated, the poor child left your house and went to London?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilford. "That was three years ago."

"And you have never heard from her since?"

"Oh, yes, I have often heard from her indirectly, and have seen her once!"

"Indeed! when and where?" eagerly inquired Mr. Southdown.

"About a year after she left us."

"Did you speak to her?"

"No. Notwithstanding my great desire to persuade her to return home, I felt it would be useless. She was in company with a young man, and her appearance but too plainly indicated the calling she had adopted. But you, Robert," suddenly added Mrs. Wilford, "you might possess a greater influence over her, and possibly reclaim her; suppose you try?" and Mrs. Wilford anxiously waited for a reply.

"No," at length answered Mr. Southdown, with a genuine sigh. "I feel, as you say, it would be useless. But the time will assuredly come when she will return to those whose kindly offices she has rejected, to seek compassion and forgiveness!"

Shortly after Mr. Southdown arose and retired.

"Thus far we are successful," uttered Mrs. Wilford.

"Dear mamma, you managed it admirably," approvingly added her daughter.

"I think we are safe to say he will never bother his head about Alice."

"But, dear mamma, suppose he should accidentally meet Alice?"

"Suppose he should? They have never seen each other, consequently cannot recognize each other."

"Still it is a risk," said Miss Wilford.

"My dear, in this affair our motto must be *nil desperandum*."

We will now conduct the reader into a plain but neatly-furnished apartment of a snug little cottage, situated on the outskirts of the great city. In one corner of the room is a couch, upon which lies an invalid. Directly opposite the couch stands a small table, at which a young woman is busily engaged preparing some soothing draught.

One look at the radiantly-pious face of this young creature, as she noiselessly busies herself in the preparation of the draught, lest she should disturb the invalid, would cause the poorest reader of physiognomy to sum up all her qualities of character in one word—goodness.

Presently the invalid made a slight stir, and the young woman hastened towards him. Opening his eyes, and staring vacantly about the apartment for a moment or two, he faintly asked:

"Where am I?"

"Oh sir!" cried the young creature, so overjoyed at the sound of the invalid's voice that she utterly ignored his question, "I'm so glad you've recovered! But before I can allow you to talk, or answer you any questions, you must drink this." And, taking from the table a tumbler which contained the draught she had prepared, she handed it to the invalid, who eagerly drank it contents, and shortly after closed his eyes and sank into a quiet slumber.

The young woman, seating herself at the head of the couch, picked up some work she had been previously engaged upon, and began dexterously to ply her needle.

About fifteen minutes elapsed, when the room door was noiselessly opened and a tall, manly form entered the apartment. The young woman, hastily laying aside her work, lightly approached him, and, taking his hands within her own, looked lovingly into his face and said:

"Dear James, you are home early to-day."

"Yes," replied the young man. "I acquainted Mr. Peters with this circumstance (pointing towards the invalid) and he was kind enough to let me off two hours earlier, that I might have an opportunity to stop at Dr. Brown's and request his attendance until the gentleman may be able to return to his friends. Has he spoken yet?"

"Yes; scarcely half-an-hour since; he wished to know where he was, but I wouldn't allow him to talk, and gave him the draught Dr. Brown ordered this morning. Immediately after he fell asleep again, and—but see," she suddenly added, as her eyes fell upon the invalid, "our talking has disturbed him; he's stirring."

The invalid partially opened his eyes, gave utterance to a low moan, and sank to sleep again.

"Poor gentleman! he appears to be in pain," observed the young man. "Twas a lucky circumstance I happened to be passing at the time, or the villain would have made short work of him."

"Dear James," said his wife (for the couple were husband and wife), "while I am preparing supper, relate the whole affair to me again; last night I was so confused that it has entirely escaped my memory."

"Well," began the young man, "you know last night, directly after supper, I started for Mr. Peter's residence to assist him in writing up the books. I suppose I remained there until about ten o'clock. Instead of riding home, as I usually do, I thought I'd save my sippet and enjoy the fine moonlight and walk. Well, I had reached that vacant lot, at the corner of which old Brady's is situated, when I perceived three men turn the corner of the street behind

and take the same direction I was going. They were in advance of me. I perceived that one was considerably in advance of the other two, and concluded they were not all of one party. Somehow or other I became impressed with the idea that there was mischief brewing. I crossed to the opposite side of the street and increased my pace, hoping that if any mischief occurred I might be able to render some assistance to the injured party. Presently the moon became suddenly obscured; almost on the same instant I heard a sudden tramp of feet, and could faintly discover a tussle between them. I started forward, and reached the spot in time to see the villains darting round the corner, and to find this gentleman lying upon the ground. I instantly began to loosen his clothes, when the cloud that had previously obscured the moon disappeared, and its rays now fell full upon his face. I began to restore him to consciousness by such means as I could command. In a short time I was successful. I asked him if I should accompany him to his destination. He thankfully accepted my offer, and we started, he leaning heavily on my arm. Just within a few yards of this house he fainted again. Here was a sad predicament; unfortunately I had neglected to ask him where his friends resided, so there was no alternative but to bring him here. And now," concluded the young man, "you have the whole story." And picking up a book that lay upon the table he busied himself over its contents, while his young wife began preparing the supper.

Presently the invalid again opened his eyes, and gave utterance to a low moan.

The young man suddenly arose, and laying the book upon the table, hastened to him, and placing his hand upon his brow, asked:

"How do you feel now, sir?"

"Better, much better," answered the invalid. "But I can scarcely realize what has happened or where I am."

And he stared vacantly about the apartment.

"Compose yourself awhile," said the young man, "and when supper is over I will state the whole circumstance to you."

At length the meal was finished, and the invalid having assured his young friend that he felt sufficiently strong to converse, the young man related the whole circumstance to him.

When he had finished, the invalid clasped his hand and thanked him, and promised to handsomely reward him for his friendly services.

"And now," said he, "if you have pen, ink, and paper about the house, draw the table close beside me, and write as I dictate. I wish to acquaint my friends of my whereabouts, that they may have me conveyed home, and relieve you of any further trouble."

The young man assured him that he was only too happy to have been able to render any assistance. And then, requesting his wife to procure the writing materials, he placed the table and chair nearer the invalid, and was soon busily engaged writing as the invalid dictated. When he had finished the letter, he asked:

"What is the address?"

"Mrs. Agatha Wilford, Oakfield."

When the young man heard this, he suddenly raised his eyes from off the paper, and stared the invalid in the face.

"Why do you pause?" asked the invalid.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but did you say Mrs. Wilford, of Oakfield?"

"Yes; can it be possible that you know her?"

"She is my wife's aunt."

"Heavens! Can it be possible? And your name—"

"James Clark."

"And your wife's?"

"Alice Clark, formerly Alice Worth."

"Great God, how wonderful are thy ways!"

"You seem surprised, sir. Your agitation is incomprehensible. Who are you?"

"Your wife's uncle, Robert Southdown."

Alice, who had stood spellbound during this conversation, suddenly sprang forward at this announcement, and kneeling at her uncle's side, clasped his hands within her own, and bathed them with her tears.

When all had become sufficiently composed explanations followed. When Mr. Southdown had finished relating the conversation that had passed between himself and Mrs. Wilford, concerning Alice, with which the reader is already acquainted, he said:

"And now, Alice, my child, tell me your story."

And then Alice related in substance how, at her father's death, at his request, she went to live with her aunt. How, as years passed by, and herself and cousin entered the state of womanhood, her aunt began to treat her with great aversion, and heaped such great humiliations upon her that they at length became intolerable, and she was at last

forced to leave her roof, and seek, by her own exertions, a home of independence. How she at length found employment in a large tailoring establishment. How, for two years, she had to encounter difficulties and privations, when James, who was a clerk in the establishment where she worked, became attached to and married her. Since then James had been promoted, and was an assistant book-keeper, and they were enabled to live quite comfortably.

When she had completed her recital, her uncle, placing his hand upon her brow, said:

"Poor child! truly your troubles have been great. And your aunt Agatha—Heavens! can such designing people live? Well, well, my child, your troubles are now ended. God, in a providential manner, has restored you to me, and yourself and husband shall henceforth be my care. And all the wealth, for which I have toiled for years, shall be used to make your lives one continuous stream of sunshine."

A week after the incidents just narrated, Mrs. Wilford received the following letter:

"April 9, 18—.
"MRS. AGATHA WILFORD.—Madam:—God, who notes even the sparrow's fall, has, in a most singular manner, restored to me one whom you, through your false pride and avarice, would have doomed to a life of ignominy and shame. But He would not permit it. With a firm reliance on His abiding grace, your victim has escaped unscathed.

"With this fact, bend your knee to Him who alone has the power to pardon and forgive, and supplicate for mercy. And that your prayer may be heard and granted shall always be the prayer of

"Yours, &c., ROBERT SOUTHDOWN."

ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

CHAPTER CXLVII THE SEARCH.

I have held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood! What holy bond is there of natural love, What human tie that does not knit thee to me? I love thee! What did thy father for thee Which I, too, have not done, to the height of duty? And still thou dost forsake me! Wallenstein.

OWEN and his friend did not wait for Lily Gay's re-appearance; but set out at once upon their search.

A few minutes after they left the house she came down dressed for her walk, and Nancy came in to attend her.

They locked up the house, and went forth upon their quest.

How vain that search and quest was we already know.

Owen and his friend inquired at the station, but no one could remember among the crowds whether any young lady answering to the description of Lily May had been seen that morning or not.

They inquired at other points with no better success.

Then they went over to the city to pursue their search there; but in vain.

Next they went the round of all the newspaper offices, and left at each a carefully worded advertisement, that could not in any manner compromise the delicacy of the fair young fugitive; since it was written in a manner that would be perfectly comprehensible to her, but utterly incomprehensible to all others. This mysterious advertisement implored her by every sacred duty and tender memory to return to her forsaken home and sorrowing friends, who could know no such grief in the world as the loss of their darling.

Finally, they went to all the police-stations, imparted the flight of the young lady to several of the most shrewd of the detective officers, and promised large rewards if they should succeed in discovering the fugitive girl.

Then they turned their faces homeward.

"And who knows," said Owen, hopefully, "but what Lily Gay has been more successful than we have?"

"Heaven grant it," replied William Spicer.

Meanwhile, Lily Gay and her duenna had made the round of all her acquaintances. Well did Lily Gay guard the delicacy of her foster-sister.

At none among the houses at which they called—not even at that of their most intimate friend, Cora Campbell—did Lily Gay betray the anxiety that was troubling her heart. At each house she asked, in a seemingly careless manner:

"Have you seen Lily May this morning?" And when answered "No," and asked "Why?" she would reply with apparent indifference:

"Oh, she went out before I was ready this morning; but I hoped to join her here."

And then, inwardly troubled but outwardly composed, she would take leave, and turn her steps to another house, where, after a little preliminary and commonplace talk about the weather and the fashions, she would put the same question and receive the same answer. And thus she went through the whole circle of her acquaintances, without obtaining a single clue to the direction taken by Lily May.

At five o'clock, worn out in mind and body, and tormented with suspense and anxiety, they reached home.

Lily Gay threw off her bonnet, and then dropped into an arm-chair and burst into tears. But still through that shower of tears shone one little sunbeam of hope. It was that Owen and William, whom she momentarily expected, would bring her some news of Lily May.

While she was still weeping convulsively, the young men came in.

She started up eagerly.

"Have you gained any tidings of her?" she asked.

"Ah, no! but I hoped that you had heard something of her—and you have not?" said Owen, in that last hope that springs from despair.

"Oh, no, no, no! Oh, Owen! where can she have gone? Where is our darling?"

"Heaven only knows! Heaven guard her!" groaned the young man, sinking into a chair, and wiping the cold perspiration from his pallid brow. He was suffering unspeakable agony in his anxiety and suspense.

"Owen, it is almost night! Oh, where will she stay to-night? Owen, answer me! is there no help in you?" cried Lily Gay, sobbing and wringing her hands.

"My sister, what man can do I have done and will do! May heaven shield her and direct us!" exclaimed Owen, with a burst of anguish.

Nancy came in from the kitchen to lay the cloth for dinner.

"Has she heard anything of her?" she inquired, in a low whisper, of Lily Gay.

"Oh, no, no, Nancy! nothing yet. And it is almost night! And my heart will break!" sobbed Lily Gay.

"Let us all hope and pray as she will be taken care of," sighed Nancy. And she began to set the table.

"What is the use of doing that, Nancy? I'm sure nobody can eat a morsel of dinner," said Lily Gay.

"You mayn't; and I dare say as you won't, poor child, 'cause you is a young 'oman; but I never yet see the man, young or old, as had his appetite took away by trouble; mind that. It's nothing but briled chieking, and fried bacon, and mashed taters."

Owen, with that gentle firmness for which he was noted, took his reluctant sister by the hand and led her to the head of the table, and then invited his guest to take a seat at the board, and finally he took his own place at the foot.

Lily Gay helped the others, but made not the slightest pretence of eating. Owen tried to share in the meal, if only in compliment to his guest; but William Spicer, who was very hungry, made quite a comfortable dinner.

As it was already so late, tea was brought in before they left the table.

Lily Gay took a single cup of that reviving beverage, and then they all arose.

Nancy cleared the table and lighted the gas for the evening.

"Oh, Owen, I cannot bear it! I cannot stop in the house! I must go out and look for her! It is quite dark, and where is she? Oh, where is she now?" exclaimed Lily Gay, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Try to be as quiet as you can, my sister. We are going out again to renew our search—William and myself. But you must remain quietly at home with Nancy. It would be very improper for you to be roaming about at this hour," said Owen, gravely.

"But she is out, and alone; and exposed to heaven knows what danger! Oh, I shall go mad!" cried Lily Gay, jumping up and wringing her hands, and pacing the floor in a distracted manner.

"Sister, sit down—sit down and calm yourself, so that I may go and search for our missing darling. Remember how necessary it is for me to go after her; and yet I cannot leave you in this excitement. Pray control yourself," said Owen, taking the girl's hand and leading her to a sofa, and then bringing her a flask of eau-de-Cologne from the chiffonier.

"I will; I will be as still as a mouse, if you will only go and look for her. Oh, Owen, every minute is an hour while she may be exposed to—no one knows what dangers in the streets to-night," said Lily Gay, making a heroic effort to calm herself.

Owen called Nancy in, and said:

"Get your young lady to bed as soon as you can, and remain with her through the night."

"Don't you be no ways uneasy, Master Owen. I'll mind her; carefully, too," replied Nancy.

"And who will remain with Lily May? Who will guard her?" sobbed Lily Gay.

"Heaven will! Now, do be quiet, sister, if you wish me to go," said Owen, earnestly.

"I am quiet; I am very quiet," answered Lily Gay, swallowing her sobs.

Owen stooped and kissed her, commended her to heaven, and then, beckoning William Spicer to accompany him, took his hat and went out upon his second search for the lost girl.

Nancy followed him, and looked and barred the front door, and then returned to Lily Gay.

"Have they gone, Nancy?"

"Yes, honey."

"Oh, I can't be still. I seem to choke sitting here," exclaimed Lily Gay, starting from the sofa and recommencing her wild walk up and down the room.

Nancy sat down on a low stool and watched her.

"Oh, Nancy, you have a great deal of experience. Where do you think she is now?" inquired Lily Gay, wringing her hands.

"Goodness only knows! I can't form the least idea."

"Oh, Nancy, I can't bear this dreadful weight of suspense much longer. I shall die, I shall die, if I don't hear soon," gasped Lily Gay, throwing herself in an arm-chair in a paroxysm of convulsive sobs.

"That is not the way to keep your promise to Master Owen," said Nancy, quietly.

"I cannot help it; I cannot. If she was lying dead before me I could bear it; but not to know where she is this dark and stormy night, with so many hours before morning—or what suffering or what danger is before her. It is that! It is that, Nancy!" gasped the girl, springing up and recommencing her distracted walk to and fro in the room.

To and fro, to and fro, many times she walked, until, utterly exhausted, she threw herself upon the sofa and asked:

"Nancy, what o'clock is it?"

"Ten o'clock, and you ought to be in bed."

"Only ten o'clock, and there are eight or nine hours of darkness yet, and she may be out in it all. Roaming the streets a homeless wanderer at this very hour. Oh, my heart! I cannot—cannot endure it!" she cried, starting up and walking wildly up and down the room.

Up and down, up and down, until, again exhausted, she fell upon the sofa.

"Now, take an old woman's advice, and go to bed. It can't do any good for you to distract yourself in this way! Go to bed, and I will sit with you! Come, go to bed!"

"Bed? Do you think me such an unfeeling wretch as to lie down in my comfortable bed, while she, as a homeless wanderer, through this dark, rainy night?" cried Lily Gay, bounding from the sofa and traversing the floor in the most excited manner.

Backward and forward, backward and forward, until once more worn out, she dropped upon the sofa and inquired:

"Nancy, is the storm over, do you think?"

Nancy went to the window and looked out, and reported:

"Yes, it is done raining; the clouds are abreaking away and the stars are a-coming out."

"What time is it now?"

"After eleven. Indeed I wish you would go to bed."

"Oh, Nancy! don't talk to me of bed. But if you are sleepy, lie down on the rug and take a nap."

"Well, I just believe I will, for I am dead asleep—ugh!" said Nancy, with a hideous gape. And she laid herself down upon the rug and fell asleep.

Lily Gay again sprang up and resumed her walk to and fro, to and fro, until again she sunk prostrated upon the sofa.

And so she passed the hours of that night of anguish—alternately walking wildly up and down the room, wringing her hands, and sinking prostrate and sobbing upon the sofa.

At six o'clock in the morning the door-bell sharply rang. Its sound did not wake Nancy, but it roused Lily Gay, who was sobbing on the sofa, and she sprang up to open the door.

Owen and William stood there.

"Any news of Lily May?" breathlessly inquired the young girl.

"No, dearest, no!" replied Owen, in a heart-broken voice, as he entered the hall and hung up his hat.

"Oh, heaven!" moaned Lily Gay.

"You are up very early, my sister," said Owen.

"Yes, I am up early," replied Lily Gay. She did not tell him that she had not been in bed. "But you are very pale, Owen! And Willie must be tired. Go you two up to your rooms. You will find water and towels placed ready. And I will rouse Nancy and

have breakfast got immediately. You must need it," she added; for she did not wish Owen to enter the parlour and find Nancy sleeping there, and in that way discover that she, Lily Gay, had watched all night.

They went upstairs, as she directed them.

And she returned to the parlour to rouse Nancy and send her into the kitchen to prepare breakfast, while she herself opened the parlour windows, aired and arranged the room, and set the table.

A pale, worn, sad-eyed party it was that assembled around the breakfast-table that morning.

Lily Gay asked many questions; but obtained no satisfactory answers. Owen could only tell her of his fruitless search.

After breakfast, which they scarcely tasted, Owen, without taking an hour's rest, set out again, accompanied by Willie Spicer, to pursue the vain quest.

And Lily Gay remained at home, in an agony of suspense that was more exhausting than any energetic action could have been.

Ah! many troubled days and many sleepless nights were to be the portion of this bereaved and sorrowing family before they could know for a certainty that their poor, wearied dove had flown home to her own nest, and rested there in perfect peace and safety.

CHAPTER CXLVIII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Uneasy now becomes, perforce,
The inevitable intercourse,
So grateful heretofore;
Each in the other can descry
The tone constrained, the altered eye,
They know that each to each can seem
No longer as before;
And yet while thus estranged, I deem
Each loves the other more. *Southey.*

Every day that Lily May spent with her now friends endeared her more to them. Her beauty, her grace, and her goodness completely won their affections. Her frankness, too, upon every subject but one, charmed them. That proscribed subject was of her own antecedents.

Gladdys hoped that, as days passed, she should win the confidence of her young protégée and hear her history. And she did win the confidence of Lily May; but she did not hear her history. This reticence on the part of one so young, so innocent, and so candid, seemed very strange to the lady.

Arthur had his own theory about her—that she had been the innocent object of a sinful love; that, he thought, would rationally account both for her flight and her reserve.

Gladdys soon thought that she herself had reason to accept this theory, with additions, from her own experience in a conversation with Lily May. It happened thus:

Amiable as she was, the young girl could not conceal the ever-increasing sorrow that she felt in her total separation from her friends; the ever-gnawing anxiety she suffered in the strict non-intercourse with them. Poor Lily May felt as if an eternity had passed since she had parted from them; and as if she would have almost given her life and her soul for a sight of their dear faces or a sound of their dear voices. She knew that they must be sorrowful. She feared that they might be ill. Yet she dared not seek news of them lest she should betray her abode and be reclaimed by them.

Sometimes, in her intense desire to see or hear from them, she felt almost willing to be reclaimed; sometimes she felt even tempted to rush back to them. At such times she repeated her sad formula:

"Sorrow is better than reproach. It is for your honour I stay away, dear Lily Gay! Honour, dearest, dearest Owen!"

And so she would nerve her gentle heart to bear the indefinite separation and the incessant suspense.

But all this wore upon the delicate girl. She lost her appetite and her sleep, and grew thin and pale.

Mrs. Powis saw this and watched her in pity and uneasiness. And one day, when they were sitting together engaged in needle-work, the lady, looking wistfully at the girl, said:

"My child, are you pining after the friends you have left?"

Lily May attempted to answer, but burst into tears instead.

"Do you wish to go back to them?" pursued the lady.

"Oh, no, no, no; I must never go back!—never go back!" sobbed Lily May.

"But why, my child?"

"I told you before, dear lady. I told you the first night that I came here. I cannot go back, because I should carry reproach into their home."

"But, my child, one so innocent as yourself could not do so; it would be impossible."

"Yes, I am innocent; no one in the world ever accused me of being otherwise. But yet I should carry dishonour to them by going back, I should indeed, lady. And though I grieve so much in staying away, and I know they grieve so much at my absence, still I must stay away for their sakes. Sorrow is better than shame," repeated Lily May for the twentieth time.

"And you will not explain this mystery to me?"

"I cannot, dear, kind friend, I cannot. I would if I could."

"Mary," said the lady, gravely, "you love these friends that you have left; you love them very much?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes; heaven only knows how much. It is because I love them so that I stay away from them."

"But, Mary, is not there one among them that you love far more than the others?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"And which is that one, my dear? You may answer me freely. It is a friend's question."

"Oh, I know it is, dear lady, and I will answer truly. It is my dear brother that I love most—that I love more than my own life and soul. And he deserves it, he is so good and noble!"

The lady did not reply in words; but she put her arms around the girl's neck and drew her to her bosom.

It was this brother, who was really no brother, that Lily May was grieving after!

Meanwhile Arthur Powis was fretting and fuming over the "law's delays," or rather the detectives'. Apparently the police found great difficulty in tracing Mrs. Llewellyn, for a fortnight passed before they discovered even the line of travel she had taken, and then the sum total of their knowledge was only this—that she had gone southward. Two of their most experienced detectives—Beck and White—were sent in pursuit of her.

Another week passed without news, and Arthur Powis became very impatient, for he did not wish to leave the country before the arrest of this woman; and yet his passage was taken on the steamer that was to sail on the first of October, and that day was very near at hand.

There was not the slightest reason, however, why Arthur Powis should rush off to Wales just at this time.

The ostensible object of the voyage was to seek out and become acquainted with the impoverished young baronet who represented the elder branch of the Llewellyn family, and failing, Gladdys's children would be the heirs of her estate. But that affair could have waited, and Arthur might have remained in London for an indefinite period.

But the truth of the matter was simply this: Arthur Powis, like most other idle men of fortune, without trade, profession, or business to engage him, or children to settle him, was extremely restless, never easy long in one place, always wanting to be going. And a sad chase over land and sea he led poor Gladdys—for he never would go anywhere without her: she was all the world to him.

And now he wanted to be off again!

It was a few days before the steamer on which he had engaged passage was expected to sail, that he was sitting at breakfast with his wife and her protégée, when the postman knocked, and the servant who went to the door brought in the morning's letters.

There were none for Gladdys. Her correspondence was very limited indeed; she was never long enough in any one place to form a circle of acquaintances, much less a party of friends.

And there were none of course for Lily May.

There were only a few for Arthur, and they were of a trifling business character. He opened, glanced over, and threw them aside, carelessly one by one, until he took up a particular letter, which, as soon as he saw the post-mark, he eagerly tore open and rapidly perused.

"What is that, Arthur?" inquired Gladdys, who had watched him until he finished the letter.

"It is from the detective, Beck, who went after Mrs. Llewellyn. He has—but I will read you the letter," said Arthur Powis, unfolding the paper and beginning:—

"Forest Lodge, Sept. 20th, 18—.

"MY DEAR SIR.—The game that we hunted we have run to earth. I may say truly that we were in at the death. In plain terms, the party that we were sent after we found in this country house; that is to say, residing here, but she had gone out for a ride, and we waited for her return. But she never came back as she went. Her horse returned, dragging the broken carriage behind him. We then went in search of the lady, whom we found bruised, wounded, and insensible, by the roadside. We brought her back at once to the house, and sent for the nearest doctor. But all he could do was to restore her senses for a few hours; after which she sank and died. This ended

our business with her. At first everybody thought that she had been thrown from her carriage and killed by the fall. But the examination of the doctor, as well as the dying words of the lady, proved that she had been set on and robbed and murdered by her servant, a certain deaf mute, named Judas Blackmore. The coroner's inquest sat to-day and found a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Judas Blackmore. The funeral of the lady took place this afternoon. The murderer is still at large, and I am remaining here to assist in the pursuit of him; for though, as the magistrate said, I cannot act officially, I can give these simple country fellows a hint or two to guide them in their search. It is whispered that the lady confided to the minister who was with her in her last hours, a packet, the contents of which were to be kept a profound secret, even from her son. Hoping that this will satisfy you, sir, I remain respectfully, your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN BECK.

Arthur finished the letter and folded it up. Neither he nor Gladdys spoke for several moments.

"It was very shocking," at length whispered Gladdys, shuddering.

"Yes, it was," slowly assented Arthur.

"Well, dearest, your business with the wretched woman is over as well as the detective's," said the wife.

"Yes; thank heaven that it is!" answered the husband.

Gladdys arose from the table, and went and threw up the window for air; she could not breathe, she felt on the brink of suffocation. The news of the murder of this woman, although she was her worst enemy, proved a great shock to Gladdys; and as she gradually realized what it really was, she felt overwhelmed with horror.

Arthur followed her to the window.

"What is the matter, my dearest?" he tenderly inquired.

"Oh, Arthur, it is awful," she murmured.

"It is just," he answered.

"What a terrible fate!"

"What a fitting retribution!"

"But to fall by the hand of her own trusted servant."

"Confederates in crime are ever false to each other. They are ever ready to seize the first profitable opportunity to betray each other to destruction, to rob and slay each other, if it will pay."

"It is horrible! But that child," said Gladdys, looking around the room for Lily May, who was nowhere to be seen, "where is she? I hope she did not hear that sickening story. It was not a proper one for a sensitive girl."

"She heard not a word of it. With her usually delicate tact, she quietly slipped away before I began reading the letter aloud."

"I am very glad of it."

"And now, my dear, there is nothing to delay our voyage. Are you quite ready?"

"Very nearly. And if I were not, the two days that intervene between this and Saturday would suffice me to get ready."

"All right, then; we shall sail on Saturday."

"And, Arthur?"

"Yes, dear?"

"I shall take this dear girl with me."

"You will please yourself in that as in all other things, my good Gladdys," said Arthur Powis. And Gladdys ran upstairs to look after Lily May.

She found her in her own room quietly sewing.

"Always, at work, you little busy bee," said Gladdys, sitting down beside her.

"I was brought up to it, dear lady," replied the girl.

"What is that you are sewing?"

Lily May put the piece of work in the lady's hand. It was a gentleman's shirt-bosom.

"Ah, yes, I see. This is more beautiful stitching than any of the sewing-machines can turn out. But now let this lay aside for a while. I wish to talk to you," said Gladdys, throwing the shirt-bosom on to the top of the bureau, and turning to the girl.

Lily May, in token of her obedience, took off her thimble and dropped it in her work-box, and gave her undivided attention to the lady.

"We are going to leave for Wales on Saturday," said Mrs. Powis.

Lily May turned pale, and began to tremble.

"Don't be frightened. We are not going to part unless you wish it. You shall go to Wales with us if you are willing to do so."

"Oh, dear lady, I am more than willing! I am glad to go."

"That is right. It is settled then. And now you will require some few comforts and conveniences before leaving town. And you must come out with me this morning to get them."

"Oh, dear lady, you have been so liberal to me already that I should be ashamed to accept anything more until I have made myself more useful to you."

"Useful to me, my child? You are more than that. What if I should tell you that you have become necessary to me? I am childless. You seem to me a daughter. It is a sweet hallucination. Why should I not make it as near a reality as I can? Come, Mary, do not be proud with me."

"Oh, lady, proud with you! How could I be?"

"Then let me give you all that I wish to give you, and do not reject my gifts. I have very few delights, but to provide for you is one of the greatest. I am not very happy, Mary. Perhaps no childless woman is, no matter how highly favoured she may be in all other respects," said the lady, with a tremour in her voice that thrilled the heart of the young girl, who stole to her chair, knelt down beside her, and murmured:

"I will be your child in love and service and obedience. I will never leave you till you send me away. I will do all that you tell me. And I wish you would set me something very difficult or very painful, so that I might do it to show you how much I love you!"

The lady smiled, and smoothed the shining brown hair of the little head that lay on her lap, as she said:

"Suppose I were to tell you to communicate with your friends before you go, so that they may know where you are, and come to take leave of you?"

Lily May looked frightened, and clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Not that. Oh, dear lady, anything but that! They would take me back with them."

"But they would not do so against your will."

"Ah! but I could not resist them. Dear lady, please don't tell me to do that!"

"I will not. I only mentioned this to try you; and also to teach you that no one, however loving, submissive and devoted, should part with that moral free agency which, as the crowning gift of God, should be held the most sacred, and guarded the most jealously. Now, darling, get on your bonnet and mantle, while I order the carriage, and we will drive out, and get what we require. Come, this is not a very difficult or painful command to obey."

"Oh, no, indeed it is not!" said Lily May, rising, and kissing the lady's hand.

Within half-an-hour from this time they were seated in the carriage, rolling towards Regent Street, where, in the course of three or four hours, Gladdys contrived to spend as many thousand pounds. But then she was able to do it; and she was going abroad.

She lavished gifts upon Lily May. Everything that could possibly be useful, ornamental, or entertaining to the young girl was purchased—"without regard to cost."

Among the gifts that Lily May most highly prized, was a guitar of the very best workmanship, elaborately finished, and exquisitely toned; and an unlimited quantity of the best guitar music.

"We shall have moonlight on the ocean, and some calm weather, and how pleasant it will be for Arthur and myself to find some retired nook upon the deck, behind the wheel-house or somewhere else, and listen to your guitar," she said, as she made this present to Lily May.

"If I can only succeed in amusing you a little I shall be so glad," said the girl.

"But it was not only upon Lily May that she spent all this money—enough to build a comfortable family mansion, purchase a small farm, or set up a young merchant—but upon herself and Arthur also. She bought every useful or useless article that she thought could minister to the real or imaginary wants of herself or her husband.

Poor, childless Gladdys was extravagant for the same reason that Arthur was restless—she had no children to interest her. She was very generous as well as very thoughtless in her extravagance. She gave munificently to charitable institutions. And she never passed a beggar in the street, or turned one from the door, without relief. And she would give a drunkard a shilling, that he would be sure to spend on more drink, as quickly as she would give a widow one to buy bread for her children. And if she had possessed a settled home, she would have adopted several orphans, and brought them up as her own. As it was, her husband's restless disposition and exacting affection, by keeping him wandering all over the world, and dragging her after him, made this plan impracticable. So Gladdys fed her hungry woman's heart with the dry husks to be bought for money. She possessed an enormous income in her own right and she made it fly. Without being excessively fond of dress, she bought every novelty in that line, wore it a few times or only once, or not at all, and threw it to her maid. Similarly, she purchased, at exorbitant prices, every picture, statue, vase, or relic, that struck her fancy. Arthur never attempted to restrain her expenditure.

"There were two things to be said in favour, or in palliation of her extravagance," he said. "The in-

come was her own, and her spending it lavishly was good for trade."

There was only one thing in which Arthur Powis was despotical. And that was in his insisting upon having the company of his wife in all his wearisome wanderings.

Gladdys was often excessively tired and sick of what, between a sigh and a smile, she called, "This Satanic 'going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.'" But she knew that his exaction of her attendance grew out of the devoted love he bore her; and as she also loved him devotedly, she was too pleased and flattered to seriously find fault. She knew that she was the one woman in the world to him; that from his exclusive mood of love, he would not even form innocent social friendships with other women, of however congenial a nature.

There was something a little morbid, a little selfish, perhaps, in the exclusive devotion of this pair to each other; but when we reflect upon all their circumstances and antecedents, we cannot wonder at them.

It was late in the afternoon when Gladdys and her protégée reached home. Arthur also had returned, and dinner was ready.

After dinner, Gladdys sent her maid, whom long practice in the service of her travelling mistress had made an expert packer, into Lily May's room, to pack her effects for the sea voyage. Among the articles purchased for the young girl's use, was a wonderfully capacious and convenient travelling-trunk, with drawers, cases, and recesses for the reception of all the different items of a lady's wardrobe. This stood in the middle of the floor.

Bessy, discarding Lily May's assistance, went to work like a graduate in the art of filling; and to the young lady's astonishment, the doctor of trunks in a very short time packed into it about twenty times as much as it might reasonably be expected to hold.

And then she pressed down the top, gave Lily May the key, and departed.

Not until that night, when she was alone in her bed-chamber, and free from excitement, did Lily May begin to realize what she was about to do in separating herself, for an indefinite period, from the beloved friends of her childhood. And she wept herself to sleep.

The next day she spent in writing a long letter to her friends, in which at last she told them of the protection she had found, who and what they were, and where they were going. And she determined to post this letter on the morning of her departure.

"For," reasoned Lily May, "I can now safely tell them everything; to set their minds at rest; because, before they get the letter, I shall be far beyond pursuit."

She resolved also, when once clear away, she would tell her benefactress the whole history of her past life, so far as it was known to herself, and also explain fully her motives for having persisted in secreting herself from her friends until she should be beyond their pursuit.

The day was passed by Arthur and Gladdys in making their final preparations.

One of the last things that he did was to leave orders at the General Post Office that all letters which should arrive for him after his departure should be re-directed to him at Cader Idris, Wales.

The next day, Saturday, they embarked on board the steamer for Wales.

There was nothing to mark their departure. They had no beloved home to regret, no weeping friends to leave. At least, neither Arthur nor Gladdys had. And as for Lily May, a month of trial and discipline had taught her the wisdom and given her the strength to suppress her feelings in the presence of others; to whom their betrayal might give pain.

CHAPTER CLIX.

A STORY TOLD IN THE MIDDLE WATCH.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calms, or convulsions—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark, heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity.

Dryden.

THE voyage commenced beautifully. The sky was clear, the sea calm, and the wind fresh.

A sea voyage was quite a novelty to Lily May, and she enjoyed it all the more on that account. She had a slight attack of sea-sickness, but she soon recovered from it, and then went on the vessel's deck, and joined Mr. and Mrs. Powis, who were both too habitual voyagers to suffer from illness when afloat.

And when all the ladies and many of the gentlemen were laid up in their berths, Lily May and her friends had the deck to themselves.

Sometimes the three would promenade together.

At other times Arthur would saunter off to a certain railed-in pen dedicated to smoking; and Lily May and Gladdys would walk arm-in-arm up and down, forward and aft, until they grew tired, and then they would sit down on one of the side-benches, and spend hours in watching the blue sky, dappled over with soft white clouds, and the blue-sea waves crested with light, frothy, white foam.

What a wonderful, beautiful colour was the ocean in this fine weather!—a clear, pure, deep, bright ultra-marine blue, like an infinity of liquid sapphires heaving, falling, sinking, swelling, and blazing in the light of the sun.

Lily May liked all this, but she was not happy. How should she be? The memory of the beloved ones whom she had left behind her was never for an instant absent from her thoughts. In the presence of her benefactress she preserved a calm and even a cheerful demeanour, and she was often beguiled into gaiety. But as soon as she found herself alone in her state-room, she gave vent to her feelings in floods of tears.

The steamer was full of passengers; but our party had not as yet made acquaintance with any. Very few gentlemen and still fewer ladies appeared in the saloon, and next to none went on deck. It seemed as if nearly everybody was sea-sick, and those who were not so were in attendance upon those who were.

On the evening of the first day out, our party was tempted by the mildness of the weather and the beauty of the scene to remain on deck. There were no ladies on deck except Lily May and Gladdys. And the gentlemen who were there, including Arthur, had gone forward to smoke in the pen.

Lily May and Gladdys were seated on a pallet of rugs spread behind the wheel-house, and they were leaning against the back of the house and watching lazily the sky and the sea. It was a splendid—coolly splendid scene. The moon was full and at the zenith, and looked like a globe of silver fire shining amid the diamond stars that studded the deep blue heavens. The sea was rippling musically into deep, blue, foam-flecked wavelets. Away off to the right was a solitary sail on the horizon, gleaming whitely against the dark sky. Away off to the left was a snow-clad iceberg, looking like a gigantic temple of white marble, with towers, turrets, and minarets, which had miraculously risen from the depths of the dark sea.

Calmly contemplating this scene with serene complacency, the mother and daughter, as yet unconscious of their mutual relationship, sat.

Lily May had played and sung all Gladdys's favourite songs; and now she reposed with the guitar on her lap, and idly strummed at intervals a few desultory sweet notes.

Both were silent, as though they felt that it was enjoyment enough simply to sit in that beautiful scene and breathe.

But suddenly Lily May spoke:

"Dear Mrs. Powis, if you please, I will now tell you all about myself—I mean all that I know."

"Mary, love, do just as you please. Everything that concerns you must be deeply interesting to me; yet I would not have you tell me anything that it will give you pain to remember or relate. The time has past, Mary, dear, when the knowledge of all your little past life was required to give me confidence in you. I could not have more confidence in you than I now have, even had I known you from your infancy—as it seems to me sometimes I have."

"Thank you, dear lady, for this and all other proofs of your kindness to me," said Lily May, lifting the hand of her benefactress to her lips. "Every day you are more and more gracious to me. But I really wish to tell you about myself; for I feel as if it were a fraud to keep my story from you."

"But it is not, Mary. You have a right to keep your own counsel. I am not your confessor. There is one Confessor-General for the whole human race. It is God, the Omnipotent, who alone can divine motives and judge actions, both justly and mercifully."

"My story is not a confession, dear lady. There may be sin in it, and shame, but they are none of mine; though I must now tell you all, and let you judge, with all the facts before you, whether you can keep me longer or not."

"Keep you, Mary love! Why, I could never dream of forsaking you."

"I know you would not forsake me, dear lady. I know that when you have heard my story, if you should decide that I am not fit to remain with you and be your little friend, you will give advice to guide me and find work to support me."

"Dear child, know me and yourself better. There is nothing—I say it with due reflection—nothing that you could tell me which would induce me to part with you. Why, even if you earnestly wished to leave me, I should be deeply grieved to let you go."

Once more Lily May lifted the hand of the lady to her lips, and covered it with kisses and tears.

"Tell me your little story now, dear," said Mrs. Powis, gently.

"Well, I will. But I wonder where I ought to begin?"

"At the beginning, of course, dear," said Mrs. Powis, smiling to encourage her.

"But I did not hear the beginning myself until the end—that is to say, the very evening before I left my home and you took me in."

"Then begin where you please, my dear."

"First I ought to tell you that I am supposed to be a child deserted by sinning parents," whispered Lily May, in an almost inaudible voice.

"But that is not ascertained," murmured the lady, also in a very low voice.

"No, it is not ascertained. Very little is ascertained about me, except that from my very birth I was deserted by my parents, who disappeared, leaving me on the hands of a worthy doctor, who had undertaken the care of me for a few days."

"It seems strange that you should have sprung from people so unprincipled. I cannot believe it, Mary," said Mrs. Powis, tenderly.

Lily May shook her head, murmuring:

"I fear it is too true."

"Couldn't the unnatural monsters have been traced, followed, and compelled to do something for their own child?"

"No; all trace of them was lost in the death of the good doctor who had brought me home to his house; for, you see, it appears to have been a secret birth, and he kept the secret until he died. That was not long, for the day after he brought me home he was waylaid and murdered, in the woods, no one ever knew by whom, since the murderers have never been discovered."

"What a terrible story altogether, Mary. Where did all this happen?"

"At a place called Tyneford."

"Oh! I do not know that place. But how fared it with you, poor little thing, after your protector died?"

"His widow took care of me for pity."

"God bless her!"

"He has. She has been in heaven these many years."

"Was she well able to adopt you, my dear?"

"Oh, no; she was very poor, for you see her husband had been a struggling young practitioner, who, when cut off so suddenly, left only debts and difficulties behind him. But she was too tender-hearted to turn the poor, helpless, forsaken babe away, and so she kept it, and gave it half her own babe's milk, and half its cradle. She was the gentle woman of whom I told you, as being the only mother I ever knew. She was a true and tender mother to me until her death, which occurred when I was between three and four years of age."

"And afterwards?"

"And afterwards, her son—my dear, dear brother—took care of me with his little sister. He was but a boy then, yet he worked for our support all the days, and in the evenings taught us to read and write and cast accounts."

"A rare, good, fine spirit!"

"Oh! the rarest, best, and finest, my dearest brother!"

"A brother who is no brother, little one."

"Ah, but dearer, nearer, than any brother could ever be!" warmly exclaimed Lily May, speaking with as much innocence as ever.

"And you continued with him up to the time of your coming to me?"

"Oh yes! He continued to work for us, and he supported us in comfort, and taught us all he knew. About six years ago he removed to London, bringing us with him. He placed us at a first-class school. He entered the house of Abell, Brest and Campbell. He prospered. Why should he not? The blessing of heaven was over him. Everything he touched turned to gold. He is now a partner in one of the richest firms in London, and is himself one of the wealthiest among the young merchants of London."

"What was the immediate cause of your leaving his protection?"

"Oh, madam! Up to the very day before I left I had supposed myself to be his own sister. But on that day, while I was at school, in the recreation hour, the truth was suddenly told me by a haughty young girl, a new pupil, who came from the same neighbourhood, and knew more of my history than I knew myself."

"Did she know your parents?"

"I am not sure whether she did or not; but she knew that I was a deserted, nameless child, brought up by charity. And she told me so in the presence of my school-mates, adding cruelly that I was 'something that was not fit for a young lady's lips to speak, or ears to hear.' Oh, how those words seemed

pressed and branded into my heart! They are burning there yet!"

"She should have had her ears well boxed," indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Powis.

"She had her ears well boxed, I am sorry to say. My sister—my foster-sister, I mean—is of a very high-spirited and impulsive nature, and so she punished her on the spot. It was wrong, and if my dear one had taken time to think, she would not have done it."

"It was right! And if she had taken a month to think about it she would not have done better! And yet I do not blame her so much as the unprincipled ones who forsake you, leaving you to incur such reproach," said Mrs. Powis, warmly.

"Oh! please do not call them so, dear lady," pleaded Lily May, with a shudder.

"I will not if it pains you; though I do not see why it should. And now tell me, was that the reason why you left your foster-brother's house?"

"Oh yes; it was all so sorrowful and so mortifying. We had to leave the school. I was partly heart-broken. I knew I was a shame and a reproach to my dearest ones. I knew that if I remained with them they must again and again be made to suffer pain and reproach on my account. I knew also that they would never consent to part with me, and that if I left them they would grieve after me. But I reasoned that sorrow was better than shame, and so I stole away from them in the early morning, scarcely caring what became of me."

"And you were very wrong, little one. You reasoned from false premises; you acted in total ignorance of the world; and you deeply wounded true-hearted friends," said Mrs. Powis, gravely.

Lily May began to weep.

"Do not cry. All is well now. Providence took care of you. And you say that before sailing you wrote to your friends, apprising them of your situation. But, Mary, love, do you know that in all your story you have not mentioned one name? You spoke of the doctor, the doctor's widow, your parents, your brother, your sister, but all without mentioning one name. How is that? Is it an idiosyncrasy of yours to speak of persons only in their relations to each other, and not by name?"

"I don't know, ma'am; it was not an intentional omission. I will remedy it now. The name of the good doctor who first took care of me was Wynne. And the name of my dear brother is Owen Wynne."

"Wynne? Wynne? Owen Wynne? Where have I heard that name before? Where did the doctor, his father, practice, my dear? You told me, but I have forgotten the place."

"At Tyneford, ma'am."

"Tyneford—Doctor Wynne? Stay, I remember now. A few minutes ago I told you that I didn't know the place. I had indeed forgotten all about it. But the name Wynne recalls it. We—my husband and myself—had gone to visit the grave of our little Mary. And we passed through Tyneford, and stopped at a drug shop with the name of Doctor Wynne over the door. We wanted to buy a few trifles for the toilet; and we were waited on by a very handsome and intelligent lad, who had charge of the shop and also of a pretty baby whom he had seated on the counter—"

"And was the baby's name, Lily May, and did you give her a broad gold piece?" exclaimed the young girl, in a low, almost breathless manner, and turning red and white in quick succession.

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Powis, in an agitated voice.

"Oh, lady, was this the piece?" said Lily May, drawing it from her bosom, attached to a black ribbon.

The lady, trembling excessively, took the coin and turned it about until she found a certain mark, and then she exclaimed:

"Yes, it is; and you are—"

"I am Lily May. And the boy you saw was Owen," said the girl, dropping her head upon her bosom and weeping from excess of emotion.

"Strange, how strange! And yet if the circumstance of my passing through Tyneford had not so completely slipped my memory until it was recalled, I should have recognized you weeks ago; for Lily May is a very uncommon name, and I saw it on your pocket handkerchief the first morning after your arrival at our house. But what makes you weep, my love?"

"I do not know, ma'am; but certainly not sorrow."

"And you kept this coin all this time?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. My dear foster-mother must have been frequently in bitter want while this was in her care; but she would not spend it. I do not know why she kept it, but when at last it was given into my keeping I was seven years old, and we were all in good circumstances. I wore it always hung to a ribbon around my neck as a sort of talisman. Old Nancy—that is our dear old nurse and housekeeper—used to tell me that if I wore it, it would be a sort of safeguard to me. I never believed that; but I wore

it in memory of the sweet lady that Owen said had smiled on me so lovingly."

The lady stooped and kissed the young girl, and then said:

"But I want to have more names, sweet Lily May! Did you never hear the name of your parents?"

"The name of my parents was not positively known, though strongly suspected. But indeed, dear lady, when my brother told me all he knew and suspected of my parentage, I was listening but for one thing—the proof of their marriage; and my mind was so distracted and my heart so crushed, that I could not listen coherently, and the names 'Llewellyn,' 'Stukely,' and 'Powers,' or 'Bowers,' got all confused in my memory. Oh! dear lady, what is the matter?" suddenly broke off and exclaimed Lily May.

For her benefactress had sunk, pale, trembling and half-fainting to the floor.

"Oh, my heart! my heart!" exclaimed the lady, in a dying voice.

"What is the matter, dear Mrs. Powis?" inquired Lily May, tenderly and anxiously.

"Oh, child! child!"

"Oh, what is it? What can I do for you? Shall I call Mr. Powis?"

"No, no," gasped Gladdys, pressing both hands upon her heart. "Oh! this crisis is like the struggle of life and death!"

"Do, do let me call Mr. Powis, or the stewardess!" pleaded Lily May.

"No, no, I say no; call no one!" panted the lady. "But tell me—do you know the date of your birth?"

"Yes, madam, it was on the fifteenth of July, near midnight, in the year eighteen hundred and— I was born in an old country house, a few miles out of Tyneford. The good doctor brought me home in a close carriage, driven by a deaf mute. But after the doctor's death we never could identify the house."

"Oh, merciful Heaven! my little Mary!" exclaimed the lady, clasping the girl suddenly to her heart, and bursting into a passion of tears.

For some time Lily May did nothing but tremble and wonder, and embrace and kiss the violently agitated woman. But as the paroxysm of emotion continued unabated, Lily May whispered:

"Dear lady, what is the cause of your distress? Have I done anything?"

"No, no, my darling! nor am I distressed! I weep for joy, and not for rage! Oh, my child, my child! I am your mother!"

"You—my mother!" gasped Lily May, catching her breath in consternation, and hardly knowing whether she was the more delighted or terrified.

"Yes, yes, my wronged child! I am your deeply-wronged mother! But I never abandoned you, darling. Ah, say that you believe I never abandoned you, my child?" pleaded the poor woman, in a voice of anguish.

"I am sure you never did! But it is very strange! And I am afraid it isn't true! It is so much too good ever to be true! Are you sure, very sure, I am your child, dear lady?" inquired Lily May, trembling, fluttering, hoping, fearing, as though her life hung upon the issue.

"I am as sure as I am of my own identity! Don't call me 'lady' any more! Call me mother—sweetest name in human language!"

"Mother, mother, mother, mother!" murmured the maiden, luxuriating in the repetition of the name, and accompanying every word with an embrace or kiss.

"Oh, child, if I am dreaming and talking in my sleep, let me dream for ever so," whispered Gladdys, folding her late recovered daughter to her bosom.

"And me too," murmured Lily May, clasping her arms around the neck of her newly-found mother.

"Now nothing in the world is wanted to our happiness! How proud Arthur will be of his daughter! How proud! Are you steady enough to go and call him, darling?"

"I don't know—I will try," said Lily May.

But there was no need for her trying; for though the mother and daughter were too absorbed in each other to notice his presence, Arthur Powis, having smoked out his cigar, had sauntered up to them, stood over them, and heard the latter part of the conversation.

"I am here," he said, as Lily May arose.

"Oh, Arthur!" said Gladdys, "she is our own child! I can prove it! And nothing now is wanted to perfect our happiness."

(To be continued.)

SALE OF ARTISTIC FURNITURE.—The sale of a remarkably fine collection of objects of industrial art took place recently in Paris. The articles disposed of belonged to the late Prince de Beauvau, and although consisting of but forty-four lots of furniture, bronzes,

porcelain, and sundries, with seven pictures, the proceeds of the day's sale were £14,392. The most precious item in the former portion of the collection was a small secrétaire of the time of Louis XVI., presented by Marie Antoinette to Madame Sénoné, one of her ladies of honour, purchased for the Empress at £2,400. A commode, inlaid with marqueterie, and ornamented with chasings in bronze, by Gouthières, the cyphers of Marie Antoinette appearing amongst the ornaments, fetched £1,004. A console, in marqueterie, by a celebrated art-workman, I. H. Reissner, and bearing his signature, of the same period, sold for £828. Two small sofas or settees, for two persons each, fetched £400. A small ebony coffer, decorated with five Florentine mosaics, £118. An inlaid clockcase of the time of Louis XIV., £120. A small bureau of the time of Louis XIII., £122. A carved and gilt bedstead of the Louis XV. period, £162. A cup in Sicilian jasper, mounted in bronze, chased and gilt, by Gouthières, £1,276. Two candelabra, by the same artist, figures of Bacchantes, after Clodion, £644. An inkstand, attributed to the same artist, £232. Two candlesticks, ditto, £166. Pair of fire-dogs in bronze, chased and gilt, time of Louis XVI., £102. Six lots of porcelain fetched £1,872. A jewel-box in copper-gilt, bearing the cyphers of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, £304; and two vases of porphyry, £644.

MR. SMITH'S ADVENTURE.

On a very pleasant June morning, a handsome young man of twenty-two or thereabouts, fashionably attired, and with that pensive, melancholy air, which well became his dark eyes and wavy locks, and which marked him as a poet of the Byron school, a rejected lover, or an unlucky gamester, or a turf defaulter, or a briefless attorney, or whatever you will—for melancholy has many causes, and wraps her dark mantle round many shoulders in this weary world of ours—a handsome, melancholy young man, we say, interesting enough to flutter the hearts of a whole boarding school, was strolling along a pleasant lane in one of the midland counties. He had come down from London, and while waiting for a conveyance to take him across the country to the place of his destination, thought to amuse himself by a brief ramble. He paused now and then to gather a fragrant rose or a bunch of hawthorn hedgerow, but he tossed away the flowers as carelessly as he culled them.

"Heigho!" he muttered to himself. "It remains to be seen what will be the upshot of this visit to my rich old bachelor uncle, my only surviving relative. Is it at all likely the whimsical old humourist, whom I have not seen since childhood, will suit me, or that I shall suit him? A retired man of business, how can I expect that he will fancy a good-for-nothing fellow, who never did any business in his whole life?—a poet, whose book didn't sell; a dramatist, whose play was a failure; a *littérateur*, who found no favour with the publishers? Will he pay my debts, and make me his heir? My whole London life has been a failure; and the only agreeable episode was my trip to Bath. Poor Sophy Wruggles! I believe she loved me sincerely. But I acted honourably. When I found that my heart was engaged, I tore myself away without an explanation. For what had I to offer her?—I, bankrupt in hope and purse?"

As he mused thus mournfully, he came in sight of a handsome villa facing a broad, smooth-shaven lawn, and backed by a pretty garden and park of ornamental trees. As he paused to survey it with the pleased eye of a poet, a smart servant in livery advanced along the road, and after glancing at him sharply, touched his hat, and said respectfully: "Mr. Smith?"

"That's my name."

"Thank ye—thank ye, sir," said the fellow, grinning from ear to ear, and turning on his heel, he ran off and disappeared.

"Is that fellow crazy?"

A moment afterwards a dozen or more farmers' boys, armed with muskets, suddenly appeared in the road before him, and setting up a loud hurrah, discharged their weapons simultaneously, and then disappeared in the smoke.

"What the deuce is to pay here?" thought Smith. "Is this election day, or fair day? Or is that a lunatic asylum, and those fellows madmen?"

He walked on, curious to learn the cause of the commotion. As he advanced, he saw a white flag flying on the lawn, and he heard the distant sound of music. As he approached nearer to the village, a gate in the thick hedge-row opened, and a portly gentleman in black, with a spotless white waistcoat, very rosy gills, and a bunch of flowers in his button-hole, suddenly appeared with both hands extended.

"My dear boy," said he, "welcome! You're before your time, but so much the better. It speaks well for your gallantry. But where's your uncle?"

"I haven't seen him yet, sir; and I hear he's well."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, "I hardly expected him. You don't look quite well yourself—a little pale, nervous. No matter; it will soon be over—eh? Well, you don't look a bit like the old man; I expected to find you shorter and stouter. I thought Sophy must have been mistaken in your appearance."

"Sophy!" exclaimed Smith, more and more bewildered.

"Ay, ay, my boy! She's told me all—how she met you at Bath and loved you, and how you suddenly disappeared. You had no idea of entering into an arrangement for life without seeing your intended; and faith, I don't blame you for it. When I was of your age, I wouldn't have married a girl to please a thousand uncles till I'd satisfied myself. But you never let your uncle know about that trip to Bath. Sly dog! But come along."

So saying, the officious old gentleman seized the arm of the bewildered Smith—who found it impossible to believe that he was awake—and dragged him across the lawn, and ushered him into the drawing-room, where a fat woman in a crimson turban rushed into his arms, and saluted him on both cheeks, and then burst into a passionate fit of tears.

"Oh, dear, dear," said she, "this is the happiest and saddest day of my life! I'm sure you're a very nice young man, and will take the best care of my daughter; and your uncle's a dear good creature. But Sophy is my all—excuse a mother's feelings, Mr. Smith—an only child! Oh, dear!"

"Mrs. Wruggles! Mrs. Wruggles, compose yourself!" said the old gentleman.

"Sophy Wruggles is really the girl, then, after all!" thought Smith. "My uncle is certainly an odder man than even the world has given him credit for—to manage such a surprise for me; and to leave me to tumble into happiness, without the least suspicion of the felicity before me!"

But his meditations were cut short by the entrance of the fair Sophy, attired in virgin white, and looking lovely as an angel. Mr. and Mrs. Wruggles led her forward, and then discreetly left the room. As she seemed overcome by emotion, Smith caught her in his arms, and her head reclined upon his shoulder.

"My dear angel!" cried Smith. "Tell me if I owe this happiness to your own free will, and not to your filial obedience?"

"Can you ask me, William?" replied the bride, blushing and looking up in his face.

Smith pressed the lips of his adored.

"What a strange courtship ours has been," said Smith; "carried on in the language of the eyes alone."

"Yours were so expressive!" said Sophy. "Do you remember Bath?"

"Can I ever forget the pump-room?" cried the lover.

"How I trembled when I handed you your glass!"

"How I thrilled when I drank it!"

"And the ball at the assembly rooms!" suggested Smith.

"And the waltzes and polkas!" replied the bride.

"Decidedly we were formed for each other."

"Sophy!" cried the voice of the parental parent.

"Coming, mother!—excuse me, dearest!" cried the bride; and tearing herself from her lover's arms, she sped out of the room.

"Of course, this is a dream!" said Smith. "But it's very pleasant while it lasts."

"For you, sir," said the livery servant Smith had met in the lane, entering and presenting a package and a letter on a silver salver. Smith dismissed the man, opened the letter, and read:

Mr. William Smythe,—Your uncle has begged me to write, because he has the gout in his hand, and can't hold a pen. He begs me say, that he wishes you all sorts of happiness, but he can't think of being present at the ceremony. He sends you herewith a hundred guineas, and a letter of credit on his banker at Paris, and will expect you as soon as the honeymoon and your tour to the Continent are ended. Humbly wishing you joy, for myself, I remain, yours to command, SIMON SLOW."

"I don't know this Simon Slow," thought Smith; "but I suppose he's my uncle's steward. The fellow thinks to compliment me by spelling my name Smythe, but plain Smith is good enough for me. It's a respectable family, but contains too many Johns."

Of course he pocketed the money without demur, and prepared to go through the ceremony with the easy grace and nonchalance of a man of the world. He was introduced to a great many people, and shook hands so many times, that his shoulders ached. After breakfast, the carriage was announced. The leave-taking was hurried through, the happy couple escaped from their friends and took their seats, the postillions plied whip and spur in anticipation of liberal fees, and away they flew behind four spanking bays at a

rafting rate down the same road up which the unconscious bridegroom had strolled in melancholy mood that very morning.

As he glanced out of the window, he saw a fat pedestrian in drab gaiters, wiping his perspiring forehead, and toiling through the dust. Smith smiled. If anything can add to the gratification of being whirled along in an easy-running carriage, it is to contrast it with the toils of pedestrianism on a dusty road. But little did Mr. Smith suspect who that unfortunate was. While Mr. and Mrs. Smith are speeding on their bridal tour let us follow up the little fat pedestrian. Overcome with the heat of the weather, and his own exertions, he sat down on a stone.

"Vot an 'orrid 'ot day!" he exclaimed, in the purest cockney vernacular, as he mopped his crimson forehead with his thick bandanna. "'Ot enough to roast an 'Ottenot! Vot a go!—to think of that ere hen-gine runnin' off and spillin' hall the passengers! Vot a bescape for me! Vonder if I ham in the right direction. That looks as if it might be the 'ouse. 'Ullo, you sir!"

The last words were addressed to the servant in livery whom we have before encountered, and who was now strolling along, visibly affected by champagne before breakfast.

"Who are you speaking to?" said he, loftily.

"To you!" was the reply. "Whose 'ouse is that?"

"Mr. Wruggles's."

"I thought so. He's your master, eh?"

The servant nodded.

"Vell, you're expecting somebody, ain't you now?"

"Oh, no," replied the servant.

"Nobody?" asked the pedestrian, coaxingly, and placing a "tip" in the hands of the servant.

"Where's your young lady?"

"Gone off!" exclaimed the cockney.

"Where? and with whom?"

"With her husband?"

"'Er 'usband! it aint possible!" cried the cockney.

"I tell you it is, though—I seed 'em with my own eyes," said the servant.

"Vat's your name?" cried the cockney.

"Sam."

"Then, Sam, show me to your master. I must see 'im hinstantly!" hinstantly!" cried the little cockney, with a tragic air.

There was something so imperative in his manner that the servant did not hesitate to comply with his demand. He took him into the house, and ushered him into the presence of Mr. Wruggles. There is nothing very jolly in parting with an only daughter, and even Mr. Wruggles, who was one of the heartiest of mortals, left alone in his drawing-room, while his wife had gone up stairs to have a good cry, was not in the best possible humour. So after motioning his guest to a seat, he inquired somewhat sourly:

"Pray, sir, to what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"Vy, sir," replied the little cockney, with the same phraseology of politeness and frigid severity of manner, "I simply came to pay my respects, and hinkuire after the 'ealth of your family."

"Sir, I am much obliged to you for your solicitude," replied Mr. Wruggles. "My family are pretty well, I thank you."

"Hincuding your daughter, I 'ope," said the cockney, bowing.

"Including my daughter," said Mr. Wruggles.

"You are aware, perhaps, that she was married this morning."

"Married!" said the cockney, starting to his feet. Married! I'll trouble you to repeat that expression, Mr. Wruggles."

"My daughter was married this morning," replied the bereaved father, with a savage air, intended to say, "what's that to you?"

"Vill you 'ave the hextreme kindness, Mr. Wruggles," said the cockney, "to hinform me whom your daughter married?"

"Nothing can afford me greater pleasure, sir," replied the father, bitterly. "The name of my son-in-law is William Smith."

"It is, is it?" cried the cockney, trembling violently.

"Yes, sir—William Smith," replied Mr. Wruggles, calmly.

"Smith with a y and a he, or Smith with a hi and a haich?" inquired the cockney, furiously.

"What is it to you how he spells his name?" cried Mr. Wruggles, getting angry.

"Hev'rything!" replied the cockney, furiously thrusting a letter into Mr. Wruggles's hand.

Mr. Wruggles read it and turned pale.

"From your uncle, sir?" he said.

"Yes, from my uncle—whom you've been a foolin' as you've been a foolin' me."

"Oh, why, why—" cried Wruggles, rising and pacing the room, "why didn't you get here sooner?"

"Vy!" screamed the cockney, whom we must now

call by his real name of William Smythe, "vy! because the hinciae run off the track—and that's the reason. Your a nice man, Mr. Wruggles. You've gone and given your daughter to a himposter—a hadventurer."

"If you'd been named Jenkins or Brown, this wouldn't have happened," said Wruggles, reproachfully.

"It's mighty easy to throw the blame on that," retorted Smythe. "'Ow can I 'elp my name? Besidea, I spell it with a y and a he."

"My daughter was a party to the plot—if plot there were," said Wruggles, thoughtfully; "for she knew this gentleman—met him at Bath. Were you ever at Bath?"

"Never!" said the cockney.

"And you never saw her?"

"Never!"

"Then it's very clear that at least she has married the man she loved—and very likely that the name claimed was a real one. There's a mystery in this sad affair which I shall not rest till I have probed to the bottom. You can assist me, perhaps. Will you stay and dine with us?"

"No, sir! I vont rest a minnit under this roof. But you shall hear from me agin, sir—through my attorneys, sir—Chit and Chaffer, Lincoln's Inn—h'll 'ave redress if there's such a thing as law in Hingland."

And the cockney banged away to take the next train for London.

This scene threw Mr. Wruggles into a fever of apprehension and perplexity. His daughter had married the wrong man. Yet she knew him—he was gentlemanly and well-dressed, and as far as person was concerned, a much fitter mate for beauty than the vulgar Smith. He trembled to inform his wife of the mystery.

While thus harrassed, his servant handed him a card, on which he read, "William Smith!"

"Another Smith! The world is peopled with them!" cried poor Wruggles. "Bring me no more Smiths!"

"The gentleman is waiting in his chaise at the door, sir—say's he's lame and can't get out; and will you please have the goodness to go to him?"

Mr. Wruggles went out into the avenue, and there found a portly gentleman, with his legs swathed in voluminous folds of flannel, seated in a pony-chaise. He bowed low.

"Mr. Wruggles," said he, "we have never met, though I have been in the neighbourhood some weeks, having purchased Hawthorn Hall—a property with which you are, of course, well acquainted."

Mr. Wruggles bowed.

"I hope to be better known to you, sir, for many reasons—and the most important is, that a nephew of mine, whom I have determined to adopt and make my heir (I expect him from London to-day—a very fine young fellow, I hear), fell deeply in love with your daughter at Bath, and behaved very honourably, I understand; for having no fortune, he did not venture to propose, and has been endeavouring to cure himself of his passion."

"He is in a fair way to cure himself," said Mr. Wruggles, smiling, "for he married her this morning."

"Married her!" cried the old gentleman. "How dared the rascal!"

"Don't judge him too harshly," said Wruggles.

"It is very evident that there have been mistakes on both sides, owing to an identity of names, and I have no doubt the whole affair is susceptible of explanation. I have not the least doubt that in marrying my daughter, strange as it may appear, your nephew thought he was obeying the orders of his uncle. I like the young man's appearance much—much better, indeed, than that of my intended son-in-law—Smythe with a y and e, who has since turned up. At any rate, if the young folks are happy, I don't see why we should mar their felicity, or even let them know there was any mistake about it. I know how to satisfy Mr. Smythe senior—and uncle—for there are four Smiths, two nephews and two uncles, involved in this affair, and my word for it, all will turn out well."

"I hope so," said Mr. Smith, as he drove away with a promise to call again.

Mr. Smythe with a y and e was finally pacified—the money the other Smith appropriated through mistake was made good, and when the bride and bridegroom returned, they were received with open arms at Hawthorn Hall, nor did either of the old people ever let them know that their felicity was the result of a mistake.

F. A. D.

THE proposed pension for Mrs. Cobden will, we believe, amount to somewhat above £1,000. The public in general, and especially artistic and literary circles, will be glad to hear that a Civil List pension of £100 a year has been conferred by the Queen on Mrs. Leech, widow of Mr. John Leech. The following are found among the Civil List pensions for

1864-65:—Mrs. Bingham, widow of Colonel Charles Bingham, of the Royal Artillery, in consideration of her late husband's long and valuable services, and of the straightened circumstances in which she and her children are left—£150. Mrs. Boole, widow of the late Professor of Mathematics in Queen's College, Cork, in consideration of his distinguished attainments as an original mathematician of the highest order, and of his remarkable labours towards the extension of the boundaries of science—£100. Mr. William Howitt, in consideration of the long and useful career of literary labour in which both he and his wife have been engaged—£140. Mr. Thomas Wright, an author who has contributed much to English literary and political history—£65.

MAUD.

CHAPTER IX.

Thou here? It was not thou whom here I sought
My business is with her alone. Here will I
Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
For any other I am no more concerned. Schiller.

IX after years, when all other passions had merged themselves into a greedy thirst for dominion, love would have been swept, like thistle-down, from his path—but that period had not yet arrived.

After riding about an hour, the young man came in sight of the grey walls and pointed windows of a monastery, which has since perished like many others in the reformation. Up to this time, a faint smile had hovered on his lips, and the sweetest of visions haunted his brain; but now his face grew serious, even anxious, and like one in haste to resolve some doubt, he dashed spurs into his horse, and rode on at a quick pace till the monastery gate was reached. The porter evidently recognized him, for he flung the portal wide open, and stood back with unusual humility as the youth passed in.

"Where is the father superior?" he said, scarcely recognizing the hand extended in blessing. "In his cell, or walking in the garden?"

The porter answered in a low, measured voice, that the holy father had passed through the cloisters to the garden not ten minutes ago; and to that point Richard bent his steps.

"Holy mother! how his spurs ring against the stones!" muttered the monk, crossing himself; "what a worldly atmosphere comes with him. I never see his deep grey eyes, and that heavy, white forehead, without thinking of battle-fields and smoke. Well, he is out of sight, and I breathe again."

Quite unconscious, and altogether careless of this comment, the young man hastened into the garden, which was rich in fresh grass, and shaded with noble trees; while a few native roses brightened the thick ivy which mounted the walls. Sitting upon a bench under one of the tallest trees, sat the man he sought, clad in grey, and with the cowl drawn over his face to protect it from the sun, as he read one of those ponderous manuscript books which were the pride of religious houses in that age. As Richard approached, the recluse looked up, and seeing who it was, closed the book with a somewhat hurried movement.

"What wouldst thou, my son? The day is blessed that brings thee beneath this humble roof."

Richard smiled in acknowledgment of this greeting, and fell upon his knees, bowing his proud head for a blessing.

The superior not only gave the expected benediction, but passed his hand caressingly over the glossy hair that shadowed the young man's forehead as he knelt.

"Rise, my son, rise, and tell me of the world from which thou comest. How is it with the fair Rose of Baby, thy august mother? It is long since thou hast brought us tidings of her welfare."

"My mother is well, and has not yet lost all claim to the title you give her, holy father. Sorely widowed as she has been, her cheek retains something of its old bloom, and her voice is sweet as ever."

A movement of the brown serge robe betrayed the sigh which, all unconsciously, rose from that holy bosom.

"Thou canst hardly judge of the change, my son. When I remember her, the fair Rose of Baby was perilously beautiful; more than one heart, failing to move hers, has turned itself heavenward, so that her coldness and her beauty were ever doing holy work."

"I think that you loved my mother once," said the young man, gently; "and it is to her I am indebted for the kindness that has taught me so much."

The superior smiled, but shook his cowed head reprovingly.

"We think not of such matters here, my son. Let it suffice that thou art ever welcome to these walls."

The youth was quick in speech, as he was courageous in war.

"Father," he said, "I want something more than a

blessing, or a welcome at your hands. As you once worshipped my mother, I love a maiden, and wish to wed her; but for certain reasons it must be in secret."

"Nay, son, I dislike that."

"Still it must be so. Neither my lady mother nor the king shall be informed till I am ready to proclaim it to them, and the whole world."

"My son, this impetuosity is unnatural. Why not go to the king, and my lady, and as thou wilt canst with those eyes and that voice, which wins even unloving men to thy purpose, claim their consent?"

"Father, it is not the time. Edward is not safe upon his throne so long as King Henry and the tigers of Anjou lives. In his dealings with foreign powers, this poor head is a precious bait with which he lures Margaret's friends from her. I cannot, therefore, openly wed a subject without taking strength from the royal cause. Remember all the evils to our realm that has sprung out of Edward's too early avowal of his marriage with the widow of Woodville."

"Nay, out of the marriage itself," said the superior. "It was an ill-advised union."

"Yet, rather than give it up, Edward perilled crown and kingdom. So would I were those glorious prizes within my grasp. But the king has got a leave son to inherit his dominion; not a gleam of his greatness will ever fall on my path, so, with ambition cut off, let me at least secure love."

"Restless boy, will that satisfy an aspiring spirit like thine?" said the father.

"It must. What else is left me? Besides, it is in the spirit of our house to defy fortune. I, for one, will give my heart its lead, and hew out the way it chooses with my good right hand, if need be."

"Is it this errand that brings thee hither, my son?" questioned the recluse.

"That, and no other, save a desire to see my old preceptor and friend. Three nights from this, I shall bring the maiden, secretly, to the chapel erected to our Lady, just beyond these walls, hoping that my mother's firm friend will not withhold the marriage blessing on her son."

"But there is peril in this. What if the king disapprove?"

"Peril, holy father! Has this monastic life quite blotted out the time when you were found in the van of every battle?"

"Peril! Did I say peril? Nay, it is not that; a servant of God should fear nothing but to encourage wrong. But hast thou thought over this matter well?"

"Ay, truly, or I had not been here."

"And the lady? Is she of gentle blood?"

"She is a soldier's daughter, and of better descent than Elizabeth Woodville. Her father was Sir Hugh Chichester, of the Towers."

"Sir Hugh Chichester, of the Towers! In my worldly days I knew him well—a brave gentleman of right noble stock."

"His daughter is good and beautiful as her father was valiant," said Richard.

"And thou lovest her?"

"With all my heart—with all my life."

"But what if I refuse to wed thee with her?"

"Then some other priest more friendly must be found."

"So thou art determined?"

"Father, did I ever relinquish a project once formed?"

"Marry, no; thou wert ever stubborn of purpose; and if I refuse to perform this secret work, will, I doubt not, put thyself in the power of some unscrupulous priest, who would sell thy secret after. So, if the marriage is fixed upon without remedy, I will, perforce, save thee from the peril of another affliction. When said you this rash project is to be carried out?"

"On the third night from this, after vespers," answered the youth, kneeling, to take his leave, and hurrying away, fearful that the kind-hearted old man might take back a promise so reluctantly made.

"The blessing of our Lady go with thee, lad," muttered the superior. "Thou hast thy mother's eyes, and her silvery tones, which no human heart could resist. He said right, I have not so far forgotten my knightly days as to fear the peril attending any act."

With these words, the abbot moved slowly through the garden, and entered his cell, where he prepared a double penance for himself, without in the least wavering in his promise.

Three nights after this interview, a small stone chapel, just without the walls of the monastery, so overran with ivy that it was scarcely discernible from the masses of foliage that hung over it, was an object of grave curiosity to the country people who chanced to pass near it. Gleams of light broke through the tall, pointed windows, taking a gorgeous richness from the painted glass, and illuminating the thick clusters of ivy, that clung around the stone-

work, with a singularly weird effect. A hind, going up from the forest, saw this singular illumination, and stopped to gaze upon it, lost in profound awe, for to him it was a miracle of the Virgin. Falling upon his knees, he began to pray; but was startled by the tramp of horses passing so near him, that the folds of a lady's garment swept his face, blinding him for the time. When his sight cleared again, he saw a monk standing on the steps of the chapel, and a stream of light paving the turf outside with flickering gold. Then the door closed almost, but not quite, and an arrow of radiance shot out upon the night. The hind crept on his hands and knees to the crevice through which this light fell, and saw an altar brilliant with flowers, and lighted up with a crowd of tapers. Before it knelt two people, a youth and a maiden, whose loveliness seemed unearthly, and over them bent a priest, whose face was in deep shadow; but the light trembled over his sacred vestments like sunshine on the wings of an angel.

A movement in the chapel frightened the hind, and he fled away. When he ventured at last to look back, the chapel was dark as midnight, and he heard the muffled tramp of horses dying away in a neighbouring forest-path.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jewit," "The Proleté," "Minnigrey," &c.

CHAPTER CLVI.

My desolation doth begin to make
A better life. *Shakespeare.*

ALTHOUGH the death of Harry Sinclair had removed the only claimant who could have offered opposition to the estate of Colmsil and the title of its late possessor, a friendly suit was instituted by the widow against the executors, calling on them to give up the property. For once the law's delay ceased to be a reproach to justice. The evidence of Mrs. Tytler was amply sufficient to prove the birth of the infant heir, who from that time assumed the honours of his father, and was addressed as Sir Cuthbert.

Still Margaret, from a motive which none, unless it were her friend Mary, could divine, delayed from week to week the long promised interview with Frank Hazleton. The young farmer became impatient. He had made all his arrangements for emigrating to America. England was hateful to him, and he imagined that a foreign land could alone restore the tone of his heart and mind to a healthful state.

As time rolled on, this morbid irritability increased, and Bell, at his earnest prayer, undertook to point out to the widow his natural desire to quit the country where his dearest hopes had been wrecked.

A deep blush suffused the countenance of her ladyship as she listened to her.

"Spoken like yourself, Bell!" she replied; "you are always right! The heart, after all, I begin to suspect, is a less fallible monitor than the mind: its impulses are natural—and nature cannot err!"

"You will see him, then?" said her friend.

"Yes."

"Do not think," continued the anxious sister, "that I would unnecessarily press this interview upon you; but poor Frank clings to it as the last consolation in life—a memory to bear with him in exile and in sorrow."

"Is his passion, then, so cureless?" inquired her ladyship, anxiously.

"It is like one of those plants," answered her visitor, "which strike deep root into the soil—it has twined itself around his very heart—become a part of his existence. True," she added, "he is convinced of its upper hopelessness; but despair has rendered it more dear to him—he clings to it as to the dream of his boyhood—death only can efface it."

"Or time?" added Margaret, doubtfully.

Mrs. Tytler gazed at her for some moments with surprise—she could not comprehend her. Indeed, for some months past, the conduct and feelings of her friend had been a riddle to her.

"You are unjust," she said; "and yet I cannot imagine that you wish to be so. The devotion of a soul like Frank's would not disgrace you, were your name the noblest on the herald's book—for he is one of nature's gentlemen. Forgive me," she added, seeing that Lady Sinclair was deeply pained, "but I love my brother."

"And blame me?"

"Not so," replied the kind-hearted woman, kissing her upon the cheek; "it is not your fault that you cannot love him—that your affections, nipped by the unkindly frost, can know no second spring. No, Margaret," she added, "even when I beheld him, as I believed, dying—youth, health, and energy, the costliest gifts of life, expended in your cause—I never

blamed you—I judged you as I should have judged myself."

"Dear, good, generous Bell!" exclaimed Margaret, throwing her arms around her; "as easily might detraction seek to find a speck in heaven as a flaw in your pure mind. You are right—for, since the parting must take place, the sooner the interview is over the better for us both. If I have hitherto delayed it," she continued, "it was, perhaps, with the hope that time might change his feelings towards me, and preserve to you a brother. Let him come when he will—I am ready to receive him."

"To-morrow, then?" said her visitor.

"No—not to-morrow," replied her ladyship, with an emotion which puzzled Mrs. Tytler exceedingly to comprehend. "It is the anniversary of the death of the noble, generous man who raised me from poverty and obscurity to share his name and fortune—of the father of my boy, whose confidence in my faith was unshaken to the last. Not to-morrow," she added; "not to-morrow. It must be devoted to prayer and reflection."

It was finally settled that Frank Hazleton should take his leave of Lady Sinclair in three days. Just as the day was fixed, little Cuthbert came bounding into the room. He had heard that Mamma Bell—as he called her—had arrived; and in his impatience to see her, had escaped from the lessons of his governess. Throwing his little arms around her neck, he kissed her eagerly, and demanded if she had come to live with them again.

"No, Sir Cuthbert," replied Mrs. Tytler, returning his caresses—for she dearly loved the child.

"Why do you call me Sir Cuthbert?" inquired the boy, looking wistfully in her face.

"Because it is your title."

"Then I don't like it," exclaimed the infant baronet, sulkily. "I have not been a bad boy—and if I had, you were not here to see it."

Bell smiled at the tenacity of his memory. She recollected that at Belize she used to call him "sir" by way of punishment when he had offended.

"He is a noble fellow," she observed, with a sigh.

Margaret inquired the cause of the regret which accompanied her words.

"Nothing!" she replied. "Do not ask me. And yet I must tell you—for there has never been any concealment between us—tell you," she added, "at the risk of offending you. I was thinking how nobly Frank would have devoted himself to the task of training the mind of this dear child—of supplying the place of a father to him—had his love been as successful as it has proved unfortunate."

For the second time during their interview, Lady Sinclair blushed and appeared embarrassed.

"You must inflict a deeper pain upon me, Bell," she observed, "before I could feel angry towards you: we have proved each other's hearts too well."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed her visitor; "from the first hour of our captivity, I never concealed a feeling of mine from you."

Her friend remained silent; perhaps she could not assert as much. As yet her concealments—if she had any—arose from no doubt of her friend, but mistrust of herself.

It is a strange thing—the human heart.

On the day appointed for the interview—which he believed would prove the last—Frank Hazleton presented himself at the splendid mansion of the late baronet. There was an air of refinement in his person and manner to which in early life he had been a stranger; but sorrow is the great moral alchemist to purify our nature. He appeared sad, but resigned.

Margaret received him in the drawing-room: she had given orders to exclude all other visitors. Even Mary and Charles Briancourt were not excepted from the prohibition.

For the first time she had laid aside the sombre weeds of her widowhood, and wore a dress of pale grey silk, which suited admirably her complexion; her luxuriant dark hair, no longer hidden beneath the folds of her cap, was divided in plain bands over her forehead, and then fell in a mass of curls from the back of her head.

Never, even in the days of her girlhood, had she appeared more lovely. If the trials and sorrows she had passed through rendered her smile less frequent, it was the sweeter.

"I come, Lady Sinclair," said the young farmer, in that deep, rich tone of voice which marks the struggles of the heart, "in fulfillment of my promise—to bid you farewell! I do not ask you to forget me—you have a grateful nature, and such words would be a mockery; but if the memory of one whose has served you—whose unhappy love cancelled that service—should intrude upon the sunny hours of your existence, think kindly of him, and forgive him!"

"Forgive!" repeated Margaret; "oh, Frank, it is I who ought to ask your forgiveness—I, for whom you have suffered so much—sacrificed the best years of your life!"

"I did it freely," answered her visitor; "you owe me no gratitude—for from the first moment I beheld you, you became the light of my existence!"

"Generous man! not one word of reproach?"

"Reproach!" exclaimed Frank; "do not, I implore you, utter that word. Was it your fault that nature more than birth placed an insuperable barrier between us—that the refinement and delicacy of a soul like yours rendered my passion hopeless? No, Lady Sinclair," he added; "in the wildest moments of my misery, I have never been unjust to you! I blamed my own presumption—not your coldness! My last prayer will be for your happiness—my last consolation in the land to which I exile myself, the sweet conviction that you do not despise me."

"Despise you!" repeated Margaret; "oh, never—never! Frank, you must give up this exile from your country—this separation from your sister and the friends that love you! You are young, and happiness lies nearer home than you imagine; you—"

"Oh, do not ask it!" interrupted her visitor imploringly; "do not tax humanity beyond its strength! To be near you, and yet to know that you never can be mine—to hear, perhaps, that you have blessed another with your love! No—no! you are too good, too generous to demand it!"

"I have no right to demand it, Frank!" replied the lady; "I implore it—for your sister's happiness, and mine," she added, in a tone which fell like the whisper of an angel on the ear of her admirer, "depend upon your yielding to my prayer!"

"Your—your happiness!" repeated the young man.

"Mine," repeated Lady Sinclair. "Frank, the mask has fallen! I love you! Even while a wife, your deep devotion, your manly conduct, touched my heart, and I esteemed you as a brother—as my truest friend! Since then respect for the memory of the dead has closed my lips in silence; but now, if the hand of her you have so long and faithfully served can make you happy, be happy—it is yours—my heart accompanies the gift!"

"If this is a dream," exclaimed Frank Hazelton, passionately kissing the hand extended towards him, "oh, never let me wake again! 'Tis real! That smile—those tears—assure me that madness has not deceived me. God give me strength," he added, "to support this unexpected happiness!"

For the first time the arm of the young farmer encircled the waist of Margaret, and his beating heart was pressed against hers. More than once he entreated her to repeat the words which assured him of his bliss, till his brain reeled with the delight of hearing them.

Long and delicious was the exchange of mutual confidence which ensued between the lovers; each had so much to explain. The happy Frank at last understood why Margaret had quitted the Revenge, and returned to England alone; and was half delirious with joy at hearing that respect for the memory of Sir Cuthbert and the opinion of the world alone prevented an earlier acknowledgement of their passion being mutual.

"I require no promises, Frank!" replied Lady Sinclair, in answer to her lover's repeated assurance that his life should be devoted to her happiness and the welfare of her son; "from you they are superfluous! I have tried and proved you! Would the recompense," she added, "were more worthy of your merits."

We need not repeat the reply of the young farmer—most of our readers can imagine it; enough to say he breathed it on her lips—the seal of as true a love, as pure a passion, as ever elevated the heart of man or won the affection of woman.

It is extraordinary how time flies when joy is borne upon its pinions. Visitors had called and been refused—even the greater portion of the day had passed—before either of the lovers dreamed that an hour had elapsed.

Not so swiftly had the minutes flown with Bell and her husband, who were anxiously awaiting the return of Frank from what they considered his parting interview. The anxious sister could endure the state of suspense no longer.

"I must seek him!" she said.

"Where?" philosophically demanded her husband.

"At Lady Sinclair's—anywhere! My poor brother!" she added; "if anything fatal has occurred, I shall never know a moment's peace again."

Doctor Tytler only smiled. He had seen much of human nature, and his guesses were not very far from the truth as to the real cause of his brother-in-law's delay.

Margaret started from the sofa as she heard the impatient knock of her visitors.

"It is Bell!" she exclaimed, advancing to the door of the drawing-room, to give orders that she was at home.

The astonishment of Dr. Tytler was not near so

great as that of his wife when he beheld the now happy Frank, his countenance radiant with smiles, advancing to meet them.

"Bell! brother!" exclaimed the young farmer, extending a hand to each of them; "congratulate me! Can you conceive my bliss? You have a sister," he added, in a whisper to the former—"a sister in name as well as affection."

Lady Sinclair blushed deeply—not from a feeling of coquetry or pride: had she been ashamed of her choice, she never would have made it.

Mrs. Tytler threw her arms around her, smiling and weeping alternately from excess of joy; whilst her husband warmly shook his brother-in-law by the hand.

"She is a noble, generous creature!" he observed; "but, by heaven, Frank, you have deserved her!"

The lover of Margaret looked surprised: he could not comprehend how any one could merit such a treasure.

"You have repaid me!" said Bell, at last, "for all I have endured; my sorrows, ten-fold repeated, would be more than recompensed by such a moment! Dear Margaret, never will you have reason to repent the choice you have made—for if ever a devoted passion, a noble heart beat in the breast of man, they do in Frank's!"

Margaret never did repent it; and in the after years of wedded life, with children who loved and honoured her around her, she felt her early trials and sufferings were amply recompensed.

Sir Cuthbert, under the judicious training of his father-in-law, proved worthy of the name and rank he bore. At first he pouted and sulked like a spoiled child, and vowed that he would hate him. But in less than a year he loved his kind instructor as a parent.

Soon after the marriage—which took place within a month after the *déclatation*—Margaret and her husband purchased an estate adjoining Broadlands, in order to be near the friends of her youth, Sir Charles and Lady Briancourt—the former having succeeded to the title by the death of Sir Robert.

As the children of the two families grew up together, it was shrewdly suspected that the ties between them would be yet further cemented—so marked was the partiality which the youthful baronet evinced for the society of his former playfellow.

The cottage upon Loxden Heath, so long inhabited by Mabel, was frequently visited by her now happy child, who loved to sit and pray in it. The old postilion, Bandy-legged Jem—now a very aged man—was its tenant. On his death, Margaret and Lady Briancourt bought the place, and erected a row of almshouses on its site: the best monument for two such mothers.

Little more remains for us to record than the concluding scene of the life of Athalie—the victim of her own evil passions and the laws she so long had outraged.

Happiness in this world is said never to come unalloyed—the trail of the serpent is still discernible over the few flowers left us from the deserted garden of Eden; doubtless it is a wise arrangement of Providence: were we permitted to enjoy perfect bliss below, who would dream of or turn their thoughts to heaven?

Still, there was more than the usual amount of felicity permitted upon earth at Mount Vernon, where the newly-married friends had been spending their honeymoon: its drawback was in the sympathy which all felt for the sorrow of Mrs. Hastings, who, even in the arms of the husband of her choice, pined for the blessing and forgiveness of her father.

Vainly did the viscountess and Lucy attempt to soothe her; reason was at war with feeling: the former told her that the harshness of her parent, if it did not justify her in the step she had taken, went far to palliate it; but her heart would not be convinced.

"He is my father," she replied, in answer to the consolation of her friends, "and loved me, despite his harshness! He is ill—I am certain that he is—and no one near him but servants to attend him! Heaven will never bless the union," she added, "which a parent refuses to sanction."

Of all who listened to her, Dick was the only one whose faith in the relenting of the ex-consul remained unshaken. When his wife told him that another letter had been returned unopened, his advice was that Mrs. Hastings should write no more.

"He sees her letters," he urged, in support of his opinion; "and that is enough to convince him she is well! Rely upon it the old man would feel as much disappointment at their non-arrival, as he now experiences pleasure from the pain and mortification the refusing of them enables him to inflict! Nothing like doubt, rely upon it, to work upon a mind like the colonel's."

The month—the first month of wedded life—had nearly elapsed, when Hastings announced his intended

departure for the north of England, where the property he had inherited was situated.

"It is time I introduced Mary to my family!" he said, in reply to the urgent solicitation of the two friends to prolong his stay. "I, too, have a father whose love must teach her to forget the unkindness of her own! We have, I fear, been a sad drawback upon your happiness!"

Both Dick and the viscountess assured him that such was not the case: the former adding, that the first visit he paid on his return to London should be to Colonel Fitzgerald.

"Leave the obstinate old fellow to me and Lucy!" he added; "between us we shall bring him to reason! If he can refuse her prayers, his heart must be made of sterner stuff than I take it for—to say nothing of my logic, which, however you may smile, is a keener weapon than you give me credit for possessing! 'Sdeath! what has he to be angry for? Instead of a pipe-clayed, stiff, formal prig for a son-in-law, his daughter has married a sailor. If he continues obstinate, it is an insult to the service we belong to, and it is right to make common use of it!"

The husband of Mary Fitzgerald smiled at the vivacity of his friend; but at the same time declared his arrangements were made for quitting Mount Vernon in three days.

To so positive a declaration no further objection could be made, although the breaking up of their little party was a subject of regret. Digby left the room in search of Annie, who had promised to ride with him, whilst Dick and Hastings went to prepare their brides for a row upon the lake.

The evening before the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, the three ladies were seated on a rustic bench, under an old chestnut tree which had been planted by the captain's grandfather. The prospect before them extended far over hill and valley. It was one of those quiet home scenes peculiar to England. A little behind the park stood the village church, surrounded by neatly thatched cottages, whilst primitive-looking farm-houses dotted the fields in the distance, rendered mellow by a glorious sunset blending its rays with the rich tints of autumn.

"What a lovely spot!" observed Mary, with a sigh. "Who with a heart at ease, could not be happy here?"

"I am glad you admire it," answered the viscountess. "My lord, they tell me, has a much more magnificent place in Scotland, but I shall not love it half so well. It is here we used to play when we were children—it was here we parted when he and Dick first went to sea! I cannot tell you," she added, with a burst of feeling caused by a thousand tender, nameless recollections, "how inexpressibly dear it is to me!"

"You will love Scotland quite as well in time!" observed her sister-in-law, with a quiet smile.

"It is affection which renders home dear to us," said Mrs. Hastings. "You may be happy anywhere—for your hearts are at peace—you have no self-reproach—no remorse."

"You can have no cause for such feelings, Mary!" exclaimed her friend.

The daughter of the ex-consul made no reply; but the silent tear which stole down her pale cheek showed how keenly she felt the unforgiving spirit of the colonel.

"You have no reason," added the speaker, "to reproach yourself."

"No reason! Oh, Lucy, those words were prompted by your love, which sympathises with me! I have acted precipitately—rashly! I should have waited and won the consent of my father by meekness and submission! Could he read my heart—its struggles—its remorse—he would pity his repentant child—for never can I be really happy till blessed with his forgiveness!"

The speakers were startled by something which sounded very like a suppressed sob near to the spot where they were sitting; turning round, they recognized, to their surprise, the tall, stately figure of Colonel Fitzgerald, leaning upon his gold-headed cane.

The ex-consul, who was still suffering from the attack of his old enemy, the gout, had hobbled from his carriage to the spot where the servants told him he would see the ladies, approached them unperceived, and overheard their conversation.

No sooner did Mrs. Hastings perceive that it was her father, than she sank at his feet, begging him, in imploring accents, not to curse her.

The old man appeared choking with emotion, whilst Lucy and the terrified Annie mistook for passion. The error was a very natural one, considering how very seldom the gentleman gave way to weakness of any kind; for, as Dick used to observe, in his general demeanour he was as polished as an icicle, and almost as cold.

"Forgive her, guardian!" exclaimed his former ward, imploringly, and at the same time throwing her

arms around his neck; you see how she is suffering—spirit-broken! A curse," she added, "in a whisper, would kill her."

"A curse!" repeated the ex-consul; "and do you think I have come all this way, with no other compensation than the gout, Lucy, to curse my only child? No—no! I am not so harsh as that."

His daughter ventured to raise her eyes and meet his gaze.

"Here, Mary!" said her father, opening his arms to receive her; "I want you here—next to my heart! I can forego the long cherished hope of years—live without friends—but not without my child!"

With a cry of joy, Mrs. Hastings sprang from her humble position at his feet, and threw herself upon the old man's neck.

Satisfied that such feelings and such a scene were too sacred to be intruded on even by the presence of friendship, Lucy took the arm of her sister-in-law and walked from the spot, her own eyes dimmed with tears of joy at the prospect of happiness being once more restored to the companion of her youth.

"That brother of yours, dearest Annie," she said, still struggling between her smiles and tears, "was right, after all! But the experiment has been a dangerous one: it nearly shipwrecked poor Mary's happiness! Never," she added, emphatically, "will I advise anyone whom I love to repeat it."

When the fair speakers returned towards the old chestnut tree—from henceforth doubly dear as the scene of such a reconciliation—they encountered Colonel Fitzgerald, leaning on the arm of his now happy child.

"Have you seen Charles?" eagerly inquired Mary.

The two friends understood her anxiety to make her husband a sharer in her contentment, and, without saying a word, started towards the house. On the lawn they encountered the three gentlemen, who had just returned from a boating excursion. Sailor-like, they could not forget the element on which they had passed so many years.

"Where is Mary?" demanded her husband, in an anxious tone.

"She is well—quite well!" replied Lucy, as soon as she had recovered sufficient breath to answer him. "Come with us!"

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE.

The well-known beautiful marbles of Sienna and the golden-veined marbles of Portoro are variable mixtures of the metamorphic carbonates of protoxide of iron and lime.

IRON.—Iron is not imperishable. Iron houses, iron bridges, &c., must yield to the corroding touch of time. A paper states that forty tons of iron-rust was recently scraped from the great iron tubular bridge over the Menai Straits.

ARROWROOT IN NEW SOUTH WALES.—Experiments have recently been made on the root of the Cambungh, a common reed, growing abundantly in the lagoons of the south-western districts. An excellent species of arrowroot has been made from this plant.

VITRIFIED PHOTOGRAPHS.—Mr. F. Joubert, Portchester Terrace, W., has perfected a process of fixing by fire, in colours or otherwise, photographs on glass, of which he has had on private view several fine examples, having the quality of being equally perfect, seen as transparencies or by reflected light.

We understand the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company have contracted with various French firms for the completion of the whole of the works from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea by the 1st of July, 1868, at which date the company expect that the canal will be opened to navigation, at a cost to the shareholders not exceeding the subscribed capital of £8,000,000 sterling. When this is accomplished, the communication from sea to sea for vessels of large tonnage will be established, thus uniting the west with the east by an uninterrupted water route, and shortening the sea voyage from Europe to India, for steamers, by fully one-half. It still, of course, remains an open question how far the canal will be useful to our sailing India-men, owing to the prevalent winds in the Red Sea. It is announced that the Emperor Napoleon purposes visiting the Suez Canal before returning to France.

The report of Admiral Kuper and his officers in command of the Japanese squadron in 1864, just quoted by order of the House of Commons, is to the effect that the degree unfavourable to the Armstrong gun. One officer, after detailing the stripping of the Armstrong gun and its consequent inaccuracy of flight, adds: "The 68-pounder gun fired more rounds than the Armstrong 110-pounder, every shot and shell telling beautifully; this gun made perfect practice." Another officer writes: "My opinion regarding the 110-pounder Armstrong gun is that no certain dependence can be

placed on it, and I should extremely regret being again dependant on such a gun in action; I also have to observe that, from the stripping of the lead and the uncertainty of bursting of the pillar fuzes, I found it impossible to cover the landing of the marines and naval brigade with the Armstrong gun." It is needless to speak further on this report at present, the facts we have given are sufficiently suggestive.

NEW KIND OF FUEL.—A fuel has been invented by Mr. Stoker composed of carbon in powder as pure as possible, obtained from the distillation of light woods in a close receptacle of various metallic salts and acids acting as the combustible matter, and of different agglomerating bodies, such as fecula, &c. The whole is triturated, mixed, and pressed, forming a paste, which may be moulded into cakes, balls, &c., of various sizes, to be afterwards dried. When dry, this fuel may be lit by a lucifer match; it burns like a piece of tinder, and gives out neither smoke, gas, nor flame. The caloric disengaged in the burning of this fuel may be from 45 deg. to 720 deg. Fahrenheit, according to the proportion of the different component parts above cited. This fuel (says the inventor) will be found very useful for heating feet-warmers, for urns, dishes, and similar articles, for placing in plumbers' soldering irons, or in irons for pressing linen; for heating glue in workshops or elsewhere, where a fire-place would be inconvenient or dangerous, and for many other purposes.

SPEED OF RAILWAY TRAINS.

The speed of railway trains is a subject of much interest both to railway managers and to the public generally; but up to the present time there are no means in ordinary use for determining it, saving the very rough one of recording the times of arrival and departure at the several stations. Instructions are issued to the engine driver as to the speed at which they are to take the trains, but there is no way of ascertaining whether these instructions have been followed or not. For want of it, irregularities often take place in the working of the trains, damaging to the rolling stock and permanent way of the railways and dangerous to the public—sometimes even resulting in disastrous consequences, in the avoidance of which the railway companies are as deeply interested as the public at large. The want of some means of recording the exact speed of trains is also much felt in judicial inquiries into the causes of railway accidents, and these investigations are often rendered more intricate by the difficulty experienced in reconciling the conflicting evidence given on this point. The witnesses may have every desire to tell the truth, but the question is a difficult one, even for an expert. An error in judgment, or interested motives, of the existence of which the witness may indeed be unconscious, causes the testimony to vary between the widest limits. A machine was exhibited at the recent *soirée* of the Royal Society, on the 6th inst., by which all the particulars as to the speed and stoppages of a train are registered and recorded on a sheet of paper, in the form of a diagram, giving with the greatest precision all the information wanted.

The apparatus we refer to is the invention of Mr. W. Armitage Brown, of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and was patented by him in 1863. The registration is effected by means of the combined action of two distinct motions—one for time and the other for distance. The time motion is obtained from a train of ordinary clockwork driving a cylinder, and two pressure rollers, by means of which the diagram sheet is advanced at a regular and uniform rate in one direction; the other motion being derived from that of the train itself, and communicated to a traversing screw, which moves a pencil or marker across the advancing surface of the diagram paper, more or less quickly, according to the speed of the train. By this means a diagonal line is drawn upon the paper, the angle of which, relatively to the direction of the motion of the paper, shows the speed at which the train has been running. When in the course of its journey the train stops, the motion of the pencil ceases also; but the regular motion of the diagram sheet still continuing, a straight line is described on it in the direction of its motion, the position of which upon the diagram, and the length, indicating the point of stoppage and its duration.

The width of the diagram paper used in the machine is about 8½ in., and the traverse of the pencil across it 8 in., showing in that distance twenty miles of the journey; the difficulty of showing the whole of a long journey upon one narrow sheet of paper being surmounted by the simple expedient of making the pencil reverse the direction of its motion at each end of its traverse, and move backwards and forwards across the paper until the journey is completed.

The apparatus is enclosed in a small mahogany box, which is, when in use, attached outside the end of one of the passenger carriages. Before the train leaves, a blank diagram sheet is put in its place in the apparatus, and the box is then locked and attached to

the carriage; after this no further attention is required until the end of the journey, when the machine is detached, and the diagram sheet taken out, after which the diagram is read off by means of scales made for the purpose, and the sheet filed for future reference. The machine can be attached to or detached from the carriage in about two minutes by one of the station porters.

DAGENHAM DOCKS.—The ceremony of cutting the first sod of the excavations necessary for the proposed docks at Dagenham recently took place. It is proposed to utilise for the purpose of these docks the well-known piece of water known as Dagenham Lake. The average width will be 600ft., and the length about one mile, giving nearly two miles of quay, and affording ample room for berthing ships. The tidal basin will be 450ft. long and 250ft. wide, the gates to which will be 70ft. wide, with 27ft. of water on the sill at ordinary high tide; the minimum depth in the river at the entrance will be 12ft. at low water, and as the lake is naturally much deeper, vessels will be enabled to enter the dock at almost any stage of the tide. Outside there is excellent anchorage and ample space, the river being at this point about half a mile broad. The London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway, which skirts the lake, will, by means of a very short branch, bring the dock within easy distance of the metropolis. The cost of construction, including the freehold of the lake and adjoining lands, containing altogether about 140 acres, will amount to £220,000.

MONUMENT TO DANTE.—The inauguration of the monument raised in Florence in honour of the great poet of Italy, took place on the 14th of May, with great ceremony, in the presence of King Victor Emmanuel. There was a grand procession, which occupied more than two hours in passing. First marched the representatives of the press (Italian and foreign); next came those of the Italian drama; then a long file of persons deputed from every province, town, academy, society, and important institution in the kingdom. Seven hundred banners floated in the air. The *cortège* was closed by the colleges, the national guard of Florence, in the ranks of which marched the Count Sarego Alighieri, descendant of the poet. The king was received with immense acclamations; upon his majesty's arrival, the Gonfaloniere of Florence pronounced a short address, after which Padre Jean Baptiste Giuliani delivered a short discourse on Dante and his works, at the conclusion of which the veil, which until then had covered the monument, fell to the ground. The entire arrangements proved satisfactory, and the enthusiasm is declared to have been indescribable. Such an act of national pride and fervour does honour to the capital of united Italy.

CARBONIC ACID.—Experiments were made to ascertain the effect of a complete removal of carbonic acid from the atmosphere surrounding plants. The seeds were placed on gauze strained over a vessel of water, which was set in a dish containing concentrated solution of caustic soda, and the whole was covered with a bell-glass. A similar arrangement was made, exclusive of the caustic alkali, to afford a term of comparison. No appreciable difference could be observed. It is probable that seedlings, within the height which they can attain under an ordinary bell-glass, still derive a sufficient supply of carbon from the seed. Be this as it may, the removal of carbonic acid from the atmosphere surrounding them did not interfere with their growth. Experiments made with seeds placed in an atmosphere of carbonic acid accorded with results obtained by other observers, as to total prevention of germination under circumstances otherwise favourable. The seeds, however, were found to be not in any way injured, and germinated freely on exposure to the atmosphere. It seems probable that in those cases in which germination has been observed to take place in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, the exclusion of atmospheric air has not been sufficiently well maintained.

FORFEITURE FOR TREASON AND FELONY.—The Attorney-General's Bill proposes that property shall not be forfeited for treason or felony, but shall vest temporarily in the Treasury, and that the Treasury may apply it in payment of the costs of the trial and the debts of the convict; in making restitution or compensation to those who have suffered through his criminal or fraudulent acts; in making an allowance for the support of his wife and children, or other relatives; and the balance or surplus is to revert and be restored to him on the expiration of his sentence, or to his representatives.

CLEAN AND TIDY HOUSES.—An effort to promote cleanliness amongst the poorer inhabitants, has been made in the parish of St. James, Bristol. About six weeks ago, four prizes were offered to the residents of Eugene Street and courts, and four to those of Blackfriars and courts, for the cleanest and

tidest of rooms. The first prize in each street was 10s.; second, 5s.; third, 3s.; fourth, 2s. There were 22 competitors, and during the six weeks of inspection, 132 visits were paid to the houses of these people. Of the 132 calls made, 55 were marked clean and tidy; 31 were marked tidy, but not clean; 18 clean, but not tidy; 8 dirty. Not one was reported dirty after the second visit. The prizes were distributed at the house of Mr. Nunn, King Square (who originated the movement, and gave all the prizes); and, through the kindness of the Rev. W. Bruce, the unsuccessful candidates were presented with a quarter of a pound of tea each.

FACETIE.

PARTY SELLING HORSE.—"Gentle as a lamb! and no more vices than me or you!"

WANTED, a strong adhesive plaster, to make busy-bodies stick to their own business.

WHAT sort of a marriage should you say that is which a man makes whose name is Morgan, and who lives in a garret? A Morganatic marriage.

"WELL, my boy, do you know what syntax means?" said a schoolmaster to the child of a teetotaler. "Yes, sir, the duty upon spirits."

STRANGER: "Could you tell me where Mr. Snarle the clergyman lives?"—Boy: "I know where the circus is, and such a jolly clown!"

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—Mrs. M. T. Thompson is always advertising for lodgers. We fear her name brings her ill-luck; she is always M. T. Thompson, and her rooms also appear to be M. T.

ENERGETIC AND LUCKY.—There is a woman in Troy, New York, who has been married four times to soldiers since the war commenced, and is now a widow with four pensions.

A MAD Yankee in Paris recently smashed the face of a statue in one of the public squares, because it looked like his faithless wife. He said, by way of apology, that he thought women of that kind should be *dis-countenanced*.

A SOLDIER'S AGE.

Napoleon, in his Italian successes, took a Hungarian battalion prisoners. The colonel, an old man, complained bitterly of the French mode of fighting—by rapid and desultory attacks on the flank, the rear, the lines of communication, &c., concluding by saying, "that he fought in the army of Maria Theresa."

"You must be old," said Napoleon.

"Yes, I am either sixty or seventy."

"Why, colonel, you have certainly lived long enough to know how to count years more closely than you do."

"General," said the Hungarian, "I reckon my money, my shirts, and my horses; but as for my years, I know that nobody will want to steal them, and that I shall never lose one of them."

THE English holders of the Confederate bonds have asked Mr. Adams to get information from his Government whether or not the Confederates will be permitted to pay these bonds, or if the North will be good enough to pay them. The Presidential thunder may shortly be expected.

HOT CROSS BUNS IN CHINA.—The following advertisement appears in a Shanghai paper, the *Friend of China*, of March 7:—"Good Friday.—Hot Cross Buns.—Orders for these superior buns should be sent early, for, as is well known to all good Christians, only a baker educated in England is acquainted with the proper mode of manipulation, and the demand by old customers is already extensive."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON is said to be preparing a proclamation declaring all vessels sailing under the Confederate flag to be pirates, and the crews liable to be hung, if caught. The last two words seem to us to convey with legal care a very important clause, because it is not generally the custom to hang them and catch them after, though so great is the revenge that the President would doubtless like to perform this new and singular operation.

THE late Rev. Dr. Sutton, vicar of Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon: "Mr. Peech, how is it that you have not called upon me for your account?" "Oh," said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed!" said the vicar; "then how do you get on if he don't pay?" "Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude that he's not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

THE mania for inviting artists to suppers and parties in order to have them perform on the piano for the amusement of the invited guests, reminds us of an anecdote about Chopin. This celebrated composer was invited by Comtesse d'Agout to supper,

and after supper, was invited to play. He sat down at the piano, touched the instrument for about two minutes, and then got up. "Oh, Monsieur Chopin," said the comtesse, "you have played only so little!" "But, madame," replied Chopin, "I have only eaten so little!"

THE MINISTER AND BOY.

Mr. Snibe's son was engaged in breaking up a piece of new land with a team of unruly oxen. Juniper Snibe, becoming vexed at the ill-usage he was receiving from the plough-handle, set up such a vociferation of protracted oaths as astonished the Rev. —, who expected to see a bolt launch poor Snibe into eternity. Feeling it his duty to chastise uncalled-for wickedness, he stopped and lectured the infuriated youth for some time, warning him of the punishment that awaited such blasphemy.

"Why, sir, I'll bet my head that such cattle—such ploughing—would make a minister swear."

"I think not, my young friend," said he; "I am a minister, and it would not make me swear."

"I'll bet my dinner on it," was the saucy urchin's reply, "and take the bet if you dare, sir."

"To make a bet would be equally wrong, but I'll go one bout and prove to you that your swearing is useless."

The boy consented, at the same time applying his whip heartily upon the oxen, while turning them into the furrow. The parson took a firm hold of the handles and started the team. Rip—tear—slap—jerk—went the plough, giving him an occasional rap in the side or on the shins. The oxen, feeling the smart of the castigation, were all but abidable—"wee back gee haw, go along Buck and Bright," exclaimed the preacher, becoming excited. "The like of this I never did see; gee Buck, haw Bright, g'lang!" Slap came the plough-tail against his side, knocking him some ten feet. The boy stopped the team. The moralist was on hand, saying, "I never saw this like; no man ever did; it beats all," etc., etc. Thus he continued until his bout was accomplished, when he triumphantly said to the lad, "there, I've gone a bout without swearing."

"Yes," replied the boy, "but you have told a great many stories."

"What—do you mean to say I have lied?"

"Yes, sir, because a great many have seen this same land, and some worse."

"But you must never tell anyone they tell lies—you should whistle—remember that."

After admonishing the youth soundly on swearing, he made him promise to beat church the next Sabbath, where he was to preach.

When Sabbath came, the boy agreeable to promise, went, and took a front seat in the gallery. During the sermon, the divine observed that "of all the bird creation the bite of the goose was the most severe." A shrill whistle was given by the boy. The divine's attention was drawn to the gallery, where he saw his hopeful youth. Again he repeated the same sentence, and again the boy gave a shrill whistle, which echoed throughout the church. As soon as the services ended, the minister attacked him for improper conduct in church.

"Didn't you tell me to whistle whenever I heard anyone tell a lie?" replied the boy.

"Did I tell any lie to-day?"

"Yes, sir—you said a goose bite was the most severe of any of the feathered tribe."

"Well, did I lie then?"

"Yes, sir."

"How?"

"Because, sir, the gander can bite just as severe as the goose."

The parson left for dinner.

THE rising generation improve daily. In proof thereof we may mention the fact that two young gentlemen, of the mature age of fifteen, residing in London, have invented a new method of picking pockets. Selecting a person with a white waistcoat and a good watch, one of the young gentlemen throws mud upon the waistcoat, and submits to a beating, in order that the other young gentleman may snatch and run away with the watch. After enjoying for some weeks what in the reports of philanthropic societies is called "a gratifying measure of success," both young gentlemen have been caught, and committed for trial.

"WHEN SEEN MAKE A NOTE OF."—A young fellow was last week shut up all night, and fined the next morning, for plucking a sprig of May in Chelsea College Garden. For the future, let us hope he will know the difference between *may* and *may not*.—Punch.

IMPROVEMENT IN FIRE-ARMS.—It is said that all rifles for military use will very soon be loaded with explosive shells instead of common bullets. The Inns of Court Volunteers will then no longer alone deserve the title that will be applicable to every regiment in the world, "The Devil's Own."—Punch.

POLITICAL SPORTING.—There will be a general sweep at the House of Commons soon. A number of new brooms will probably be procured after the election, to replace the old ones.—Fun.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

CURE FOR POISON IVY.—I have twice cured myself when poisoned with ivy, by immersing the poisoned parts in soft-soap for thirty minutes. The first time I tried this, I merely put my feet in the soap because it made them feel better; the second time, it being on my hands, I put them in soap to cure them, and it did it.

IN Paris, some asparagus plants of enormous size, now exhibited in the windows of eating-houses, attract the attention of strangers, who express great curiosity to know how they are cultivated. A farmer in the neighbourhood of Paris supplies the following explanation:—They are planted, not in the usual way, in beds, but separately. As soon as the plants reach a short height from the ground, the gardener covers it with a bottle, under which the plant attains an enormous size before it is fit for use.

A NEW USE FOR OLD NAILS.—It is stated as a new discovery that wonderful effects may be obtained by watering fruit trees and vegetables with a solution of sulphate of iron. Under this system, beans will grow to nearly double the size, and will acquire a much more savoury taste. The pear seems to be particularly well adapted for this treatment. Old nails thrown into water and left to rust there will impart to it all the necessary qualifications of forcing vegetation as described.

METHOD OF PRESERVING FRUIT FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME.—Take any quantity of fruit you intend to preserve, pick them and fill your bottles, then fill your copper or pan with cold water and set your bottles in up to the neck, then warm the water to the heat of 150 degrees by the thermometer, and let them stand in for twenty minutes at that heat, and be careful the water does not vary. Take care to have in readiness some boiling water to fill up the bottles with, when they come out of the copper, fill them within one inch of the top with it, let them be well corked and waxed, to keep out the air. All fruit are best not too ripe.

STATISTICS.

IN the United States there are 53 religious sects. Amongst them are 10 different kinds of Baptists, 9 of Methodists, 13 of Presbyterians, and 2 of Quakers. The Baptists number 1,724,378 members or communicants, and the Methodists, 1,651,732. The number professing the Roman Catholic religion is 3,177,144. The Baptists are divided into the following various sects, viz.: regular, anti-mission, seventh-day, its principle, free-will, river-brethren, wine-brennaries, dunkers, menonites, and Campbellites. The Quakers are divided into orthodox and Hicksites.

THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.—The late debate on the French army gives the following facts some interest: Prussia, with a territory of 5,000 square miles, and a population of 13,000,000, has an army of 200,000 men in time of peace, which costs her 6,000,000*l.*; Austria, whose territory is 12,000 square miles, and population 37,000,000, has an army of 500,000 men, which costs her 12,000,000*l.*; France, with a territory of 10,000 square miles, and a population of 38,000,000, has an army of 400,000 men, whose cost is 15,000,000*l.*; while our army, including that in India, amounts to 150,000 men, costing 14,000,000*l.*

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

I am willing to believe that natural history can boast of more allurements than any other science, and accordingly, from the earliest times to the present, it has been generally followed and esteemed. Nature, indeed, has charms to captivate every eye, and the amazing variety of objects that continually surround us, cannot fail of exciting the curiosity, and raising the admiration of every beholder. It is by contemplating this infinity of objects, that the mind soars to some faint idea of the universality of the works of nature, and the unbounded power and wisdom of the almighty Creator. The minutest plant or animal, if attentively examined, affords a thousand wonders, and obliges us to examine and adore that omnipotent hand, which created ourselves as well as the object we admire. Thus, while the imagination is pleased with the unbounded treasures of nature, the whole life becomes one continued act of adoration.

Planting, in my opinion, and gardening supply a fund of entertainment, the most lasting, rational, and healthful of any occupation in this life. The trees which we ourselves have planted, the fruits we have

raised, and the plants we have cultivated, seem to be like our children, a kind of new creation. Their shade, their taste, their fragrance, and their beauties, affect us with a richer repast than other circumstances. What pleasing scenes would lie open to young men of fortune devoted to such amusements. Each succeeding year produces fresh shades, other fruits, fresh beauties, and brings besides most certain profit. To behold the rising grove's barrenness made fertile, our country improved, ourselves made useful and happy, and posterity enriched. J. A.

THOUGHTS FOR THE SEASON.

APRIL in our climate is a month of beauty. It has its clear, bright, sunny mornings as well as its cloudy, fearful skies. Then the sweet flush of tender green starting up in the meadow, and the variety of shades, the budding of every living member of the vegetable world, mingled here and there with the snowy-flowering plum, the bright blush of the peach blossom, and the three or four leaves that come as a green finish to the long straight branch of the cherry. All these cheer the eye, and lend the season one of its greatest charms.

April has been aptly styled the only spring month that we possess, because then only are the flowers springing into blossom. But, with all its beauty, it brings us also a useful lesson. Nature is indeed renewing her youth, but we are growing older. Let us see to it that we grow wiser and better. Let us be cheerful, kind and honest, that, when the snows of age descend upon our heads, we may hope for the gentle dissolution which Dryden defines

a painless way
Of kindly mixing with our native clay.

In the meantime, let each of us go abroad in the every year. Let us have our morning walks on the breezy upland; and, when "the crimson pall of eve doth fall" upon the landscape below us, let us watch its every feature as it becomes

Bathed all over with a streaming flood
Of level light, as heaven's majestic orb
Slowly sinks behind the far-off western hills.

INEZ FORD.

NAVAL BLUE.

THE following account of the origin of blue as the prevailing colour of dress among seamen is perhaps unknown to those who wear it. According to Vegetius, in his fifth book on the military affairs of the Romans, it originated with the Veneti (a people anciently settled along the north-eastern coast of France, and very experienced in navigation) who adopted the custom of painting the vessels sent on discoveries, as well as their ropes and sails, of a blue colour, and also of clothing the seamen and soldiers on board in dresses of similar hue.

"The Latin name of this colour," he observes, "and that of the people, is *Venetus*, and indicates its origin." From them the Romans borrowed the same customs, a proof of which is furnished by Huet.

"Pompey," says he, "the son of the celebrated Pompey, having gained advantages over the fleet of Cesar, affected to be called 'The Son of Neptune,' and though a general, to wear the blue or marine colour instead of the purple; nevertheless this pretended son of Neptune was defeated by Agrippa."

Some very interesting particulars are connected with the Veneti in other respects. Being better mariners than any of their neighbours, and masters of many ports lying on a tempestuous sea, they not only exacted tribute from every vessel using that sea, but extended their voyages in all directions, and particularly to the Cornish shores, where they monopolized the tin for a long time; an intimate alliance ensued between them and the Britons in general, and when the former were menaced with an attack by Julius Cesar, the latter sent a fleet to their aid, which made the coalesced force of the two naval powers amount to two hundred and twelve sails. This naval engagement was most desperately contested for a whole day and night, and it was not until the second morning that the Veneti and Britons were vanquished, less, however, by the superior tactics of their enemies, than by a calm, during which the Romans contrived to render their sails useless and their hulls unmanageable by cutting the ropes with scythes.

The Empress of Russia only spent £60,000 during her seven months' stay at Nice, her suite having consisted of fifty persons, not including servants; whereas the late Empress mother got through £320,000 during the same space of time.

THE CULTURE OF SILK IN FRANCE.—The *Courier de la Drôme* gives some information as to the progress of silkworm breeding in that department and the Ardèche. Much anxiety prevails among the silk breeders in those departments with respect to the

forthcoming crop. The silkworms bred from Japanese eggs give great hopes, but the others produced from foreign eggs cause great uneasiness. Owing to the want of sufficient eggs, the number of silkworms is much less than usual, and there is a vast quantity of mulberry leaves for which it is feared there will be no demand.

SUNSHINE COMES TO-MORROW.

HERE'S a lasting truth to learn,
Ye that trouble borrow:
Though thy path be dark to day,
Sunshine comes to-morrow.

True, the skies of summer fade,
Die the summer flowers;
And stern winter rudely brings
Dark and gloomy hours.

Yet the spring shall come again
With its kindly glances,
And again the summer 'll bloom
As the year advances.

Then the birds shall warble songs
In the sunny meadows;
Branches waving in the breeze,
Cast on earth their shadows.

Then this lesson wisely learn,
It will heal your sorrow,
That, however dark the day,
Sunshine comes to-morrow.

F. W. P.

GEMS.

TRUTH will be uppermost one time or another, like cork, though kept down in the water.

DELIBERATE with caution, but act with decision; and yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

MAKE no vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends.

FALSE friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

THE more we practise virtue the dearer it becomes, as two friends love each other the more, the more they know each other.

THE love of a pure and innocent female soul is often the guardian angel that guides a man's steps to the best action of life.

DID anybody ever know a man that bore malice against his neighbour to possess any brains, or a mind strong enough to think an idea to sleep?

PUBLIC opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion. What a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.

GUARD against reading too much or too rapidly. Read rather with attention; lay the book often down; impress on your mind what you have read, and reflect upon it.

LAUGH.—A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh—now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business; and then we turn away, and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns the prosa of our life into poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome woods in which we are travelling, and touches with light even our sleep.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE will of Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart., was sworn under £250,000.

THERE are three hundred thousand houses in London, which, if all set in a row, would reach across France and over the Pyrenees.

THE site of the Junior Carlton cost £76,000, and the entire cost of the site and building will be about £150,000.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is good-nature itself, and a little careless of to-day with regard to to-morrow. He has been giving charitable readings at great distances from Paris, and bearing all the expenses of a two or three days' journey himself. Seeing this, the not too bashful have been inviting him to just step

down here and there (some four or five hundred miles) and give a lecture for the benefit of this distressed institution or that unfortunate personage, to which proposal Alexandre has been obliged to answer with a direct intimation that he cannot live on air, and that he must occasionally pull up with his ancestor, the 'Wandering Jew,' and put five sons into his purse to enable him to spend six. He promises, however, to go to Strasbourg and Vienna.

SIR HENRY BULWER has sold to the Viceroy of Egypt a small rocky islet owned by him in the Sea of Marmora, for £16,000.

A daughter of Madame Tussaud won the magnificent 700-guinea shawl contributed to the Willis's Rooms Bazaar by Messrs. Grant and Gask, of Oxford Street.

A NUMBER of empty bottles thrown into the sea on the west coast of Africa, have been picked up on the Irish coast. One has been found after sixteen years, another after fourteen, and a third after ten years.

THERE has been no instance of the death of an heir to the Russian throne since 1233, when Prince Theodore was cut off just as preparations were being made for his marriage.

THE Dowager Countess of Clare is about to build, at her own expense, a convent at Carisbrook, in the Isle of Wight. Carisbrook Castle is celebrated as the place where Charles I. was imprisoned.

THE sum of £400, being the cost of a new lifeboat and transporting carriage, has been placed at the disposal of the National Lifeboat Institution on condition that the boat be named "The Admiral Fitzroy," in memory of the late distinguished meteorologist.

It is said that among Mr. Lincoln's papers has been found a package of letters, marked in his own handwriting, "Assassination Letters." While many of them threatened his life, others warned him of plots to take it.

A VERY pretty example has been set by a fair lady, who presented the Pope with a pair of slippers, each one being lined with 80,000 francs' worth of notes. It is thought that it will become a fashionable way of paying a compliment.

PUBLIC PRAYERS FOR THE SILKWORM.—The Bishop of Nîmes has just published a pastoral letter, commanding prayers to be offered up for the cessation of the malady affecting the silkworms in his own and surrounding dioceses.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is said to be in a state of nervous depression which excites the gravest apprehensions. He is afraid of assassination or poisoning. He sees scarcely anybody but his mother and sister. His mother cooks for him, and brings his coffee in a locked coffee-pot.

It is now not so likely to affect the nerves of the public as during the first alarm of the Russian epidemic to state that this is the 200th anniversary of the Plague of London; and that it is calculated that great epidemics occur on every seventeenth year, and this year is the seventeenth since the grand attack of cholera. If we get over this without the attack, we ought to lay it to the credit of Father Thames and Father Knight.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

THERE is nothing in which modern moralists, if they really intended to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind, seem to be more mistaken than in their endeavours to reason away the love of fame, a passion implanted in our souls by the all-wise Creator for the most noble and best of purposes; a passion under the influence of which the greatest actions have been achieved, and the contempt of which has, in all ages, been attended with a universal depravity of manners. Perhaps there is not any one principle of action, except the generous love of liberty, and the still higher sense of our duty to the benignant power who formed us, which has been productive of so much good to mankind, as the passion for true glory.

To be insensible to well-deserved praise, is a mark either of that stoicism which rather merits the name of stupidity than philosophy, or of a low and abject mind, which, conscious of its own insignificance, acquiesces in the obscurity it is unable to emerge from.

The undistinguished many, destitute of every quality and every virtue that can deserve the applause of the world, may affect to despise it, and speak with indifference of one of the highest of human pleasures; but surely those of finer clay must have more exalted sentiments, and must feel and acknowledge the power of this charming divinity. That this passion may sometimes be productive of evil I will readily allow; and the same may be said of every principle which actuates the mind of man; even religion, the sweet, the mild, the amiable source of virtue, sometimes degenerates into the darkest superstition, and produces the most fatal effects. Such is the imperfect state of human life. J. A.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LILLIAN W.—We regret that we have not been enabled to comply with your request.

CURIO.—A communication must be forwarded to the requisitioner in the usual way.

J. M. R.—We gave in our last number a recipe for the removal of freckles. (See answer to "Lady Flora.")

B. A. R.—The publication of "banns" for marriage was instituted in 1210. (See also reply to "J. T. M." in present number.)

CHARLES F. S.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the lines entitled "Thou art False to Love and Me," which are declined with thanks.

L. D.—Cleanliness is a very excellent means of preserving a sound condition of the teeth; and we are not aware of any better specific for arresting caries.

FLOWER.—The shelves of almost every bookseller contain a work on the "Language of Flowers," and a work on the subject can also be readily met with on the bookstalls.

C. W.—The poetical merit of the two poems, entitled "I'll think of Thee" and "The Parting," is pretty nearly on a par; but we regret that we cannot avail ourselves of either of them.

H. and A. are desirous of corresponding with two respectable young gentlemen, with a hymeneal view. "H." is nineteen years of age, and fair; "A." is twenty-two years of age, and dark.

HENRY HALL is desirous of obtaining an introduction to a young lady (preferably a brunette) with a view to matrimony. Is eighteen years of age, tall and dark, and considered good-looking.

H. M.—The lines entitled "Lilly May" do great credit to your sympathetic feeling; but we are sorry to say that they are so far from attaining our standard, that we cannot avail ourselves of them.

BERTHA would like to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman about forty years of age. Is tall, fair, good-looking, and distinguished; of business habits, and capable of making an excellent wife.

ONE WHO SPEAKS HER MIND.—Though we fully concur in many of your remarks, we do not think the whole of the inhabitants of the district can be amenable to them; nor do we see how we could give publicity to your strictures.

A. B. C., who is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, has dark eyes, of dark complexion, and is good-tempered, is anxious to obtain a matrimonial introduction to a young lady of respectable family, and who is thoroughly domesticated.

L. S. F.—The wash for the complexion termed pearl-water is made thus:—Dissolve Castile soap, one pound, in water, one gallon; then add alcohol, one quart; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each, two drachms. Mix well; and it is then fit for use.

EKETER.—Meerschaum pipes do not all possess the same aptitude for colouring, which is greatly influenced by the quality of the material. The handwriting, being characterised by an excess of fine strokes and flourishes, is rather too florid for legal purposes.

VOLUNTEER, who is a barrister's clerk, eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, dark complexion, desires to receive a matrimonial introduction to a lady who is dark, under eighteen years of age, fond of home, a good pianist, and would not object to twelve months' courtship.

THOMAS LIDBERTON.—When the power of sight has become weakened by the excessive use of the eyes, of course abstaining from much study is the first step which suggests itself. But in all affections of so important and delicate an organ, the best course is to consult a skilful oculist.

B. G. A.—The Bank of England was originally projected by a merchant named Patterson, and established in 1694. It was in the following year incorporated by King William and the Parliament, in consideration of a loan to the Government of £1,200,000, which was then its capital.

A GOVERNOR.—The commercial value of the goodwill or connection of the school would depend in a large measure upon its character, or the social position of the scholars attending it. An approximate valuation would be readily placed upon it on application to any scholastic agency.

DEUTER.—The co-signatories to the "legally stamped promissory note" will not be divested of their legal liability to pay the sum and interest after the expiration of six years. The provisions of the Statute of Limitations applicable to such debts allow recovery by action within twenty years.

ELEANOR.—A preservative tincture for the teeth and gums is made by mixing six ounces of the tincture of Peruvian bark with half-an-ounce of sal ammoniac. The mixture should be well shaken, and applied to the teeth and gums by dipping a finger in it. The tincture is also a remedy for toothache.

T. D. M.—The division of time termed a week has not always been taken to signify the same period or number of days. The early Greeks divided their month into three portions of ten days each; the Northern Chinese had a week of fifteen days, and the Mexicans one of thirteen. The Oriental nations, however, have generally used the Jewish week of seven days, which was adopted by the Mohammedans, and introduced with Christianity to most of the

civilised nations of the world. In the Old Testament, you must bear in mind, the term week is occasionally applied to a period of seven years as well as of seven days. (The handwriting is passably good.)

CHARLES.—Carving at table by ladies originated among our Saxon ancestors; and the title of "lady" sprang from this office, as *lad-ford* (now lord) was so-called from his maintaining a number of dependants; so *lad-ford* or *lad-ford* (that is, *lad-ford*) is the origin of lady, she serving it to the guests.

ROSE, who is eighteen years of age, of medium height, has dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, and is the daughter of a very respectable tradesman, would like to correspond matrimonially, and exchange *cartes*, with a gentleman of dark complexion, tall, and whose age is about twenty-one years.

MATHEMATICALS.—The term "lullaby" is derived from the supposed proper name Lullaby or Lullaby Gashon, that being the name of an imaginary good fairy, whom nurses invoked to watch over sleeping babes, so that they might not be changed for others. Hence, also, the name "change-lullaby," or infant changed.

A. C. A.—Armorial bearings took their rise, it is supposed, from the knights painting their banners with different figures, to distinguish them in their crusades, or in battle. The lions in the English arms were originally leopards. We dare say you can accomplish your object by application to the Herald's College.

WILLIAM J. and HENRY W. would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. "William J." is very good-looking and has a good income, and is respectfully connected. "Henry W." is also very handsome, is considered handsome, has a black beard and moustache, and is very good tempered.

A WISH.

Oh! for a day to leave the noisy street

And seek the flowers in their wild wood home!

Where starry hawthorn blossoms, like a foam,

Array the hedge, my longing sight to greet!

And violets, shy hidden in the grass,

Bloom low beneath the shelter of a spray

Laden with crystal drops that melt away,

And batho the drooping fern leaves as I pass.

Where I may hear the songster's thrilling praise,

Whose sweetest notes ascending to the sky

May to my soul a lasting bliss supply,

And comfort me in my melancholy days.

HENRY W.

JAMES Y.—Your information was not correct; the Straits of Dover have been crossed by persons in balloon. The passage was thus made from Dover to Calais by Dr. Jeffries and Mr. Blanchard in January, 1785 (which was the year following the introduction of balloons into England), the time occupied being two hours.

G. and C., who are respectively twenty-three and twenty-four years of age—the former being 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with black hair and whiskers; and the latter 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and of fair complexion—are desirous of corresponding matrimonially with two ladies who are domesticated, and about twenty years of age respectively.

MARIAH, who is eighteen years of age, has very dark hair and blue eyes, is good-looking, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, of a lively disposition, highly accomplished, thoroughly domesticated, and a good musician, would like, with a view to matrimony, to exchange *cartes* with a young gentleman who is highly connected, handsome, and has a good income.

A. AMES.—Cold cream for rough or chapped hands, or for rendering the skin soft, is very easily made. Take half-an-ounce of white wax, which place in a basin with two ounces of almond oil, and set by the fire till dissolved. When the wax and oil are incorporated, add, very slowly, two ounces of rose water, stirring the mixture briskly, so as to mix the ingredients thoroughly. When cold it is fit for use.

J. T. M.—Common licences enable persons of full age (or minors, with consent of parents or guardians) to be married in the church of the parish in which one of them has resided the necessary time, are procurable from Doctors' Commons for about £2 1s. Only wealthy people marry with special licences, which are only obtained, and not always without difficulty, from the metropolitan or archbishop of the province, and cost about £50.

JUVENILE.—The place where King Alfred is said to have taken up his retreat after his kingdom had been overrun by the Danes, was in the county of Somerset, at the confluence of the rivers Parrett and Thone. It was there, in the house of a herdsman who had had charge of his cattle, that the incident of the herdsman's wife scolding him for allowing some cakes to get burnt whilst baking, is supposed to have occurred.

G. C.—To make a useful hair wash, take a small quantity of rosemary, strip the leaves from the stalks, and place them in a jar with about half-a-pint of cold water. Set the jar by the fire, and let its contents simmer for about two hours, without "burning." Then add half-a-pint of rum, and simmer the whole a short time longer. When the liquid is cold, strain, and bottle for use. Apply to the roots of the hair with a small sponge or piece of flannel.

Two young ladies, who rank amongst the aristocracy of the county in which they reside, and are the daughters of a professional gentleman, are desirous of exchanging *cartes*, &c., with two gentlemen in circumstances similar to their own, and who may be on matrimonial thoughts intent. "Gertrude" is twenty-one years of age, has dark hair and blue eyes, and is considered a fascinating brunette. "Ernestine" is nineteen years of age, very fair, has light hair and blue eyes, and is a bewitching blonde. Both have resided some time on the Continent, and are highly accomplished.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

GEORGE, a highly-respectable tradesman, hopes he may find favour in the eyes of "Maud," to whom he offers himself. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has brown hair, dark eyes, is called good-looking; and if "Maud" would have no objection to two years' courtship, will be happy to exchange *cartes de visite* as a preliminary.

ALBERT and CHARLES, both of whom are in good positions in life, and belong to highly respectable families, will be glad to exchange *cartes* and matrimonial communications with "Josephine" and "Maud." "Albert" is twenty-one

years of age, tall, dark, and considered good-looking. "Charles" is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and also considered good-looking.

EDWARD offers himself as a candidate for the hand and heart of "Louise B.," whose *carte de visite* is solicited. Is highly respectable, has a good fortune, and is sure would make "Louise B." a good husband.

H. D. A., who is an officer and a gentleman, would be happy to communicate and exchange *cartes* with "Maud," with a view to matrimony. Is between twenty and twenty-one years of age, about 5 ft. 11 in. in height, has dark hair, and is good-looking.

EM. and DAVID, who are sisters, and both of whom are fair, accomplished, fond of music, and domesticated, would be pleased to correspond with "Alfred D.," and "Fred. P.," with a view to a matrimonial engagement. "Em." is nineteen years of age, has brown curly hair, blue eyes, and is inclined to *embonpoint*. "David" is seventeen years of age and possesses very similar personal characteristics, but is a little taller.

LUCY GRAY is willing to correspond matrimonially with "Augustus Charles." Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has light hair and a fair complexion, and is very good-tempered.

PHILIP DANVERS, in reply to "Nerea," states that he is now in possession of an adequate income, belongs to a very good family, has received a liberal education, is a Protestant, and solicits an interchange of *cartes*.

LAURA M. A., who is seventeen years of age, and has dark hair and sparkling black eyes, would be glad to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with "Augustus Charles." One who is LOVELY offers himself for the acceptance of the "Widow" with two little girls. Is thirty-five years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and can supply a home with all necessary comforts.

HENRIET would like to correspond matrimonially with "Albion." Is seventeen years of age, a brunette, good-looking, amiable, and thoroughly domesticated, but reserves *cartes de visite* till hearing further from "Albion."

M. A., who is seventeen years of age, considered good-looking, has fair complexion, brown hair and blue eyes, and is thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "J. M. L." (No. 104).

ROBERT R. considers "Agnes G." his *beau ideal* of a wife; and will be happy to correspond matrimonially. Is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, dark, and considered good-looking.

BARTO, a widower with a small family, is ready to accompany a "Widow" to the hymeneal altar, being of the specified age, and both good-tempered and good-looking.

NELLIE D. would be happy to exchange *cartes* with "William S." with a view to opening a matrimonial correspondence, provided he will take the initiative.

MEDICINE is charmed with the description given of "Annie," with whom he will be happy to exchange *cartes* and correspond, with a view to matrimony. Is twenty years of age, rather tall and fair, has received a good classical and general education, is accustomed to move in the best society, and has good prospects.

LOUISA would like to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Lonely Will." Is twenty years of age, considered good-looking, has dark hair and blue eyes, and a fair complexion; and when of age will have a small fortune.

LILY OF THE VALS would like to correspond with "Lonely Will" with a matrimonial view. Is a blonde, nineteen years of age, rather below the medium height, with dark brown curling hair, high forehead, and hazel eyes.

ROSE EMERY is also willing to correspond matrimonially with "Lonely Will." Is blonde, twenty years of age, rather above the medium height, and has light hair and blue eyes.

ELLA M. is willing to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "G. D." Is twenty-one years of age, considered sufficiently good-looking to be agreeable to those who do not make beauty the first consideration, belongs to a respectable family, is well educated, thoroughly domesticated, and very affectionate.

EDWIN HARCOURT will be happy to enter into a matrimonial correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "Rudolf Florence." Is 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and has an income of £120 a year.

SINXON, who is eighteen and a half years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has dark blue eyes, and considered very good-looking, is in a good position, and will have £200 a year when twenty-one years of age, is anxious to correspond matrimonially with "A. C. B." (No. 106). (The handwriting is tolerably good.)

J. H. would be happy to correspond matrimonially with "Caffre." Is twenty-seven years of age, fair, of medium height; has property (with greater expectations), belongs to a very respectable family, is very domesticated, and well educated.

LUCY, who is twenty-one years of age, has dark brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 ft. 8 in. in height, good-tempered, considered pretty, and very domesticated, would like to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Louis," with a view to matrimony.

A. G., who is twenty years of age, dark, of medium height, well educated, and accomplished, but living in a country town where the people are prone for their unsociability, and having no friends there, is not able to obtain suitable introductions, will be pleased to hear further from "Louis," whose *carte* is requested, with a view to matrimony.

LOUISA and ANNIE would like to hear further from "A. A. A." and "B. B. B.," not being satisfied with a mere description of good looks.

PART XXV. FOR JUNE, IS NOW READY. PRICE 6d.

* * * NOW READY, VOL. IV. OF THE LONDON READER. Price 6d.

Also, the TITLE and INDEX to VOL. IV. Price ONE PENNY.

* N. R.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER."

† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

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14 JY 65

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRADEN'S HOUSEHOLD TEA, 3s. Pleasant flavour, abundant strength; 6lb. case, 18s. carriage free to all England.—**ALEXANDER BRADEN**, High Street, Islington, London.

WHY GIVE MORE?—Excellent TEAS, black, green, and mixed, are now ON SALE, for daily use, at 2s. 4d. per lb. at NEWSOM and CO'S. Original Tea Warehouse, 50, Borough. Established 1745.

THE LONDON LOOKING-GLASS COMPANY'S FIVE-GUINEA LOOKING-GLASS. Several designs now ready.—**A. JENKINS and CO.**, Fleet Street, and 1, New Road, Brighton. New design Book free, post-paid.

LLSOPP'S PALE ALE.—The OCTOBER BREWINGS of the above ALE are now being supplied in the finest condition, in bottles and in kegs, by FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, and Co., at their New London Bridge Stores, London Bridge, S.E.

VAN'S PRIZE KITCHENER.—This Matchless Kitchen obtained a prize at the Exhibition of 1873. It is adapted for the cottage or mansion, from 15s. to £30. Also larger sizes for hotels, taverns, and public schools, and hospitals, with steam apparatus, from £50 to £100 and upwards. Show-rooms, 35 and 34, King William Street, London Bridge. Manufactory, 10, Arthur Street West, ad-joining.

BROWBOOT.—Finest St. Vincent 7lb. Tins, 5s.; 14lb. tins, 9s. 6d.; and 21lb. tins, 13s. 8d. each. One ounce sample sent post free on receipt of two stamps.—**FORSTER and SON**, Tea and Arrowroot Merchants, Philpot Lane.

GREY HAIR.—248, High Holborn, London.—**ALEX. ROSS'S** charges for dyeing the hair—dies, from 7s. 6d.; gentlemen's, from 5s. The dye sold at 5s. 6d., and sent by post for 54 stamps. Any dye produced.

SPANISH FLY is the acting ingredient in **ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL**, which produces blisters and thickens hair. Sold at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; or per post, 54, 84, or 144 stamps.—**ROSS**, 248, High Holborn.

ALEX. ROSS'S DESTROYER OF HAIR removes superfluous hair from the face without the slightest effect to the skin, 3s. 6d., or per post for 54 stamps. **ROSS'S TOILET MAGAZINE**, 1d., monthly; had at all booksellers; or for two stamps.—248, High Holborn, London.

FELIX SULTANA'S GOLDEN CASSOLETTTE, which unceasingly emits a delightful fragrance, is the Fairy Fountain, six different perfumes, in boxes. Queen Dagmar's Cross, a jewel for a lady's neck, richly perfumed, 5s. 6d. A bottle of Jockey Club Violet, and Kiss Me Quick, in case, 4s. 6d. Essence Otto of Roses, in original bottles, 3s. 6d. All at free.—**FELIX SULTANA**, Royal perfumer, 23, Colney, City, and 210, Regent Street, London.

FRY'S HOMOEOPATHIC COCOA, in Packets.—The purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritious properties of this Cocoa, as well as the great facility with which it is made, have rendered it a standard article of general consumption. It is highly approved and strongly recommended by medical men, and is especially adapted for invalids and general consumers.—**S. FRY and SONS**, Bristol and London, are the only English Manufacturers of Cocoa who obtained a Prize Medal, 1862.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The causes of dysentery in hot climates and diarrhoea in our own country may be safely counteracted by the purifying agency of these well-known pills. Within these few years the chance of escape from a dangerous disease is only by taking dangerous remedies; now the remedy is dispelled by general purification of the blood, and its regenerating influence over every organ. Thus the very means for overcoming the sighing, vomiting, cramps, and straining include the elements of new strength. Holloway's Pills are admirable cathartics and astringents, and can be confidently relied upon. Whatever may have immediately given rise to the irritation of the bowels, these pills soothe the irritated membranes and repress the excessive excitability of the intestines.

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DENTISTS

RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUME, CUPID'S TEARS, in a pretty moire-antique box, 3s. 6d.—**E. RIMMEL**, 96, Strand, 128, Regent Street, and 24, Cornhill, London. Just published, "Rimmel's Book of Perfume," with above 250 illustrations. Price 3s. Sent by post for 68 stamps.

PROFESSOR STANLEY, Hair Cutter and Hair Dyer, 46, Blackfriars Road, S. (12 doors from the Railway Station). Hair Cut and Brushed by Machinery, 3d.; Cut, Shampooed (with hot and cold showers), and Brushed by Machinery, 6d. No business on Sundays.

POWNCBEY'S FRENCH BRANDY, at 4s. 6d. per bottle, is confidently recommended. Dr. Hassall's report: "The French brandies sold by Mr. Pownceby are a pure grape spirit, and valuable for medicinal purposes."—**S. POWNCBEY**, 19, Ernest Street, Albany Street, N.W. Samples forwarded.

CADIZ, OPORTO, and LIGHT WINE ASSOCIATION (Limited).—Capital, £150,000.—West-end Depot, 434, Strand. Sample bottles of the following WINES, direct from Vineyards: Dinner Sherry, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Household Port, 18s.; sample bottle, 1s. 8d. Club Sherry, 36s.; sample bottle, 3s. 2d. Club Port, 36s.; sample bottle, 3s. 2d.

COLMAN'S PRIZE MEDAL MUSTARD bears their trade mark, the Bull's Head, on each package. It is the only mustard which obtained a Prize Medal at the Great Exhibition, 1862; their "genuine" and "double superfine" are the qualities particularly recommended for family use. Retail in every town throughout the United Kingdom.—**J. and J. COLMAN**, 26, Cannon Street, London.

CAUTION.—**COCKS'S** celebrated **READING SAUCE**, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Soups, Gravies, Hot and Cold Meats, unrivalled for general use, sold by all respectable Dealers in Sauces. Is manufactured only by the Executors of the Sole Proprietor, Charles Cocks, 6, Duke Street, Reading, the Original Sauce Warehouse. All others are spurious imitations.

TWO THOUSAND best **SILVER WATCHES**, 25s. each; 500 gold ditto, 55s. each, all warranted; 1,000 Solid Gold Guard Chains and Albert Chains, 16s. 6d. each; Gold Gem Rings and Signet ditto, 4s. each; 1,500 Solid Gold Scarf Pins, 5s. 6d. each; Gold Brooches, Earrings, Studs, and every kind of Jewellery, at a similar reduction. Country orders, per remittances, carefully attended to.—**George Dyer**, 90, Regent Street, London.

WATCHES and CLOCKS.—**FREDC. HAWLEY** (Successor to Thomas Hawley), many years Watchmaker, by special appointment, to his late Majesty George IV., invites inspection of his carefully-finished Stock, at 148, Regent Street, W. Elegant Gold watches, £2 15s. to £35; Silver Watches, £1 5s. to £12 12s. Eight-day Timepieces, 12s. 6d. Clocks, striking hours and half-hours, £2 15s. and upwards.—**FREDERICK HAWLEY**, Watchmaker, 148, Regent Street, W. (from the Strand and Coventry Street). Established nearly a century. Merchants and Shippers supplied.

BRANDY.—The Best and Cheapest in the World. Cognac, 15s. per gallon; one dozen, 39s. Champagne, 18s. per gallon; one dozen, 39s. This splendid Brandy cannot be equalled. Best London Gin, full strength, 18s. per gallon; one dozen, 29s. The above prices per dozen include railway carriage.—**G. PHILLIPS and CO.**, Distillers, Holborn Hill, London.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY v. COGNAC BRANDY.—This Celebrated Old Irish Whisky rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d., at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8, Great Windmill Street, London, W.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

MR. HARTLEY, Surgeon-Dentist, by a new Process REPLACES TEETH in the month without any pain or inconvenience to the patient. He is only to be consulted at his residence, 41, St. Martin's Lane, Trafalgar Square. Painless extraction if required. Moderate charges.

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As small present outlay as possible.
No Responsibility, whether of Partnership or Mutual Assurance.

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A liberal return to the policy-holder, if he desire to relinquish his policy; or,

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The eminent usefulness of the institution is apparent from its having paid policies on deceased lives amounting, during last year alone, to

NINETY THOUSAND POUNDS.
One whole Year's Ranking for Profits over all later entrants will be secured by Assuring before 5th April.

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CLERICAL, MEDICAL, and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.—Established 1824.

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division was 275,077

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The following are among the distinctive features of the society:

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The Reversionary Bonus at the Quinquennial Division in 1862 averaged 48 per cent., and the Cash Bonus 28 per cent. on the premiums paid in the five years.

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Tables of rates and forms of proposal can be obtained of any of the Society's agents, or of

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Actuary and Secretary.
13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

THE LAND SECURITIES COMPANY (Limited). The Company ISSUE MORTGAGE DEBENTURES, bearing 4½ per cent. interest, payable half-yearly, at the Bankers of the Company in London, or at such Country Bankers as may be arranged with the holders, payable at such periods and for such amounts as may suit investors. The aggregate amount of the debentures at any time issued is strictly limited to the total amount of the moneys for the time being, secured to the Company by carefully selected mortgages, of which a register is kept at the Company's Chief Office, open to inspection by debenture-holders. The holders have, moreover, the security of the large uncalled capital of the Company, which amounts at present to £900,000. These debentures, therefore, combining the advantages of a good mortgage with ready convertibility, will be found a perfectly safe and convenient investment.

The Company accept money on deposit in the smallest or largest sums, at interest, in anticipation of investment in the mortgage debentures, and they undertake the negotiation of special investments, to suit exceptional circumstances.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LILLIAS W.—We regret that we have not been enabled to comply with your request.

CURIO.—A communication must be forwarded to the requisitionist in the usual way.

J. M. B.—We gave in our last number a recipe for the removal of freckles. (See answer to "Lady Flora.")

R. A. R.—The publication of "banns" for marriage was instituted in 1210. (See also reply to "J. T. M." in present number.)

CHARLES F. S.—We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the lines entitled "Thou art False to Love and Me," which are declined with thanks.

L. D.—Cleanliness is a very excellent means of preserving a sound condition of the teeth; and we are not aware of any better specific for arresting caries.

FLORIST.—The shelves of almost every bookseller contain a work on the "Language of Flowers," and a work on the subject can also be readily met with on the bookstalls.

C. W.—The poetical merit of the two poems, entitled "I'll think of Thee" and "The Parting," is pretty nearly on a par; but we regret that we cannot avail ourselves of either of them.

H. and A. are desirous of corresponding with two respectable young gentlemen, with a hymeneal view. "H." is nineteen years of age, and fair; "A." is twenty-two years of age, and dark.

HENRY HALL is desirous of obtaining an introduction to a young lady (preferably a brunette) with a view to matrimony. Is eighteen years of age, tall and dark, and considered good-looking.

H. M.—The lines entitled "Lilly May" do great credit to your sympathetic feeling; but we are sorry to say that they are so far from attaining our standard, that we cannot avail ourselves of them.

BERTHA would like to correspond matrimonially with a gentleman about forty years of age. Is tall, fair, good-looking, and distinguished by business habits, and capable of making an excellent wife.

ONE WHO SPEAKS HER MIND.—Though we fully concur in many of your remarks, we do not think the whole of the inhabitants of the district can be amenable to them; nor do we see how we could give publicity to your strictures.

A. B. C., who is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, has dark eyes, of dark complexion, and is good-tempered, is anxious to obtain a matrimonial introduction to a young lady of respectable family, and who is thoroughly domesticated.

L. S. F.—The wash for the complexion termed pearl-water is made thus:—Dissolve Castile soap, one pound, in water, one gallon; then add alcohol, one quart; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each, two drachms. Mix well; and it is then fit for use.

EXETER.—Meerschaum pipes do not all possess the same aptitude for colouring, which is greatly influenced by the quality of the material. The handwriting, being characterised by an excess of fine strokes and flourishes, is rather too florid for legal purposes.

VOLUNTEER, who is a barrister's clerk, eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 3 in. in height, dark complexion, desires to receive a matrimonial introduction to a lady who is dark, under eighteen years of age, fond of home, a good pianist, and would not object to twelve months' courtship.

THOMAS LIDGROVE.—When the power of sight has become weakened by the excessive use of the eyes, of course abstaining from much study is the first step which suggests itself. But in all affections of so important and delicate an organ, the best course is to consult a skillful oculist.

B. G. A.—The Bank of England was originally projected by a merchant named Patterson, and established in 1694. It was in the following year incorporated by King William and the Parliament, in consideration of a loan to the Government of £1,200,000, which was then its capital.

A GOVERNOR.—The commercial value of the goodwill or connection of the school would depend in a large measure upon its character, or the social position of the scholars attending it. An approximate valuation would be readily placed upon it on application to any scholastic agency.

INQUIRER.—The co-signatories to the "legally stamped promissory note" will not be divested of their legal liability to pay the sum and interest after the expiration of six years. The provisions of the Statute of Limitations applicable to such debts allow recovery by action within twenty years.

ELEANOR.—A preservative tincture for the teeth and gums is made by mixing six ounces of the tincture of Peruvian bark with half-an-ounce of sal ammoniac. The mixture should be well shaken, and applied to the teeth and gums by dipping a finger in it. The tincture is also a remedy for toothache.

T. D. M.—The division of time termed a week has not always been taken to signify the same period or number of days. The early Greeks divided their month into three portions of ten days each; the Northern Chinese had a week of fifteen days, and the Mexicans one of thirteen. The Oriental nations, however, have generally used the Jewish week of seven days, which was adopted by the Mohammedans, and introduced with Christianity to most of the

civilised nations of the world. In the Old Testament, you must bear in mind, the term week is occasionally applied to a period of seven years as well as of seven days. (The handwriting is passably good.)

CARLOS.—Carving at table by ladies originated among our Saxon ancestors; and the title of "lady" sprang from this office, as *lady-ord* (now lord) was so-called from his maintaining a number of dependants; so *lady-dia* or *lady-dian* (that is, lady-serve) is the origin of lady, she serving it to the guests.

ROSE, who is eighteen years of age, of medium height, has dark complexion, dark hair and eyes, and is the daughter of a very respectable tradesman, would like to correspond matrimonially, and exchange *cartes*, with a gentleman of dark complexion, tall, and whose age is about twenty-one years.

MATERFAMILIAS.—The term "lullaby" is derived from the supposed proper name Lelaby or Lelaby Ganton, that being the name of an imaginary good fairy, whom nurses invoked to watch over sleeping babes, so that they might not be changed for others. Hence, also, the name "change-lings," or infant changed.

A. C. A.—Armorial bearings took their rise, it is supposed, from the knights painting their banners with different figures, to distinguish them in their crusades, or in battle. The lions in the English arms were originally leopards. We dare say you can accomplish your object by application to the Herald's College.

WILLIAM J. and HENRY W. would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. "William J." is very good-looking and has a good income, and is respectfully connected. "Henry W." is also very respectable, is considered handsome, has a black beard and moustache, and is very good tempered.

A WISE.

Oh! for a day to leave the noisy street
And seek the flowers in their wild wood home!
Where steeple hawthorn blossoms, like a foam,
Array the hedge, my longing sight to greet!

And violets, shyly hidden in the grass,
Bloom low beneath the shelter of a spray
Laden with crystal drops that melt away
And bathe the drooping fern leaves as I pass.

Where I may hear the songster's thrilling praise,
Whose sweetest notes ascending to the sky
May to my soul a lasting bliss supply,
And comfort me in my melancholy days.

HENRY W.

JAMES Y.—Your information was not correct: the Straits of Dover have been crossed by persons in balloons. The passage was thus made from Dover to Calais by Dr. Jeffries and Mr. Blanchard in January, 1785 (which was the year following the introduction of balloons into England), the time occupied being two hours.

G. and C., who are respectively twenty-three and twenty-four years of age—the former being 5 ft. 2 in. in height, with black hair and whiskers; and the latter 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and of fair complexion—are desirous of corresponding matrimonially with two ladies who are domesticated, and about twenty years of age respectively.

MARIANNE, who is eighteen years of age, has very dark hair and blue eyes, is good-looking, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, of a lively disposition, highly accomplished, thoroughly domesticated, and a good musician, would like, with a view to matrimony, to exchange *cartes* with a young gentleman who is highly connected, handsome, and has a good income.

A. AMES.—Cold cream for rough or chapped hands, or for rendering the skin soft, is very easily made. Take half-an-ounce of white wax, which place in a basin with two ounces of almond oil, and set by the fire till dissolved. When the wax and oil are incorporated, add, very slowly, two ounces of rose water, stirring the mixture briskly, so as to mix the ingredients thoroughly. When cold it is fit for use.

J. T. M.—Common licenses to enable persons of full age (or minors, with consent of parents or guardians) to be married in the church of the parish in which one of them has resided the necessary time, are procurable from Doctors' Commons for about £2 18s. Only wealthy people marry with special licenses, which are only obtained, and not always without difficulty, from the metropolitan or archbishop of the province, and cost about £50.

JUVENIS.—The place where King Alfred is said to have taken up his retreat after his kingdom had been overrun by the Danes, was in the county of Somerset, at the confluence of the rivers Parret and Thone. It was there, in the house of a herdsman who had had charge of his cattle, that the incident of the herdsman's wife scolding him for allowing some cakes to get burnt whilst baking, is supposed to have occurred.

C. C.—To make a useful hair wash, take a small quantity of rosemary, strip the leaves from the stalks, and place them in a jar with about half-a-pint of cold water. Set the jar by the fire, and let its contents simmer for about two hours, without "burning." Then add half-a-pint of rum, and simmer the whole a short time longer. When the liquid is cold, strain, and bottle for use. Apply to the roots of the hair with a small sponge or piece of lannel.

Two young ladies, who rank amongst the aristocracy of the county in which they reside, and are the daughters of a professional gentleman, are desirous of exchanging *cartes*, &c., with two gentlemen in circumstances similar to their own, and who may be on matrimonial thoughts intent. "Gertrude" is twenty-one years of age, has dark hair and blue eyes, and is considered a fascinating brunette. "Ernestine" is nineteen years of age, very fair, has light hair and blue eyes, and is a bewitching blonde. Both have resided some time on the Continent, and are highly accomplished.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

GEORGE, a highly-respectable tradesman, hopes he may find favour in the eyes of "Maud," to whom he offers himself. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, has dark eyes, and is a bewitching blonde. And if "Maud" would have no objection to two years' courtship, will be happy to exchange *cartes de visite* as a preliminary.

ALBERT and CHARLES, both of whom are in good positions in life, and belong to highly respectable families, will be glad to exchange *cartes* and matrimonial communications with "Josephine" and "Maud." "Albert" is twenty-one

years of age, tall, dark, and considered good-looking. "Charles" is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and also considered good-looking.

EDWARD offers himself as a candidate for the hand and heart of "Louise B." whose *carte de visite* is solicited. Is highly respectable, has a good fortune, and is sure would make "Louise B." a good husband.

H. D. A., who is an officer and a gentleman, would be happy to communicate and exchange *cartes* with "Maud," with a view to matrimony. Is between twenty and twenty-one years of age, about 5 ft. 11 in. in height, has dark hair, and is good-looking.

EM. and DAISY, who are sisters, and both of whom are fair, accomplished, fond of music, and domesticated, would be pleased to correspond with "Alfred D." and "Fred. P." with a view to a matrimonial engagement. "Em." is nineteen years of age, has brown curly hair, blue eyes, and is inclined to *embontant*. "Daisy" is seventeen years of age, and possesses very similar personal characteristics, but is a little taller.

LILLY GRAY is willing to correspond matrimonially with "Augustus Charles." Is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, has light hair and a fair complexion, and is very good-tempered.

PHILIP DANVERS, in reply to "Nereus," states that he is now in possession of an adequate income, belongs to a very good family, has received a liberal education, is a Protestant, and solicits an interchange of *cartes*.

LAURA MAY, who is seventeen years of age, and has dark hair and sparkling black eyes, would be glad to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with "Augustus Charles." One who is LOVELY offers himself for the acceptance of the "Widow" with two little girls. Is thirty-five years of age, 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and can supply a home with all necessary comforts.

HARRIET would like to correspond matrimonially with "Albion." Is seventeen years of age, a brunette, good-looking, amiable, and thoroughly domesticated, but reserves *carte de visite* till hearing further from "Albion."

M. A., who is seventeen years of age, considered good-looking, has fair complexion, brown hair, and blue eyes, and is thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "J. M. L." (No. 109).

ROBERT B. considers "Agnes G." his *beau ideal* of a wife, and will be happy to correspond matrimonially. Is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, dark, and considered good-looking.

BENJO, a widower with a small family, is ready to accompany a "Widow" to the hymeneal altar, being of the specified age, and both good-tempered and good-looking.

NELLIE D. would be happy to exchange *cartes* with "William S." with a view to opening a matrimonial correspondence, provided he will take the initiative.

ANNE is charmed with the description given of "Annie," with whom he will be happy to exchange *cartes* and correspond, with a view to matrimony. Is twenty years of age, rather tall and fair, has received a good classical and general education, is accustomed to move in the best society, and has good prospects.

LOUISE would like to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Lonely Will," with a view to matrimony. Is eighteen years of age, considered good-looking, has dark hair and eyes, and a fair complexion; and when of age will have a small fortune.

LILLY OF THE VALE would like to correspond with "Lonely Will" with a matrimonial view. Is a blonde, nineteen years of age, rather below the medium height, with dark brown curling hair, high forehead, and hazel eyes.

ROSE EMILY is also willing to correspond matrimonially with "Lonely Will." Is a blonde, twenty years of age, rather above the medium height, and has light hair and blue eyes.

ELLA M. is willing to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "G. D." Is twenty-one years of age, considered sufficiently good-looking to be agreeable to those who do not make beauty the first consideration, belongs to a respectable family, is well educated, thoroughly domesticated, and very affectionate.

EDWARD HANCOCK will be happy to enter into a matrimonial correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "Emily Florence." Is 5 ft. 7 in. in height, and has an income of £120 a year.

SIMON, who is eighteen and a half years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, has dark blue eyes, and considered very good-looking, is in a good position, and will have £200 a year when twenty-one years of age, is anxious to correspond matrimonially with "A. C. B." (No. 106). (The handwriting is tolerably good.)

J. H. would be happy to correspond matrimonially with "Caffra." Is twenty-seven years of age, fair, of medium height; has property (with greater expectations), belongs to a very respectable family, is very domesticated, and well educated.

LUCY, who is twenty-one years of age, has dark brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 ft. 3 in. in height, good-tempered, considered pretty, and very domesticated, would like to correspond and exchange *cartes* with "Louis," with a view to matrimony.

A. G., who is twenty years of age, dark, of medium height, well educated, and accomplished, but living in a country town where the people are noted for their unsociability, and having no friends there, is not able to obtain suitable introductions, will be pleased to hear further from "Louis," whose *carte* is requested, with a view to matrimony.

LOUISE and ANNIE would like to hear further from "A. A. A." and "B. B. B.," not being satisfied with a mere description of good looks.

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14 JY 65

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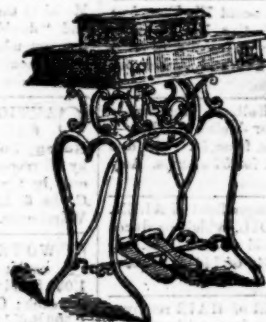
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